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WITH

ENGLISH WORDS,

SELECTED

FROM THE MS. COLLECTION OF

THE DEEMSTER GILL, DR. J. CLAGUE, & W. H. GILL,

AND ARRANGED

BY

W. H. GILL.

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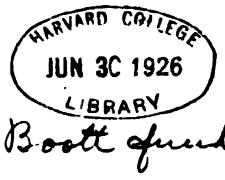

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PREFACE.

The following Songs are the first practical outcome of a project formed many years ago, and since often discussed by The Deemster Gill and his friend Dr. Clague, to collect and preserve from the oblivion into which it was rapidly passing all that remained of the National Music of the Isle of Man.

That the Island has possessed and still possesses a distinctive national music of its own, is a fact as interesting as it is now little known, even by those best versed in its history and the customs of its people.

With the exception of thirteen tunes very imperfectly written down and arranged—published in 1820 under the title of "The Mona Melodies," and of two or three others which exist in manuscript, Manx music has remained oral and traditional, and although at one time well known and in every sense popular, it has of late years, with the declining national language, almost entirely disappeared.

Fortunately there are still in the remote parts of the Island a few old people who possess a knowledge of this ancient music, but who with characteristic modesty keep it to themselves, reluctant to sing the songs of their forefathers lest the rising generation should, as indeed they often do, receive them with a lack of that reverence which they inspire in themselves. Unless, therefore, preserved by writing, this knowledge must inevitably die within a very few years.

The object of the collectors was twofold—first, to record and hand down the melodies as they are now known, with the variations and imperfections due to oral transmission, and secondly to put some of these melodies into a form adapted for modern performance, vocal and instrumental.

In order to carry out these objects the original projectors were, last year, joined by Mr. W. H. Gill, and a systematic search for Manx music was commenced.

With the exception of two songs included in the present selection (Nos. 23 and 44), music known to be not older than the present century was ignored; of that which is older, none was found to have been printed except the thirteen tunes contained in "Mona Melodies"—a few of which have since been reprinted in various forms; and of manuscript music two or three tunes only were discovered.

The task was then undertaken of writing down the remaining mass of traditional melodies from the singing of those who still retained a knowledge of them, and who were found scattered over the whole of the Island. Tunes were obtained from every town, and every parish except one, in which a thorough search has not yet been made.

It is interesting to note that the contributors were chiefly men; that except in the case of the carols, which are more generally known, and of a few other melodies, the various tunes were known only by the individuals from whom they were obtained; that more than half of the tunes which had been published in 1820 were entirely unknown, and that copies of the publication are extremely rare.

The result of the search, both as regards quantity and quality, far exceeded what was expected; and a large manuscript collection has been secured of songs, carols, dance music, &c.

It is hoped ere long to publish the whole of this collection, with or without historical and critical notes, for the use and information of those interested in the subject; meantime, the songs in this Volume are given as showing one form into which the originals may be developed.

For the most part the original songs were sung to Manx words, and it may be thought that these ought to be given in this Volume. The following among other reasons have led to their omission, and to the substitution of English words:—

1. The primary object of this section of the work is popular rather than antiquarian—to make some of the best Manx songs generally known, and once more heard.

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2. The language being practically dead, songs with Manx words would not be generally sung.

3. In many cases the original words possess little literary merit, or historic interest, and in many others they are unfit for publication.

4. Those interested in the Manx words will find a larger collection of them in Mr. A. W. Moore's Book, now in the press, with which it is desired that this work should not in anywise interfere.

The English words here given, whilst in some cases referring to the subject of the originals, are in no sense translations, and in the majority of instances, though possessing local coloring, have no connection with the original themes: like the accompaniments, they are used merely as vehicles for the melodies, and to ensure their being sung.

Grateful acknowledgments are tendered to those who have contributed the words for the deep interest which they have evinced in this work, and for their help in maintaining its national character.

The harmonies, the accompaniments, the symphonies, and the arrangements generally are the work exclusively of Mr. W. H. Gill, who has added to this Preface a copy of a paper read by him before the Musical Association in London, on the 14th May, 1895, and who has also prepared for publication a largely extended selection of the melodies arranged for the pianoforte.

The title, "Manx National Songs," is used in the sense only that the melodies, with many others now lost, are known to have been, in past days, popular and in general use in the Isle of Man, most of them associated with Manx words.

In the general collection and in this selection from it, tunes will be found which have evidently been imported, others which although probably native have a foreign complexion, and others again, of great beauty and of undoubted antiquity, which appear to exist in this Island only and possess characteristics distinctly local—especially those in the so-called "Dorian Mode," on the lines of which a strikingly large proportion of the Manx music is constructed.

The work of discriminating between what is native and what imported, of deciding when and whence importation came, of determining whether or not the more ancient Sacred music was introduced by the Church, and if so, whether before or since the Reformation, and of solving many other problems to which the general collection naturally gives rise, is one full of interest and of difficulty.

It involves more research than the compilers have at present time to devote to it; but, being convinced that if adequately performed it would result in a valuable chapter in the history of national music, and knowing, as they do, that by far the greatest number of the tunes have never before been published or even reduced to writing, and come from a source which is rapidly being lost, the compilers consider they are doing a useful and patriotic work in rescuing these tunes and placing them on record for future use.

It cannot be claimed that all the sources of information have been exhausted, but considerable trouble has been taken to find persons who possess any knowledge of the subject, and a collection of over 260 local melodies has been recorded. Of these some are complete, some are fragments only, and some are variations of other tunes.

In many cases it is as difficult, if indeed it is not impossible, to ascertain the original form of any given melody, as it is to discover its nationality; both must, in the large majority of cases, remain a matter of conjecture. The tunes in the general collection are recorded as they have been actually found to exist. That other forms also exist there can be no doubt, and it is hoped that this new field of inquiry having now been opened, other gleaners may be found to gather what still remains unrescued.

J. Fred. Gill.
J. Clague.
W. H. Gill

Douglas, Isle of Man.
July, 1896.

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MANX MUSIC:

A Paper read before the MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, London,

on the 14th May, 1895, by W. H. Gill.

It is strange but true that, so far as the general British public is concerned, the Isle of Man, notwithstanding its great antiquity, its unique political constitution, its ancient statutes and venerable customs, its invigorating climate and charming scenery, has only quite recently been *discovered*.

But the latest, and perhaps not the least interesting, feature of the discovery is the fact that this little Manx nation possesses a native *music* of its own.

The object of the present paper is to give a short account of the writer's recent quest for Manx music, and to submit to this Society, and through it to the musical world at large, some specimens of this hitherto unknown quantity. He can claim no special qualification for the task beyond, perhaps, the mere accident of his nationality—the fact that he is a Manxman. As contributory circumstances, more or less favourable, may be mentioned the following: that the material was collected for the most part at first hand, from the natural intonation of voices unspoilt by modern instruments; on the spot; with his own hands; and in the presence of competent witnesses.

The subject ought to be of interest as opening up a hitherto unexplored field, and thus suggesting material for a new chapter in the history of national music.

The present essay, written as it was at a short notice and with obvious restrictions as to length, is merely suggestive, and necessarily incomplete. Such as it is, it may, perhaps, serve as a prelude to the more adequate treatment of the subject by other and abler hands hereafter.

Mr. Ruskin has clearly demonstrated that the art of a country is the direct expression of the mind of its people, and if this be true of the arts in general it is pre-eminently true of music in particular, for of all the arts the most direct, the most subtle, and by far the most expressive is music. Hence, if we would gauge the quality and depth of the emotional temper of a nation we shall find it faithfully registered in its native melodies. And conversely, if we would rightly estimate the quality of the music of a nation we must examine and weigh all the forces—physical, intellectual, and moral—which have acted through the ages as factors in its production.

A national melody is peculiar. Unlike any other form of musical composition, it is not the work of one man but of many. Indeed it can hardly be said to be "composed" at all. It would be more correct to say of it that, just like the flowers of any other natural organism, it *grows*. Its evolution obeys the laws of heredity, environment, natural selection, and the survival of the fittest. It is subject at one time to development, at another to degeneration.

Of the innumerable factors which contribute to the building up of the national music of any given country, the following four are perhaps the most important:—

I. Locality.
II. History.
III. Language.
IV. The Temperament—physical, intellectual, and moral—of its People.

I. Locality.

The Scenery of the Isle of Man is unique. Its mountains, though of comparatively small scale, are rugged and picturesque. Of the many thousands who visit its shores every year, all are fascinated by the loveliness of its glens, its wealth of golden gorse and purple heather, and its breezy "green hills by the sea." It seems as though the great agencies of Nature had worked with loving hand in making it fertile and beautiful. Ages before the advent of man, the great frozen sea of the glacial period had wrought for it in its two-fold function. First as carrier, importing foreign material to enrich its soil, and second as sculptor, carving "many an enduring portrait in the profile of its scenery, and many an imperishable engraving on rock and boulder" (Dr. Haviland). And as the observant eye sees beauty everywhere, so for the attentive ear kind Nature has provided of her bounty. On the mountain heather the busy hum of bees, on the rock-bound coast the multitudinous chorus of sea-birds, and down in the verdant vales her own sweet songs "in the running brooks." Verily this little island, like that of Prospero, is "full of sweet sounds." It would be strange if the dwellers in this enchanted land were not infected with the spirit of romanticism, and it is easy to see how to a simple-minded people the sights and sounds of Nature gradually assume definite shape, and at last find expression in wild melodies and the conception of fairies and phantoms. The faculty of seeing the unseen (if the expression may be allowed), and of hearing the inaudible so finely portrayed in Shakespeare's *Caliban*, is one of the earliest instincts in the evolution of man, and the very essence of the poetic art is but the emphasizing and higher development of this primitive child-like faculty. Hence it happens that to the unsophisticated Manxman—the cottager in the glen and on the lonely

mountain-side—a belief in fairies is to this day an essential part of his being. Until quite recently the mythology of Manxland was as real a thing as was the mythology of Ancient Greece. And when, in the words of Professor Shairp, Nature and "the sensitive imagination of man" meet, we have that "result or creation" which we call Art. Thus, in a sense, Nature and Art are one.

So I thought a few weeks ago on the occasion of my last visit to the island in quest of music. I arrived there at five o'clock on a bright sunny morning in Spring. In the garden a bird was singing love-songs to his bride. Something within me seemed to say "write it down." I had never done such a thing in my life. Indeed, I had always supposed that the inflections of birds were inexpressible in musical notation. Nevertheless I would try. To my surprise and delight, as I listened, the sounds became more and more definite both in pitch and rhythm. I wrote it down and here is the result. Apart from other considerations, it may be interesting as being unquestionably the oldest Manx song in my collection! But this little incident has, to my mind, a far deeper significance; for have we not here, in that little throbbing breast of this primeval master-singer, the fountain and origin of the music of the western world? The scientists, from Pythagoras to Helmholtz, have given us elaborate treatises on the ratios of vibrations, the laws of harmonics, and the division of the string. Musical historians take us back to ancient Rome, to Greece, to Egypt to trace the origin of the scale. Here in our own land, among the may-blossom of our hedge-rows, this heaven-taught singer seems to have anticipated the latest discoveries of modern science, for behold! his alphabet of tune is identical with our own! (This proved to be the actual notes of the diatonic major scale.)

Our friends will give us a few specimens of the more ancient Manx tunes and, as proof of their antiquity, you will recognise in these some of the intervals peculiar to the ancient *modes*.

Laying aside all technicalities, the ancient modes may be simply illustrated as follows. Play the scale of C on the piano beginning and ending on C; that is the *Ionian* mode. Next play *the same notes* beginning and ending on D (no sharps or flats); that is the *Dorian* mode. Next play *the same notes* beginning and ending on E; that is the *Phrygian* mode. Then the same notes beginning and ending on F (no B♭); that is the *Lydian*. Again, the same notes beginning and ending on G (no F♯); that is the *Mixo-Lydian*. Lastly, play the same notes beginning and ending on A; that is the *Æolian* mode. In mediæval times several of these *modes* or different *ways* of using the notes of the major diatonic scale were commonly adopted, not only in church music but in secular music. Of these modes two have survived to modern times, the *Ionian* and the *Æolian*, and this in obedience to the universal law of the survival of the fittest. One we call the major scale, the other the minor scale.

Manx music is constructed principally on these two surviving modes; but there are also a good many tunes in the second or *Dorian* mode which, as you see from the diagram, is a minor scale with a sharp sixth and a flat seventh. Then, again, in the *Æolian* mode, the seventh is sometimes flat, sometimes sharp.

Our first illustration is "Hie my graih shaghey"—a song addressed by a maiden to her companions warning them against the faithlessness of their lovers. It is in the *Æolian* mode, the seventh note appearing in both forms.

Our next illustration is the air of a song which used to be very popular. It is called "Sooree"—the equivalent of which in colloquial English is *courting*. Although constructed on the sombre *Dorian* mode it is as lively and "taking" as a song on such a subject ought to be.

Illustration No. 3, "Mylecharane," is the best known of all the Manx tunes. It has always been associated with a silly ballad quite unworthy of the music. The Rev. T. E. Brown (himself a poet and a musician) admits that the tune must originally have been allied to better words. Dr. Clague suggests that the title "Mylecharane" may be a corruption of "Moylley Chiarn" ("Praise the Lord"). The suggestion seems a happy one, for in style and structure the tune is essentially a *choral*, and a fine one too. Our friends will give us the melody in octaves with piano accompaniment. You will please be prepared for the shock produced upon modern musical ears by the flat leading-note on the last beat but one.

II. History.

The next factor in the music of a nation is its History. The aboriginal inhabitants of our island were a race of hunters and fishermen, and the same race originally inhabited Scotland and Ireland. They came from Spain and were known there as the Iberians. In Scotland they were known as Picts, in Ireland as Scots. The Romans called them Picti, the painted people; the Brythons called them Scots, the tattooed people—from the Celtic *ysgwttarr*, to cut or carve. They called themselves Cruithni, from *crŏtha*—the forms of beasts and birds and fishes which they tattooed on their faces and bodies.

The next chapter of Manx history relates to the Celtic invasion. This was a gradual process extending probably over centuries, and as to the date of it Professor Rhys says: "nobody knows how long ago" it happened. The Celtic race consisted of two branches, the Gauls or Goidels, represented by the Irish, and the Bretons represented by the Welsh. It was from these people (the Irish branch) that we got the surnames so peculiar to Manxland—names beginning with C, K, and Q. For example:—

Clague	contracted	from	MacLiaigh—the Leech's son.
Collister	,,	,,	MacAlister—Alexander's son.
Clucas	,,	,,	MacLucias—Luke's son.
Costain	,,	,,	MacAustyn—Augustine's son.
Kissack	,,	,,	MacIsaac—Isaac's son.
Kewin	,,	,,	MacEoin—John's son.
Quayle	,,	,,	MacPhail—Paul's son.
Quirk	,,	,,	MacCuirc—Corc's son.
Quilliam	,,	,,	MacWilliam—William's son.
Qualtrough	,,	,,	MacWalter—Walter's son.

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In the tenth century the island was invaded by the Danes, under King Orry, who introduced into the king-

dom of Man the first representative parliament in Europe—the original of the present Tynwald and House of Keys.

Towards the end of the eleventh century it was invaded by the Norwegians under Godred Crovan. From the Norsemen we got many of the beautiful runic crosses to be found in our country churchyards, for while the oldest of these are distinctly Irish in character, the latter ones are unmistakably Scandinavian. From the Norsemen also we have derived the greater part of our place names, for example: Foxdale, Fleshwick, Grenaby, Niarbyl, Langness, Laxey, Perwick, Scarlet, Sulby, and many others. Strangely enough, we find little or no trace of the Norse element in our ancient language. This has been accounted for on the supposition that the children of Norwegian fathers and Manx mothers would naturally adopt their mothers' tongue in preference to that of their fathers.

In 1270 the island was conquered by Alexander III. of Scotland, and became a part of that kingdom. It was he who introduced the well-known armorial bearings of the island, the three legs.

In the fourteenth century the island was seized by Edward II., and has ever since been subject to the English Crown.

From the foregoing brief outline one would naturally expect to find in the national music of the island traces more or less marked of each of the nations who have had possession of it from time to time. As a matter of fact, traces of the Irish, Scotch, and English element are abundant. One of our tunes has been claimed by the Irish, by the Scotch, and by the English. It is called in Manx "Kiark Catriney Marroo," which means "Catherine's hen is dead." Wherever the tune may have originated, the fact remains that it has, from time immemorial, been associated with an ancient custom held on St. Catherine's Day, and peculiar to the Isle of Man. Some of our tunes, however, are essentially Scotch in character, some are unmistakably Irish, a few might pass for Welsh, while many have the unmistakable ring of the old English School. Considering what an important part the Norsemen played in Manx history one would naturally expect to find a strong admixture of the Norse element in its music; but for the reason already suggested in connection with the language, the babies with Manx mothers and Norse fathers would naturally "take" more readily to the Manx tunes than to the Norse ones. But, however that may be, a further knowledge and comparison both of Manx and Scandinavian music may reveal resemblances which have hitherto escaped detection.

One of our melodies called "Wandescope" (Illustration No. 4), which appears both as a song (in slow time) and a dance tune (in quicker time), is so much in the style of a Sicilian pastoral melody as to raise the suspicion that it may have been imported into the island with its national arms, which certainly came from Sicily. As the original tune, as given in "Mona Melodies," consists of only eight bars, the present "arrangement," in which the melody is considerably "developed," may be open to grave censure. But on the subject of "restoration" I shall have more to say later on. Meanwhile the audience are requested to suspend their judgment. No doubt other claimants for our tunes will come forward as time goes on. Indeed, it stands to reason, looking at the history and geographical position of our island, that many of its tunes must have been imported ready-made, and not composed on the spot. But, even so, Manxland should at least have the credit of having gathered into her bosom these waifs and strays of the surrounding lands, and thus kept them alive in the great struggle for existence.

One element in the Manx tunes, be they native or only adopted, is very conspicuous—viz., their sad and plaintive character. The dance tunes are bright and merry enough, but the songs are, for the most part, as melancholy as music can make them—sad, and yet not morbidly so. They sound like the wail of the Babylonian captives. For ages past the island was the battlefield, as it is now the playground, of the surrounding nations. Its simple people have gone through the various stages of a conquered nation. Happily, they have passed through the furnace, and have emerged a free people. Though the marks of the fetters remain impressed upon their music, the fetters themselves have long ago fallen into the sea. The cloud has passed away, brighter days have come, and freedom reigns supreme. The Isle of Man rejoices in being "The Land of Home Rule."

Our next illustration, No. 5, "Ny Kirree fo niaghtey" ("The sheep under the snow"), is, perhaps, the most distinctively Manx of all our songs. The title suggests the character of the music. It is tender, wild, dreamy, and altogether highly poetical. It is noticeable how the ancient modes lend a peculiar charm—the foreshadowing of what in modern music we should call frequent changes of key—the melody passing successively through the following chain of keys: G min., D min., F, G min., B♭, F, B♭, F, B♭, G min.

III. Language.

The next factor in our analysis is language. The ancient language of the Isle of Man is Gaelic, a branch of the Celtic. It was once the language of Europe and the universal language of the British Isles. Within the memory of men and women still living one-half of the population spoke Manx. Not many years ago it was taught in the schools; it was to be heard in the law courts, alike from the bench, from the bar, and from the witness-box. It was to be heard in the church service on one or more Sundays during each month. Now it is entirely discontinued. It has ceased to be taught in the schools; it is rarely heard in conversation except among the peasantry in out-of-the-way places. Writing thirty-six years ago, an accomplished Manx scholar described it as "a doomed language—an iceberg floating into Southern latitudes." To-day it is practically a dead language. To the philologist and antiquary, however, it possesses no small recommendation. It is peculiarly forcible and expressive. It is eminently a poetical language, dealing largely with metaphors. For instance, the Manx name for remorse is "a little bone in the breast." An inconstant person is styled "with me—with thee." For "the water is boiling" they say "the water is playing." The rainbow is "the going North." The Zodiac is the "footpath of the Sun." The word for child is "half saint," and for bed "half-meat." The mere sound of the language has a grand rolling resonance and rhythmical pulse. Take, for instance, the last clause of the Lord's Prayer, "For Thine is the Kingdom":—"Son lhaits y reeriaght as y phooar as y ghloyr, son dy bragh as dy bragh. Amen."

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This is the grave and sombre side of the language. It recalls the thunder of the big waves as they roll into

the ocean caverns. But it has also a light and bright fantastic side, as illustrated in the following verses in imitation of the blackbird's song:—

"Kione jiarg, Kione jiarg,
Apyrn dhoo, Apyrn dhoo
Vel oo cheet, Vel oo cheet,
Skee fleau, Skee fleau,
Lhondoo, Lhondoo."

The next illustration (No. 6) will give some idea of how the Manx language sounds when it is sung.

"Te traa gholl thie" ("Time to go home, time to go to bed. The stools are growing hot, while the embers are growing cold"). This tune was sometimes sung to the words of "Barbara Allan," or, as the Manx call it, "Barbary Ellan." The air is so quaint and pretty that we may shortly hear of a claimant for it.

There is an old English rhyme, familiar to all of us, which sounds like an exact counterpart of this Manx one. You shall judge for yourselves:

"To bed, to bed," says *Sleepy-head;*
"There's time enough," says *Slow;*
"Put on the pot," says *Greedy Wat,*
"We'll sup before we go."

IV. National Traits.

We now come to the fourth and last factor in the production of Manx music—viz., the Natural Temperament—bodily, intellectual, and spiritual—of its People. Some of our traits of character are conspicuous in our proverbs. One of these is our extreme caution and deliberation. One proverb says "a slow fire makes sweet malt." Another is "Maybe the last dog is catching the hare." A third says, "Listen with both ears and then judge." One of our commonest sayings is "Traa dy liooar!" ("Time enough").

Those who call us *slow* generally give us the credit of being also *sure*. In temperament the average Manxman is something between an Irishman and a Scotchman, the enthusiasm of the one being tempered with the coolness of the other. Neither optimist nor pessimist, he prefers in all things a middle course as the safest. His habitual policy is Moderation. He will not readily commit himself to an unqualified opinion or make a point-blank statement. Everything is "middlin';" "Are you quite well?" "Aw, middlin'." He seldom says definitely, "It is so"; but generally "Maybe it is" or "Lek enough it is." In every statement a qualification is bound to come in somewhere.

This characteristic of moderation shows itself in all sorts of ways. It applies even to the geographical position of the island, for Cæsar describes it as being *in medio cursu*, and a glance at the map shows it to occupy the exact centre between the nearest points of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

Similarly, its first parliament field was placed in the exact centre of the island. Its national arms are three legs conjoined in a circle and so nicely balanced that, as the motto says, you may throw them whichever way you will and they will stand! Its very climate observes the "happy mean," for it is more equable than that of any other place in the United Kingdom. A wonderfully well-balanced nation, you observe. As a natural consequence, Manx music ought to be a model of symmetry; and, as a matter of fact, it is so. Indeed, this element of symmetry has served at once as an incentive, a justification, and a safeguard in restoring what are obviously missing links in a few of the melodies published in 1820. For instance, in our next illustration (No. 7), "Tappaghyn Jiargey" ("Red top-knots"), the second section as printed in "Mona Melodies" consists of only six bars instead of the orthodox eight. So inexorable is what Schumann calls "the tyranny of rhythm" that I have not hesitated to interpolate two additional bars to restore the balance.

"Restoration" is a delicate and a dangerous operation. Oftentimes it is synonymous with "tampering" and "tinkering." Fortunately, however, in the present connection the cases are very few in which it has been found necessary to alter a single note of the melody as handed down. As regards the harmonising of these old melodies, the ground is still more dangerous. A national melody in its original surroundings is like a flower in its native soil. Its proper accompaniments are the changing skies, the sighing of the morning and evening breeze, and, above all, the life-pulse of the human hearts and voices that gave it utterance. It wants no other accompaniment. But, severed from these surroundings, and transplanted into a foreign soil, it seems to want some artificial support. It is a plucked flower and requires a vase. The question is what kind of vase? To this question we get three answers from three different classes of musicians—the purists, the antiquarians, and the people. To steer a middle course between the requirements of these three—to hit the happy mean between naked simplicity and excessive ornamentation—is almost a hopeless task even for a moderation-loving Manxman. In "arranging" these melodies my object has been to bring out the beauty of the tune to the utmost, and if, in investing it with "the best robe," I have in any instance erred on the side of elaboration, my plea is the desire to please the many rather than the few. With this apology I will now ask our friends to give us the next illustration (No. 8), "Illiam Dhoan," in which a more modern style of accompaniment has been adopted. The original ballad is a lament on the death of William Christian, who was publicly executed as a traitor in the year 1662. Opinion is divided as to whether he was really a traitor or a martyr in the cause of freedom. The melody, which is noble and pathetic, is probably older than the words. I have taken the liberty of arranging it as an instrumental elegy, without, however, altering a single note of the original air.

We have seen that the Manx peasantry are naturally superstitious. Whether in consequence of this fact, or in spite of it, they are also essentially religious. The large number and extreme simplicity of their ancient places of worship are evidences of a widespread and simple religious faith; and as in politics there are no party differences, so in religion churchmen and dissenters are bosom friends. The seeds of Christianity introduced, as some think, in the fifth century, by St. Patrick and his missionaries, seem to have found a congenial soil. In latter times John Wesley was particularly proud of his Manx preachers and of the islanders generally. He declares in his diary (1777) that in no other place had he found "so plain, so earnest, so simple, and so unpolluted a people." In those days the Manx sailor before stepping on board his fishing boat was wont to repeat a prayer

invoking blessings on the fruits of his toil—a custom now more honoured in the breach than the observance. From very early times an extensive native literature had existed in the form of carols. These were the fruits or accompaniments of a religious revival which, on the publication of the Bible in Manx, in 1772, received a mighty accession of force. Here, as elsewhere, the opening of this marvellous picture-book operated like the touch of a magic spring. It was the Bible that inspired the greatest masterpieces of literature, painting, and music—Milton's great epic, Bunyan's incomparable allegory, Raphael's cartoons, Handel's "Messiah." So in this little kingdom of Man it was the first opening of the Bible in the common language of the country that touched the heart and kindled the religious enthusiasm of the nation; and the result was the production of a vast number of these carols—a form of native literature which, though not of a high order, has a definite value in the history of letters.

Our two next illustrations are specimens of Manx carols: No. 9, "Drogh Vraane" ("Bad Women"); No. 10, "Baase Chreest" ("The death of Christ").

I will now, by your leave, state briefly the circumstances which led me to undertake the collection of these Manx melodies.

In the autumn of last year I was invited by some gentlemen in the Isle of Man, including my brother, the Northern Deemster, to go there with the special object of collecting what material could be found with a view to the publication of a more complete and accurate record of our national airs than any that already existed. To obtain the desired material three sources were open to us—viz.:—

(1.) Printed music.
(2.) Manuscript music.
(3.) Oral music.

(1.) Of printed collections there already existed only one. It was published in London in the year 1820, under the title "Mona Melodies," and contains thirteen of, presumably, the then best known songs and dance tunes. The songs were set to English words by J. Barrow, and the whole of the music was arranged by "An Amateur," the name being suppressed. This book is practically unknown, and only a few copies appear to have survived. A cursory glance condemns the work as inadequately representative of Manx music as regards both the material and the workmanship. The task of compiling a work of this kind is by no means an easy one. The writing down of music by ear was in those days an accomplishment very rare, even among professors of the art. Hence, apart from the paucity of the material, one is not surprised to find in "Mona Melodies" many inaccuracies of musical orthography, grammar, and accentuation. Add to these difficulties the further one of reconciling discrepancies and of choosing between different versions of the same tune as they appear in different manuscripts, or as the faded ghosts of them survive in the memory of living people, to say nothing of the difficulty of discounting, at their proper value, obvious clerical errors, and of restoring, in the least objectionable way, obvious missing links.

The next example (No. 11), "My graih, nagh share dyn farraghtyn" ("We'd better wait awhile, my dear"), illustrates some of the difficulties referred to. It was doubtless, originally, a beautiful tune in spite of the obviously mutilated version of it in "Mona Melodies." Fortunately this was one of the few apparently desperate cases I have met with in which a slight operation boldly executed makes an impracticable thing practicable. This and the two other instances already mentioned represent the full extent of my "tampering with ancient records," for which I humbly crave forgiveness.

For the beautiful English version of this song we are indebted to my friend, Mr. E. Crabb.

(2.) The next step was to collect what manuscript tunes could be obtained, and by means of these to verify, and where necessary to correct, what were obvious inaccuracies in "Mona Melodies." In this respect we were singularly fortunate. My old friend and schoolfellow, Dr. John Clague of Castletown, a gentleman well versed in the folk-lore and language of the country, and learned in all its ancient musical traditions, had been collecting material for many years past, and among his manuscripts were versions of most of the airs contained in "Mona Melodies," as well as others which had been written down by a Mr. Shepherd about the end of the last or beginning of the present century. These the doctor placed unreservedly at my disposal. Mr. Shepherd was the musical apostle of the island in those days, an educational propagandist with a popular method of sight-singing. This was the "Fa sol la mi" method, which was popular in England during the seventeenth century, the scale being sol-faed to the syllables *fa sol la* twice repeated, with a *mi* for the leading note, thus:—

sol	la	mi	fa	sol	la	fa	sol	la	mi	fa	sol	la
5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3

Mr. Shepherd's formula, according to Dr. Clague, was as follows.—

Above your *mi*, twice *fa sol la*;
Below your *mi*, twice *la sol fa*.

It may be of interest to mention that this system had the sanction of no less an authority than Purcell, who in his edition of John Playford's "Introduction to the Skill of Musick" (1694), endorses the opinion that "the four syllables are quite sufficient and less burdensome to the practitioner's memory."

(3.) As regards the third source of information—viz., *Oral* music, I had, at the outset, gone to the island in the hope of being able to gather for myself material at first-hand; but, alas, I was doomed to disappointment. Everybody said it was too late. The old generation of untaught singing milkmaids and whistling ploughboys, and the race of itinerant fiddlers who used to delight the frequenters of the village inns, and the old people sitting in the cosey chimney-corners of the farmhouses, and the lasses and lads that danced in the barns at the *mehlias* or harvest homes—these rustic musicians had passed away (so they told me), and the old tunes were being replaced by the tunes of the London music halls. However, my gleanings from other sources were not inconsiderable, and in spite of the seeming odds against me, I still cherished a hope that by a carefully arranged plan of campaign we might yet discover in out-of-the-way spots on the mountains and among the solitary glens a remnant of the old folk who might still have retained some of the earlier tunes hitherto unrecorded. Nor were my hopes in vain.

A subsequent visit to the island a few weeks ago has resulted in a success far exceeding my most sanguine expectations, and in a very considerable addition to my original collection. With the assistance of my brother, and by the kind co-operation of many local friends, we had the good fortune to interview in different parts of the island quite a goodly number of old Manxmen of ages ranging from sixty-five to eighty-four, all more or less musically gifted, and some of whom had in their younger days enjoyed a local reputation as singers in church, chapel, farmhouse, or inn, as the case may be. The Manx people are proverbially shy, but that was an insignificant detail. By dint of coaxing, the intervention of boon companions, and in some cases the judicious application of bribes and suitable stimuli in the shape of little presents of tea for the wives and tobacco for the husbands, we soon got over their shyness, and in a very short time our ancient minstrels were warbling as in the old times and were ready and eager to give us "all the tunes that was at them." We shall never forget the enthusiasm of these old men, and the genuine delight with which they recalled the songs and memories of the past; and, above all, their wonderment at seeing their songs written down in black and white and then hearing them reproduced from the written notes. And as this reproduction of their tunes by a stranger, as by magic, was a revelation to *them*, so was their singing a revelation to *him*. Imagine one, whose acquaintance with the ancient modes was confined to churches and scientific books, coming suddenly face to face with them in actual, simple, peasant life and hearing these untaught sons of the soil, born and bred in their mountain solitude—imagine these essentially unecclesiastical and unscientific people actually singing "Gregorian" music and perpetrating minor scales with sharp sixths and flat leading-notes in the style of the ancient Greeks, delightfully unconscious all the while that they were doing anything out of the common. It is also noteworthy that to these old people the tunes published seventy-five years ago were, with only three or four exceptions, entirely unknown. They had a different *répertoire* of a totally different style and of evidently much earlier date.

As to the probable age of our music as a whole, we have at present little or no data to go upon except its internal evidence. Roughly speaking, we may arrange the tunes chronologically under three classes—early, mediæval, and modern. Under the first heading we might place all tunes older than the sixteenth century; under the second, those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and under the third, those of the eighteenth century. The tunes of the nineteenth century may safely be left to take care of themselves. What sounds one of the most recent tunes in the present collection (No. 12) must be at least one hundred years old and may be much older. It was whistled to me by a man of seventy, who had kept it in reverent memory all his lifetime as having been sung to him by his mother when he was a baby. He had never known any words to it. This is the only "song without words" that has come to my net. All the rest, even most of the dance tunes, have words, and in many instances the same tune is sung to different words. Whatever may be the origin of this charming Cradle Song, it is so irresistibly suggestive of Scott's well-known words, "O, hush thee, my babie," that the present alliance of words and music hardly needs an apology even to Sir Arthur Sullivan.

I will conclude this paper with a few words of retrospect.

Manxland is sharing the fate of all islands. By increased facilities of communication it is practically ceasing to be an island. The Manxman is gradually losing his individuality. Like that of a worn-out coin, his image and superscription is being gradually effaced. We older Manxmen regard with some apprehension the encroachments of so-called civilisation. When we revisit our old home we find the tide of civilisation has rolled over our sand castles and swept them all away. National traces—physical, moral, and social—are rapidly disappearing. "Utopia, Limited," is a capital satire on Manxland. An Anglicising spirit pervades the island and is gradually transforming it out of its old self. There is a strange tendency to do everything "as they do in England." The ancient Baal fires on the mountains have disappeared, and in their stead we have the glare of the dancing saloons. One almost deplores, with Mr. Ruskin, the introduction of railways. Fortunately, as we think, the trains have not yet learnt to go so fast "as they do in England." One of the latest phases of this Anglicising mania was the restoration of Peel Castle with stone actually imported from England. Some years ago they wanted a church built, and of course they went to "the neighbouring island," as they playfully call it, for an architect, and he ran them up a grand spire, "as they do in England," and the next year a Manx Boggane, in the shape of an equinoxial sou'-wester, made for the spire and tossed it into the adjoining field. The village of Laxey rejoices in possessing the biggest water-wheel in the world, the like of which does not exist even "in England"; and so on and so on.

Already, as we have seen, their language has gone the way of all flesh. Thanks to the members of the Manx Society, they have done good work, each in his own line, in preserving in their publications some at least of the characteristics of their nation. To these must be added the names of four notable Manxmen. Mr. Hall Caine's romances have earned for himself and his country a great, if not an altogether irreproachable reputation. My old friend and master, Mr. T. E. Brown, has, in his "Fo'c's'le Yarns," gathered up the fragments that remain of the Anglo-Manx dialect—the transition from Manx to English—and embalmed them in the amber of his inimitable verse. Haply his poetry will live when all traces of the original Manx language and Manx character shall have passed away. Mr. A. W. Moore, in his "Manx Note Book" and "Manx Surnames," has gathered and handed down to posterity much that is interesting and valuable in the insular folk-lore, and Mr. P. C. Kermode is rendering valuable service in connection with the beautiful Runic crosses and other antiquities of his native land.

Something more still remained to be done for our island—I mean in the way of catching and recording before it was too late the last lingering echoes of the old Manx ballads. To this task Mr. Moore has also with laudable zeal addressed himself, and he has announced as shortly to be published a collection of Manx songs and ballads, some of them with the accompanying tunes. On this point a word of explanation is due, if only to remove the impression which might otherwise exist that there is any feeling of rivalry or competition between Mr. Moore and myself. Though we have been working in the same field, our aims are different; not antagonistic, however, but complementary. His preferences would seem to be historical and antiquarian while mine are mainly artistic. From my point of view hypothetical harmonies founded on "the correct Celtic modes," as Mr. Moore's prospectus puts it, as also the original Manx words, interesting as these are from an archæological point of view, can have but little attraction for an average nineteenth century musical public. Hence, as I have already stated elsewhere, my humbler aim is to present to the public only a selection of the best of the old melodies with more or less modern harmonies (say sixteenth to eighteenth century), with suitable English words, not necessarily translations, the general "arrangement," harmonies, and interludes being in a *mode* and "language understanded of the people." In short, I am trying to do for the music of Manxland what Tom Moore and Sir John Stevenson did for the Irish melodies and what, in our own day, Mr. Baring Gould and his coadjutors have been doing for the songs of Western England. But the fact is, the world wants to see both sides of the picture, the antiquarian and the artistic, and it is perhaps as well that, as chance has ordered it, the two workers in the same field, Mr. Moore

and myself, shall have wrought separately and independently of each other. It will, at least, be interesting to compare the results of our labours. As regards my own share of the work, I will only add that the task, though immensely pleasurable in many ways, has not been unmixed with feelings of sadness; for as each one of those venerable singers sang his song there seemed to accompany it the "measured beat and slow" of the *Dance of Death*. It was plain that he was singing his *Nunc Dimittis*, and the reflection was irresistible that within a few short years these last of the Manx minstrels will have "departed in peace," and that, but for these small but timely efforts on our part, their tunes must have died with them. "Now you have got the tunes," some will ask, "are they worth preserving?" Posterity must decide. Meanwhile, if by the simple act of faithfully and reverently recording these old melodies the present writer and his fellow countrymen may be instrumental in rescuing some of them from oblivion, they will have the satisfaction of not having wrought in vain.

Illustrations.

1. Song—"Hie my graih shaghey" (The Maiden's Warning).
2. Song—"Sooree" (Courting).
3. Song—"Mylecharane."
4. Dance tune—"Wandescope."
5. Song—"Ny Kirree fo niaghtey" (The Sheep under the Snow).
6. Parting song—"Te traa gholl thie" (Time to go home).
7. Dance tune—"Tappaghyn Jiargey" (Red Top-Knots).
8. Elegy—"Illiam Dhoan" (Brown William).
9. Carol—"Drogh Vraane" (Bad Women).
10. Carol—"Baase Chreest" (The Death of Christ).
11. Song—"My graih, nagh Share dyn farraghtyn" (We'd better wait).
12. Cradle-song—"Oh, hush, thee, my babie."

Violin	...	...	...	Miss Mary S. Hemming.
Violoncello		...	...	Miss Minnie B. Theobald.
Flute	...	...	...	Mr. J. Finn.
Piano	...	...	...	Miss Grace M. Smith.
Vocalist	...	...	...	Miss Dora Gill.

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ARRANGER'S PREFACE.

I GLADLY avail myself of the present opportunity to add a few remarks to those contained in the foregoing Essay. Such remarks are intended to apply to the entire collection, of which the present Volume represents only a part.

In "arranging" these melodies full advantage has been taken of the latitude implied by the word. Where several versions of the same tune offered themselves for selection, I have chosen the one that appeared to me the most original—*i.e.*, the most Manx—as well as the most interesting from an artistic point of view. In two instances, viz., "Mylecharane" (p. 34) and "Colbagh Breck" (pp. 47 and 98), of which two different versions, one minor the other major, were available, I have in each case combined the two tunes into one. In cases where the tune as found was obviously only a fragment I have supplied new material, preserving as far as possible the character and spirit of the original. Instances of this kind of restoration are the following:—p. 9, 8 bars added as 2nd subject; p. 28, 6 bars of symphony set to words; p. 45, 8 bars (minor theme) added; p. 68, 4 bars added as 2nd subject; p. 72, 2 bars added to restore balance; p. 94, 4 bars added to form chorus; p. 97, 4 bars added as coda.

To the factors of evolution in a nation's music which are enumerated in the foregoing essay may be added this further one, namely, the influence due to the peculiar genius and limitations of its national instruments. This kind of influence is clearly traceable in Irish music, which, having grown up side by side with the national harp, has in the course of time been moulded and modified more or less by association with that instrument. Unlike Ireland, the Isle of Man cannot boast of a distinctively national instrument. Beyond a rude figure of a harp on one of the ancient runic crosses which abound in our churchyards, and the existence near Douglas of a place called Glen Crutchery, the Harpers' Glen, no trace of the harp can be found. Here, as elsewhere, the violin has always been, and is still, a favourite instrument, but its use in the past has been chiefly associated with dance music. Except in a limited sense, the violin, like the human voice, has no fixed scale-intervals, and can therefore follow the voice with the same freedom that the voice can follow the instrument. Moreover the older Manx fiddles were fitted with only three strings, the two lower ones supplying a continuous "pedal" harmony like the drone of a bagpipe, while the highest string was reserved for the melody. Hence it is reasonable to infer that Manx music, unlike the music of most other nations, has been singularly free and untrammeled in its growth. Born of the human voice it is essentially *vocal*, and it is notable that in the case of some of our native carols, of which we possess a large number, the airs lend themselves with difficulty to harmony of any kind. This view is favoured by my own recent experience in hearing the singing of these melodies *in situ*, *i.e.*, by the native untutored singers in their solitary homes far removed from the more civilized centres. The intonation of these nature-songsters is singularly free and elastic. For instance, according to their rendering of it, the 7th of the scale is distinctly a varying quantity more or less flat, like the well-known *third* of the Cuckoo's song. It is obvious that this freedom of intonation adds considerably to the chances of variation and corruption in oral transmission as well as to the difficulty of noting down tunes.

The same elasticity applies equally to *time* and accent. In their singing as well as in their recitation of poetry, of which latter they are particularly fond, I found at times in these native minstrels almost a total absence of a definite metrical accent, and in its stead an even smoothly-flowing rhythm relieved here and there—often in the least expected places—by a pause of indefinite length. To use a modern expression the *phrasing* was singularly free. In fact, to such an extent was the rhythmic structure concealed that much of their music might be appropriately represented, like plain-song, without any bars. All through the singing of a song the words rule, the music merely follows. Or, rather, music and words form one indivisible whole, so that if you ask your bard to sing or hum the tune apart from the words he can hardly do it, and if he once loses the words of his song the music is gone beyond recall. Nor is this vagueness due to a lack of rhythmic sense on the part

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of the performer, for when a dance tune has to be sung it is rendered with due precision and clearness of accent.

In point of structural form Manx music resembles the Irish rather than the Scottish type. Except in one or two instances, for example, "Kiark Catriney marroo" (p. 88) and "Car y Phoosee" (p. 104), what is commonly called the "Scotch Snap" is scarcely traceable. As to the Pentatonic Scale it cannot be said to exist. Among tunes of four lines one favourite type of frequent occurrence in Irish music is particularly noticeable in which the third line is a repetition of the second and the fourth of the first. In the present selection, examples of this type of melody will be found at pages 4, 40, 41, 50, 84, 130 and 144.

The prevalence of the Dorian mode, especially in the carol tunes, is a singularly conspicuous feature of Manx music. This mode might at first be mistaken for an ill-sung "modern minor" scale with a variable leading note, but its major 6th is so pronounced a feature when sung by these native minstrels as to place the matter beyond all doubt. It would be premature to attempt to account for this preference of our countrymen. But the fact that such preference exists is worth recording, and it may be safely conjectured that the survival of this interesting relic of antiquity has been mainly due to the complete isolation of the people who have been the custodians of the music in which it is embodied.

To those who have learned to play the piano and other instruments all the old tunes, except two or three, are entirely unknown. It is on the peasant classes that we have had to depend for all our material—rough sons of the soil, unaided (and, may it be said, unspoiled?) by musical knowledge, notation or instruments—sailors, weavers, shoemakers, tillers of the land, and toilers of the sea. And even among such it is only from a very limited few of the last survivors in the solitary wilds of the Island that we have been able to glean these last remnants of the old-world music of our forefathers.

W. H. G.

Sidcup, Kent.
July, 1896.

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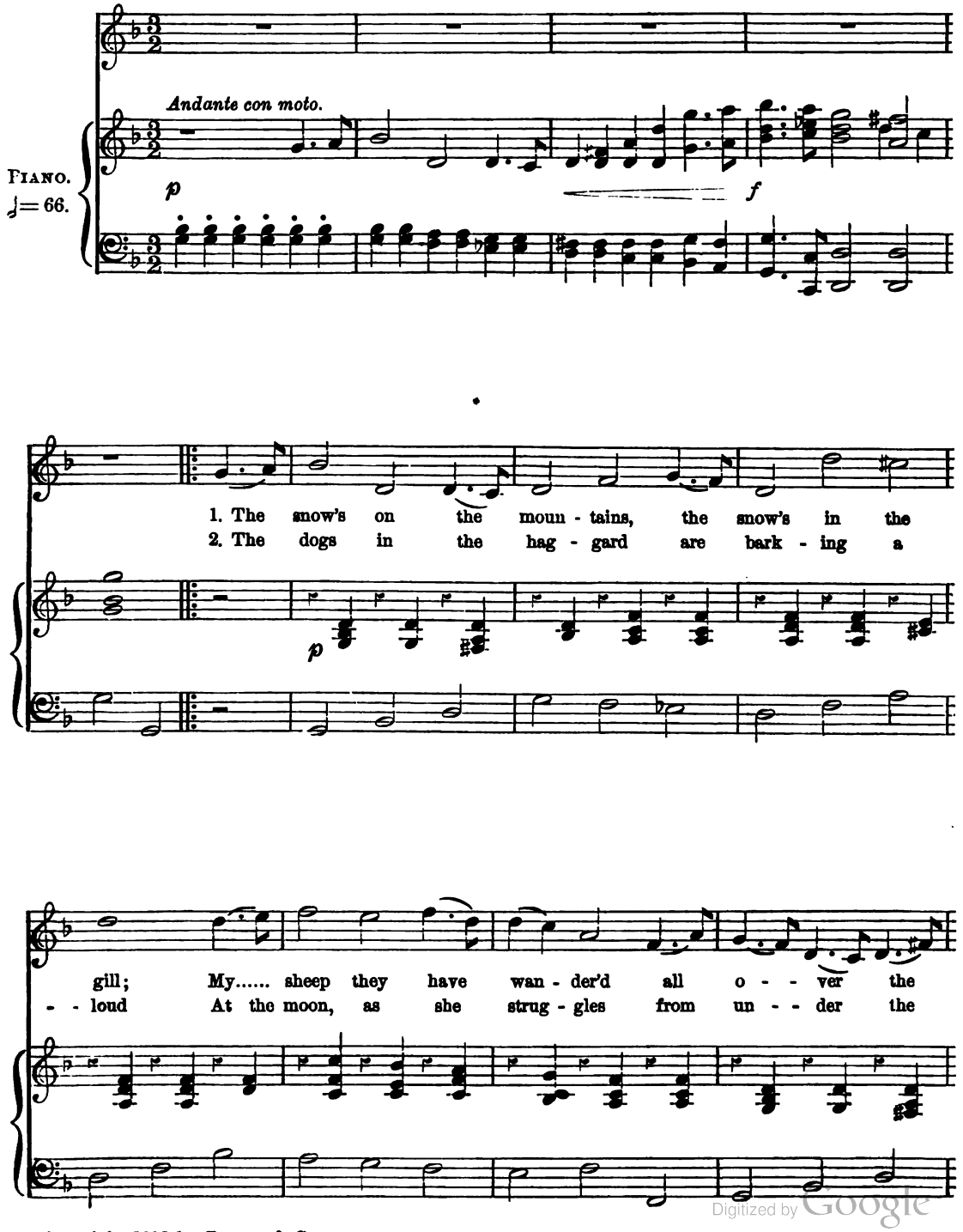
The Sheep under the Snow.

Words by W. H. Gill.

Air, "Ny Kirree fo Niaghtey."
(The Sheep under the Snow.)
Dorian mode transposed.

Andante con moto.
Piano.
♩= 66.
p
f
1. The snow's on the moun - tains, the snow's in the
2. The dogs in the hag - gard are bark - ing a
p
gill; My..... sheep they have wan - der'd all o - - ver the
- - loud At the moon, as she strug - gles from un - - der the

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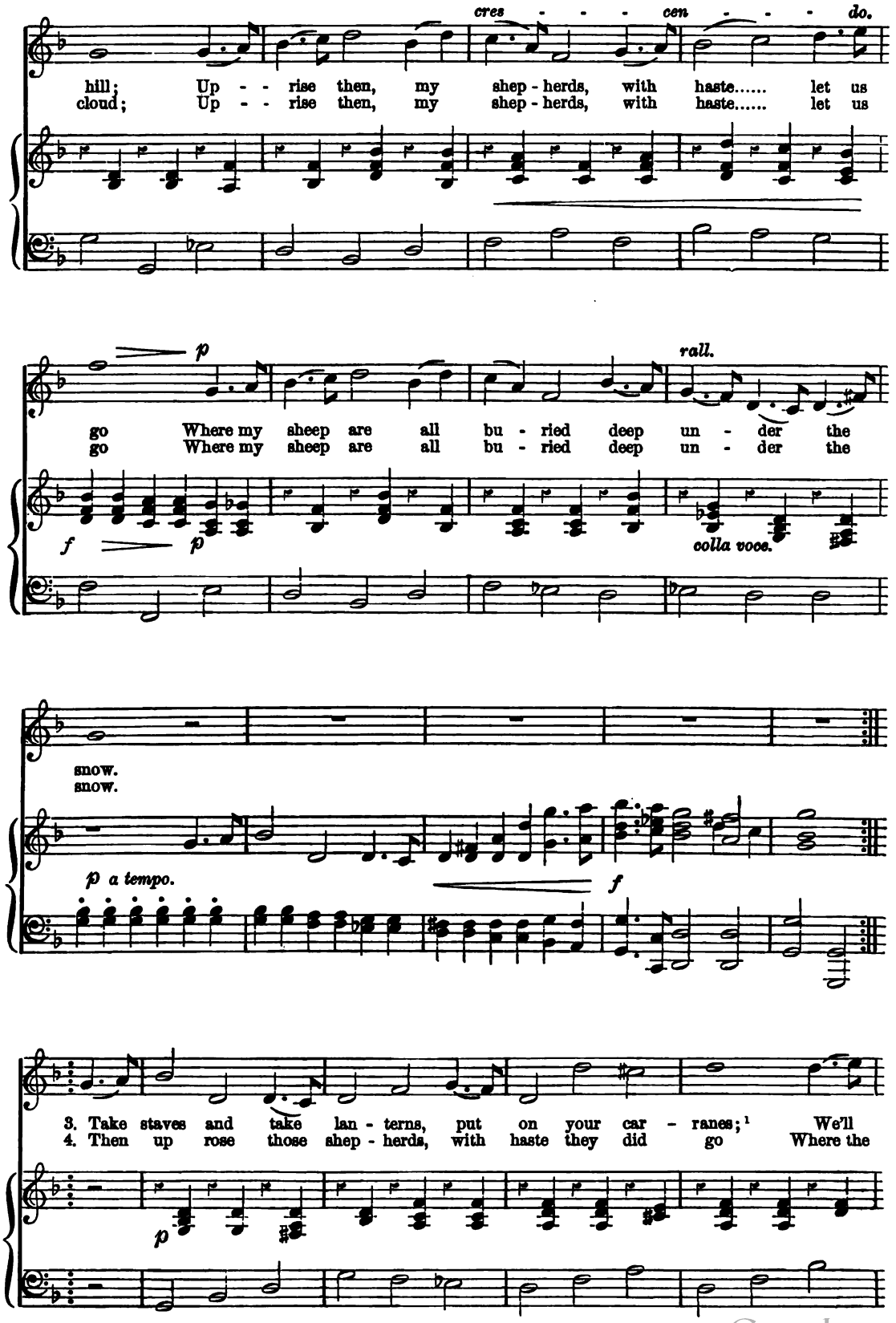
cres - - - cen - - - do.
hill; Up - - rise then, my shep - herds, with haste..... let us
cloud; Up - - rise then, my shep - herds, with haste..... let us
p
rall.
go Where my sheep are all bu - ried deep un - der the
go Where my sheep are all bu - ried deep un - der the
f p
colla voce.
snow.
snow.
p a tempo.
f
3. Take staves and take lan - terns, put on your car - ranes;[1] We'll
4. Then up rose those shep - herds, with haste they did go Where the
p

[1] Sandals of raw hide worn by Manx peasants.

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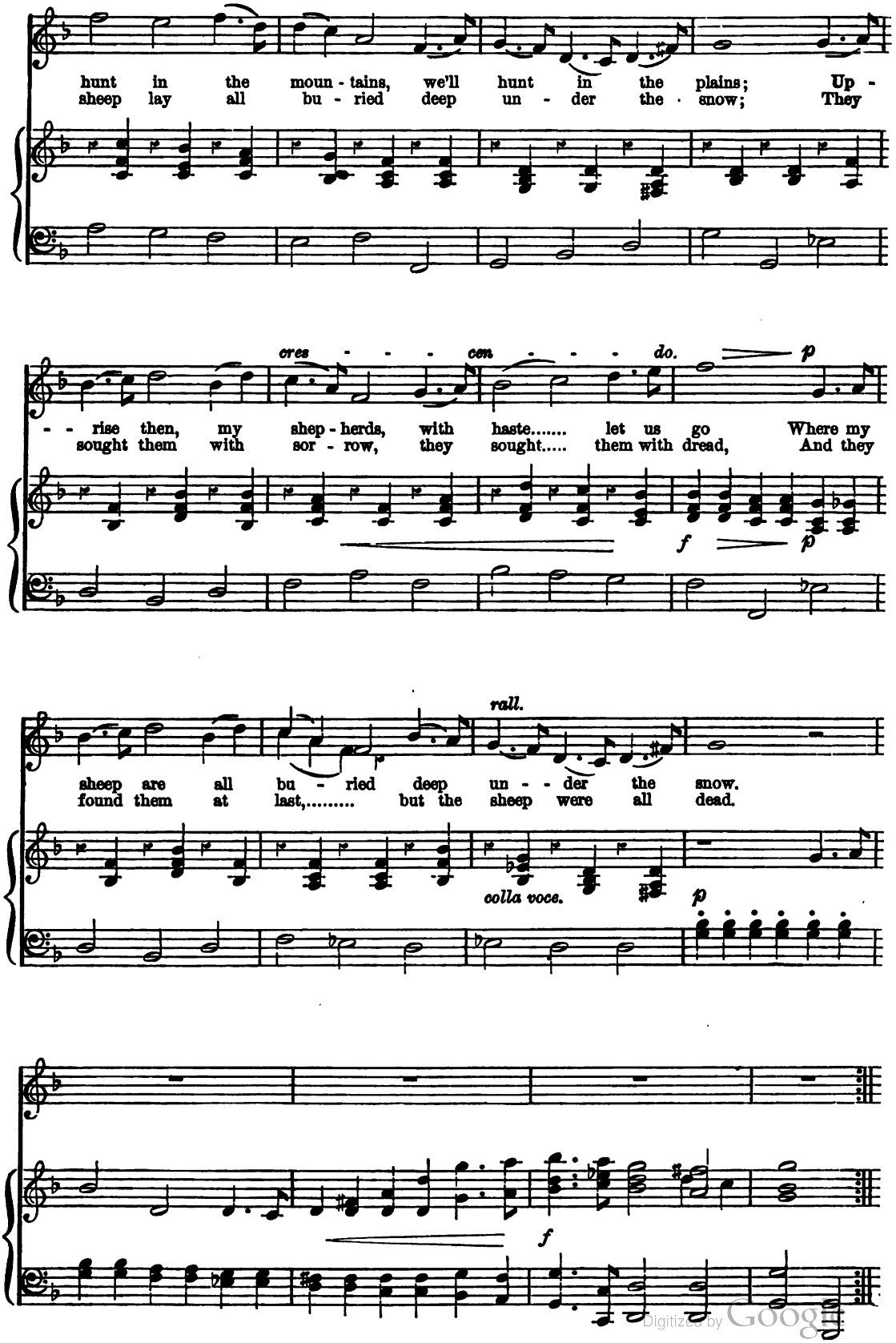
hunt in the moun - tains, we'll hunt in the plains; Up -
sheep lay all bu - ried deep un - der the snow; They
cres - - - con - - - do.
p
- - rise then, my shep - herds, with haste..... let us go Where my
sought them with sor - row, they sought..... them with dread, And they
f
p
rall.
sheep are all bu - ried deep un - - der the snow.
found them at last,..... but the sheep were all dead.
colla voce.
p
f

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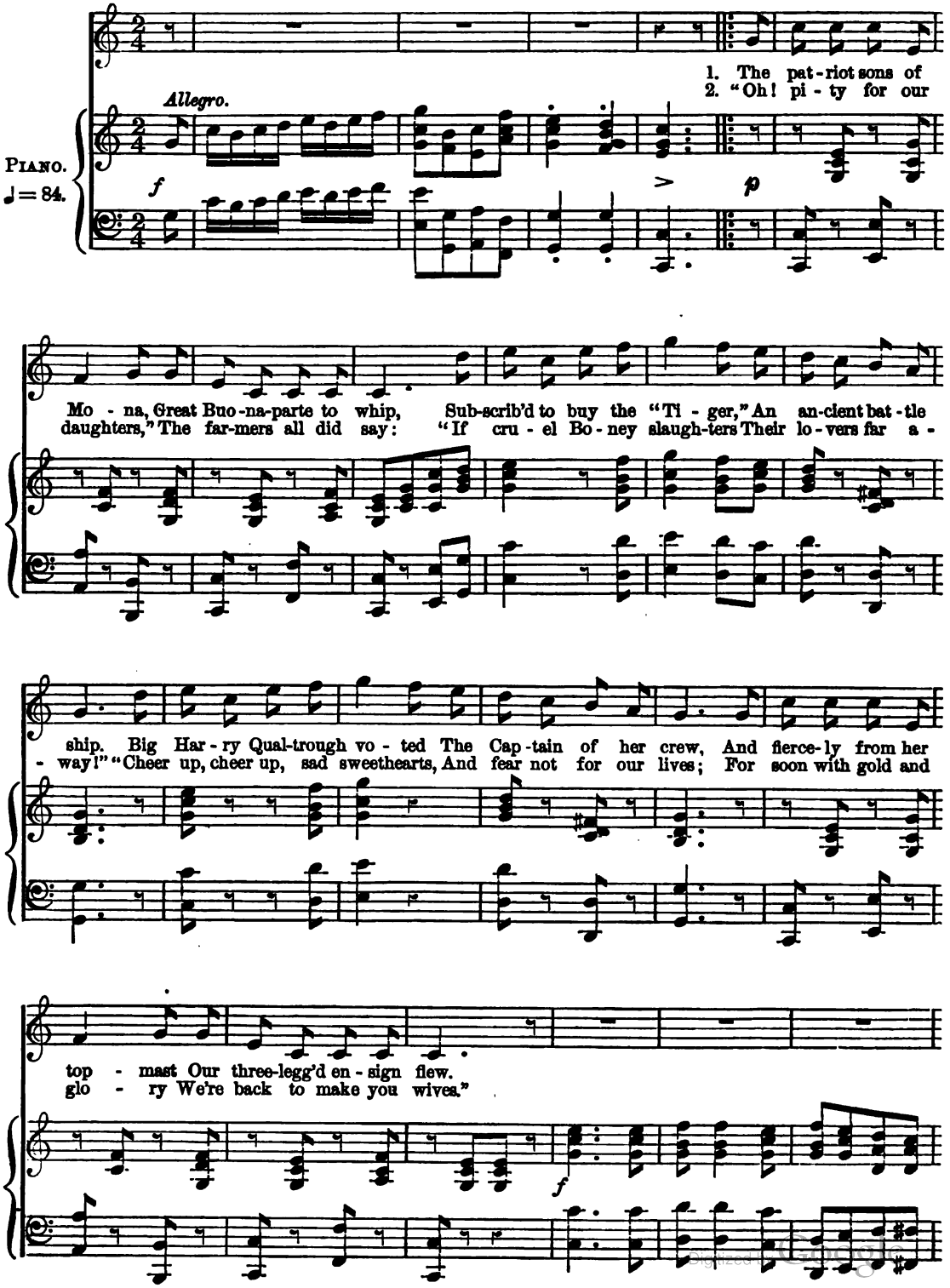
The Cruise of the "Tiger."

Words adapted by A. P. GRAVES, from the original ballad of John Moore, formerly of Camlork in Braddan, one of the crew of the Manx privateer "Tiger," during the war with France and America.

Air, "Marrinys yn Tiger."
(Cruise of the "Tiger.")

Allegro.
PIANO.
♩ = 84.
f
p
1. The pat-riot sons of
2. "Oh! pi-ty for our
Mo-na, Great Buo-na-parte to whip, Sub-scrib'd to buy the "Ti-ger," An an-cient bat-tle
daughters," The far-mers all did say: "If cru-el Bo-ney slaugh-ters Their lo-vers far a-
ship. Big Har-ry Qual-trough vo-ted The Cap-tain of her crew, And fierce-ly from her
-way!" "Cheer up, cheer up, sad sweethearts, And fear not for our lives; For soon with gold and
top-mast Our three-legg'd en-sign flew.
glo-ry We're back to make you wives."
f

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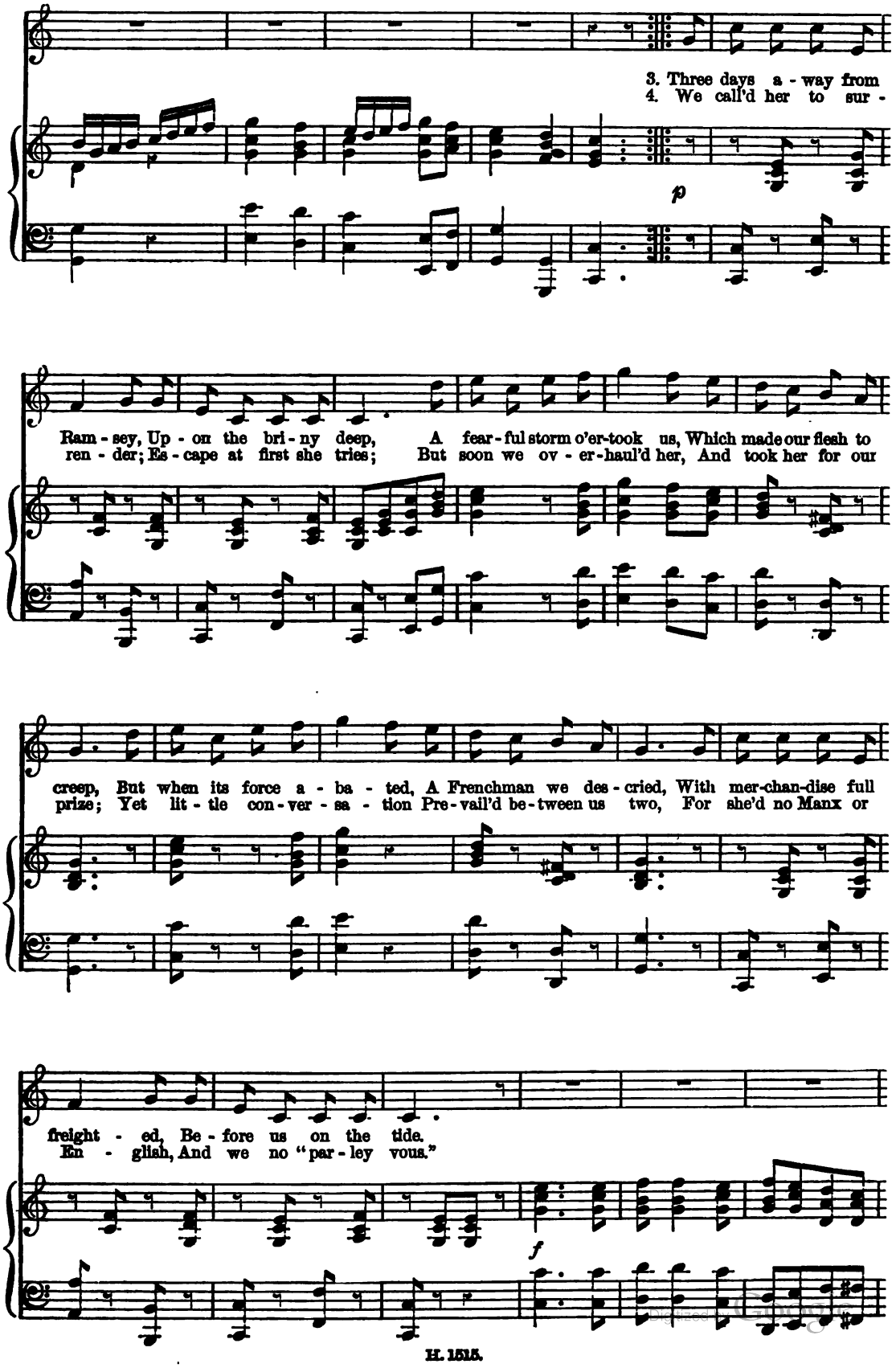
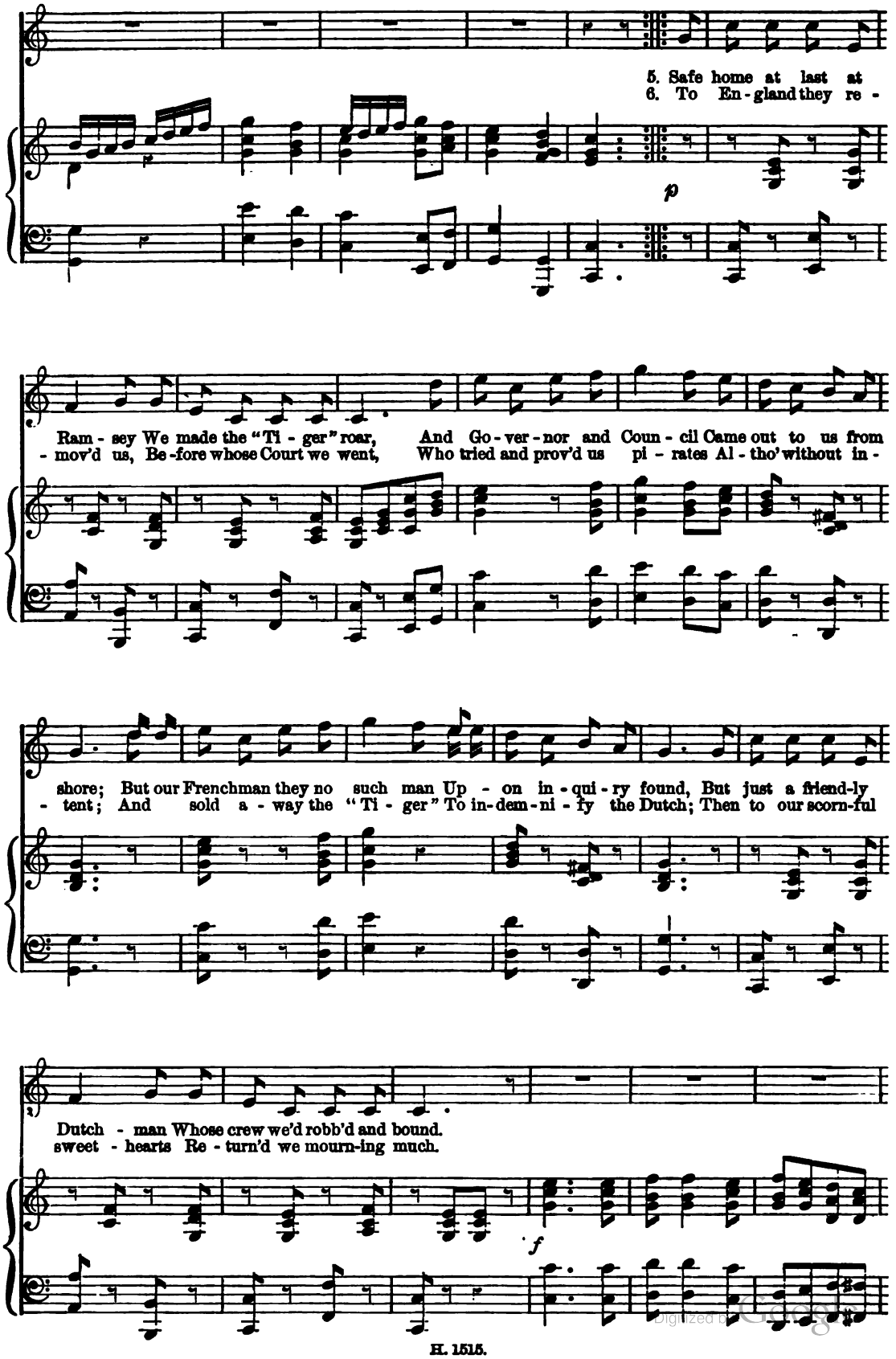
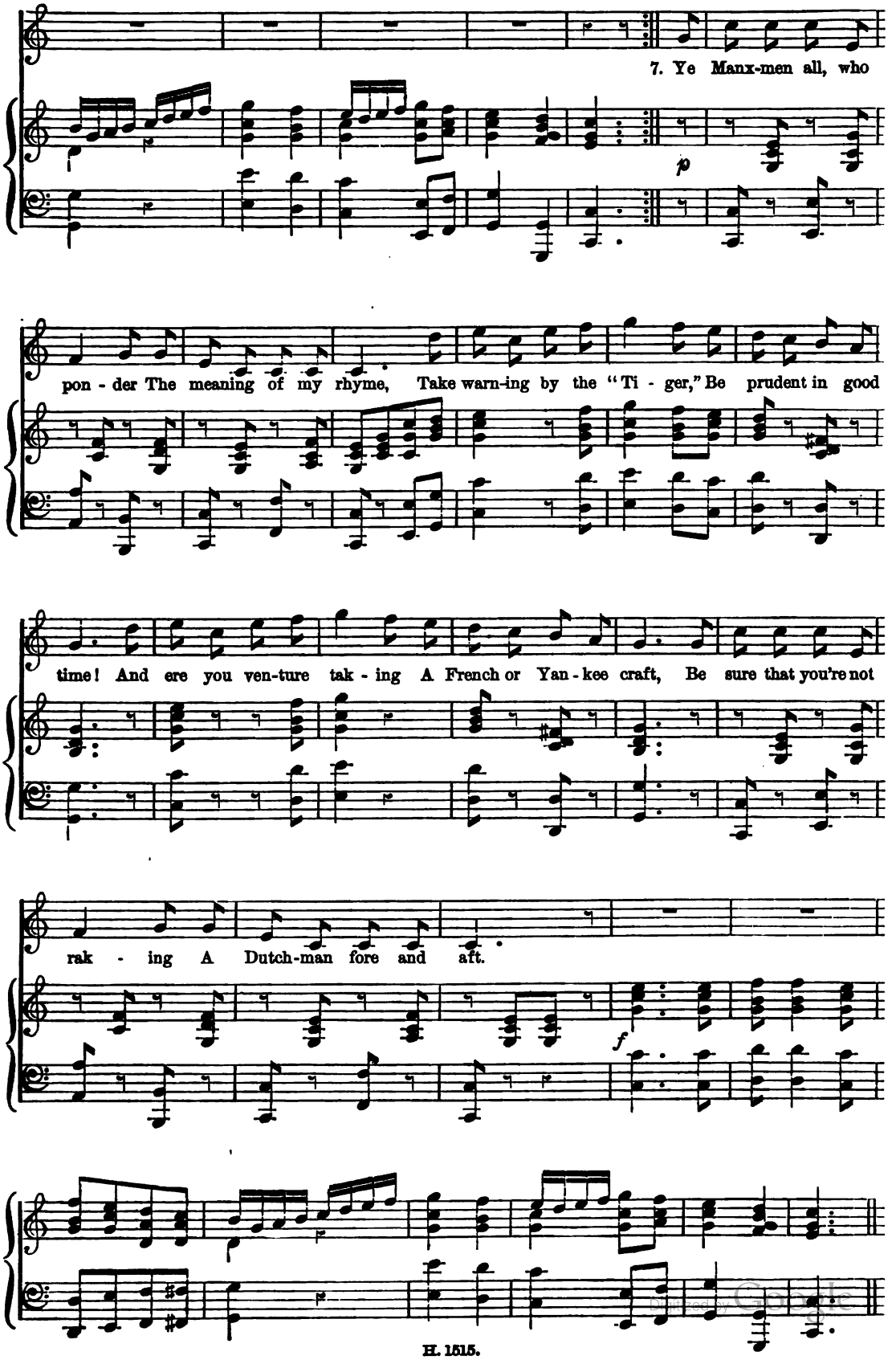
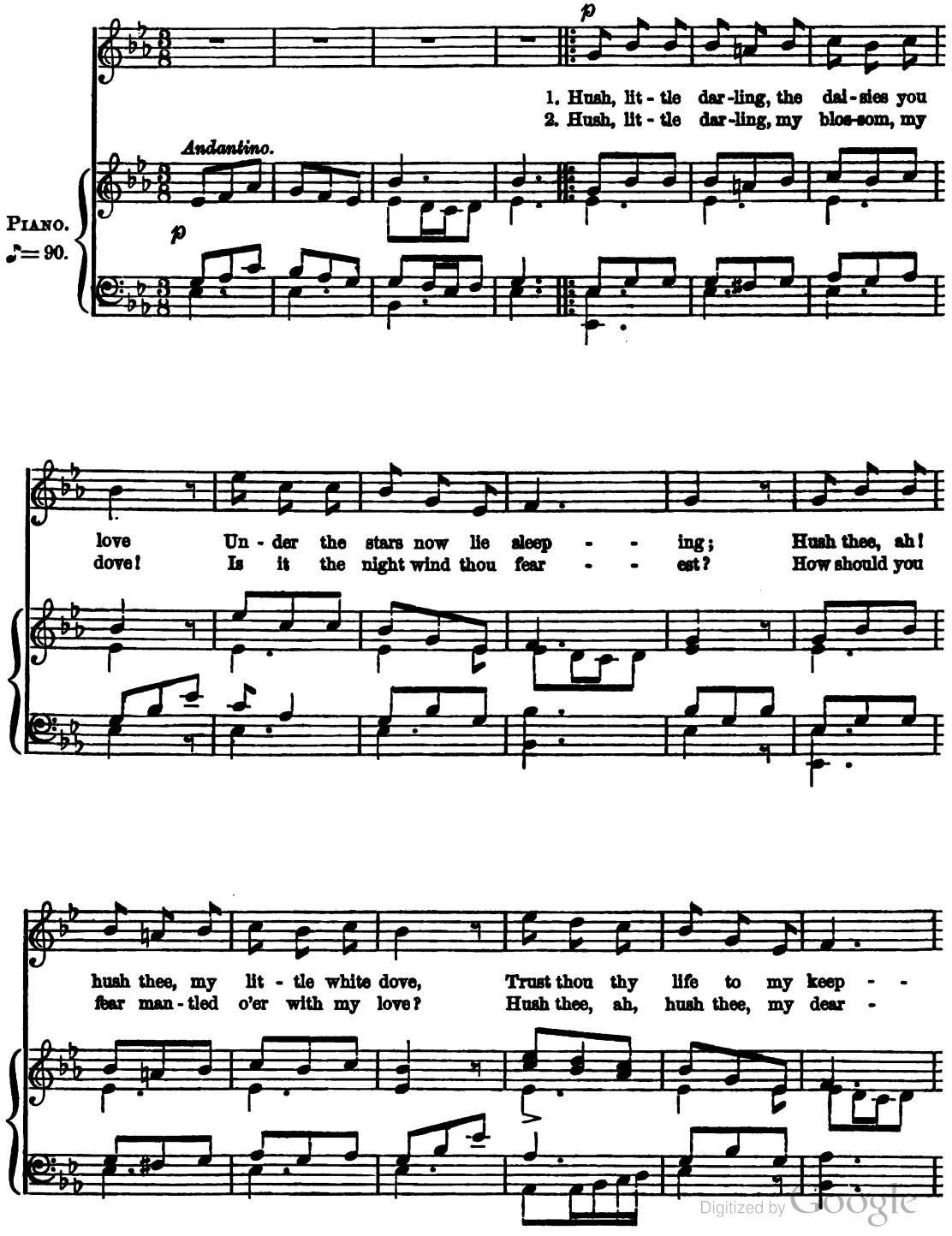

3. Three days a - way from
4. We call'd her to sur -
p
Ram - sey, Up - on the bri - ny deep, A fear - ful storm o'er-took us, Which made our flesh to
ren - der; Es - cape at first she tries; But soon we ov - er-haul'd her, And took her for our
creep, But when its force a - ba - ted, A Frenchman we des - cried, With mer-chan-dise full
prize; Yet lit - tle con - ver - sa - tion Pre - vail'd be - tween us two, For she'd no Manx or
freight - ed, Be - fore us on the tide.
En - glish, And we no "par - ley vous."
f

5. Safe home at last at
6. To En-gland they re-
p
Ram-sey We made the "Ti-ger" roar,
-mov'd us, Be-fore whose Court we went,
And Go-ver-nor and Coun-cil Came out to us from
Who tried and prov'd us pi-rates Al-tho' without in-
shore; But our Frenchman they no such man Up-on in-qui-ry found, But just a friend-ly
-tent; And sold a-way the "Ti-ger" To in-dem-ni-fy the Dutch; Then to our scorn-ful
Dutch-man Whose crew we'd robb'd and bound.
sweet-hearts Re-turn'd we mourn-ing much.
f

7. Ye Manx-men all, who
p
pon - der The meaning of my rhyme, Take warn-ing by the "Ti - ger," Be prudent in good
time! And ere you ven-ture tak - ing A French or Yan - kee craft, Be sure that you're not
rak - ing A Dutch-man fore and aft.
f

Hush, little Darling.

Cradle Song, "Ushag veg ruy ny moaney dhoo."
(Little red bird of the black marsh.)

Words by EMIL INGRAM.

p
1. Hush, lit - tle dar-ling, the dai-sies you
2. Hush, lit - tle dar-ling, my blos-som, my
Andantino.
PIANO.
♪= 90.
p
love Un - der the stars now lie sleep - - ing; Hush thee, ah!
dove! Is it the night wind thou fear - - est? How should you
hush thee, my lit - tle white dove, Trust thou thy life to my keep - -
fear man-tled o'er with my love? Hush thee, ah, hush thee, my dear -

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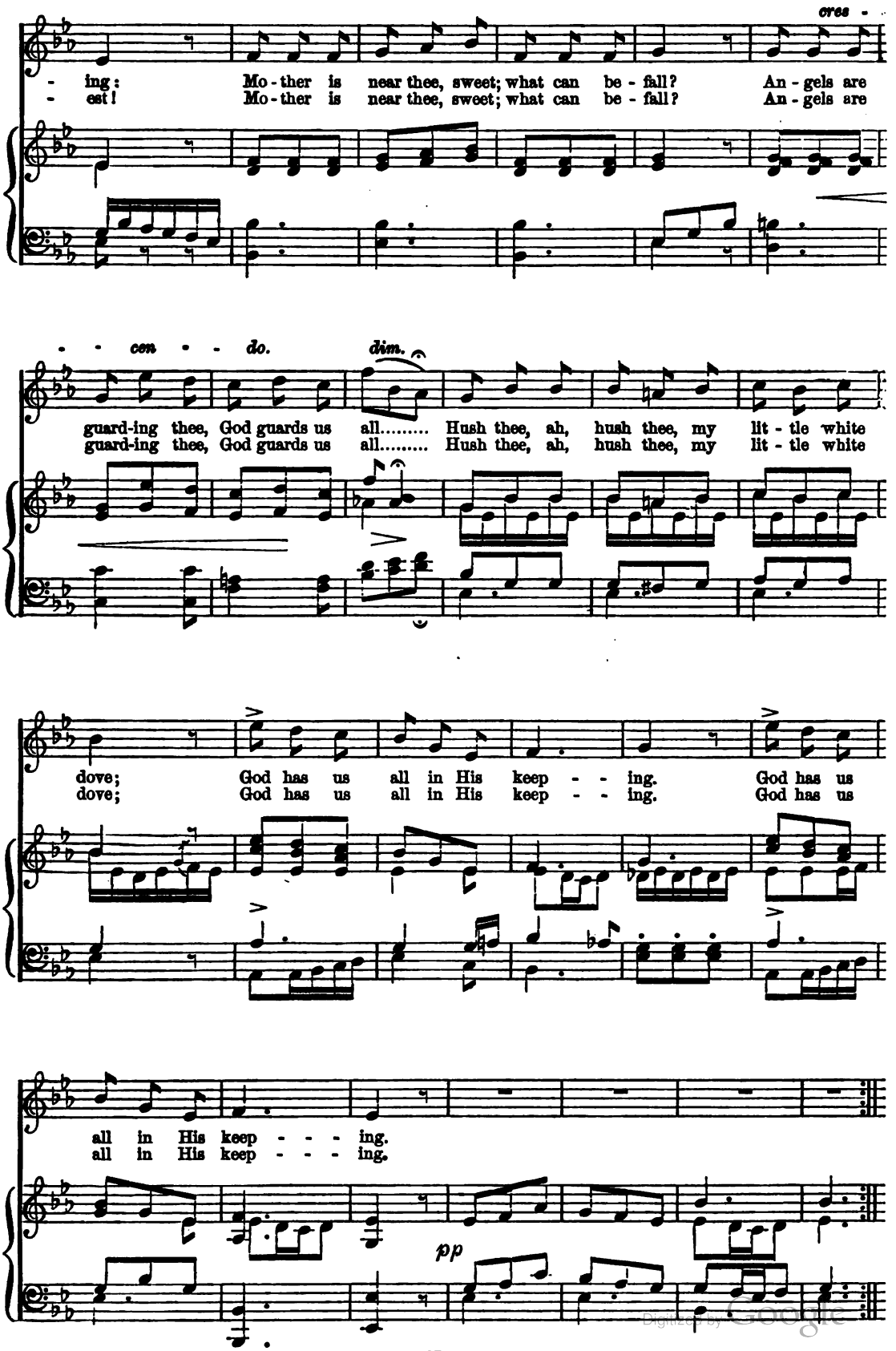
cres -
- ing: Mo - ther is near thee, sweet; what can be - fall? An - gels are
- est! Mo - ther is near thee, sweet; what can be - fall? An - gels are
- - con - - do. dim.
guard-ing thee, God guards us all..... Hush thee, ah, hush thee, my lit - tle white
guard-ing thee, God guards us all..... Hush thee, ah, hush thee, my lit - tle white
dove; God has us all in His keep - - ing. God has us
dove; God has us all in His keep - - ing. God has us
all in His keep - - - ing.
all in His keep - - - ing.
pp

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The Wreck of the Herring Fleet.

(Douglas, September 21st, 1787.)

Words by A. P. Graves.

Air, "Arrane mysh ny Baatyn-skeddan."
(Song of the Herring Fleet.)

Andante.

Piano.
♩ = 95.

p

1. In se - ven - teen eigh - ty sev'n, Be - neath a blue

heav'n, On St. Mat - thew's night we were float - ing; Half our nets we had

shot, Where the her - ring boil'd hot, And the rest were all rea - dy for

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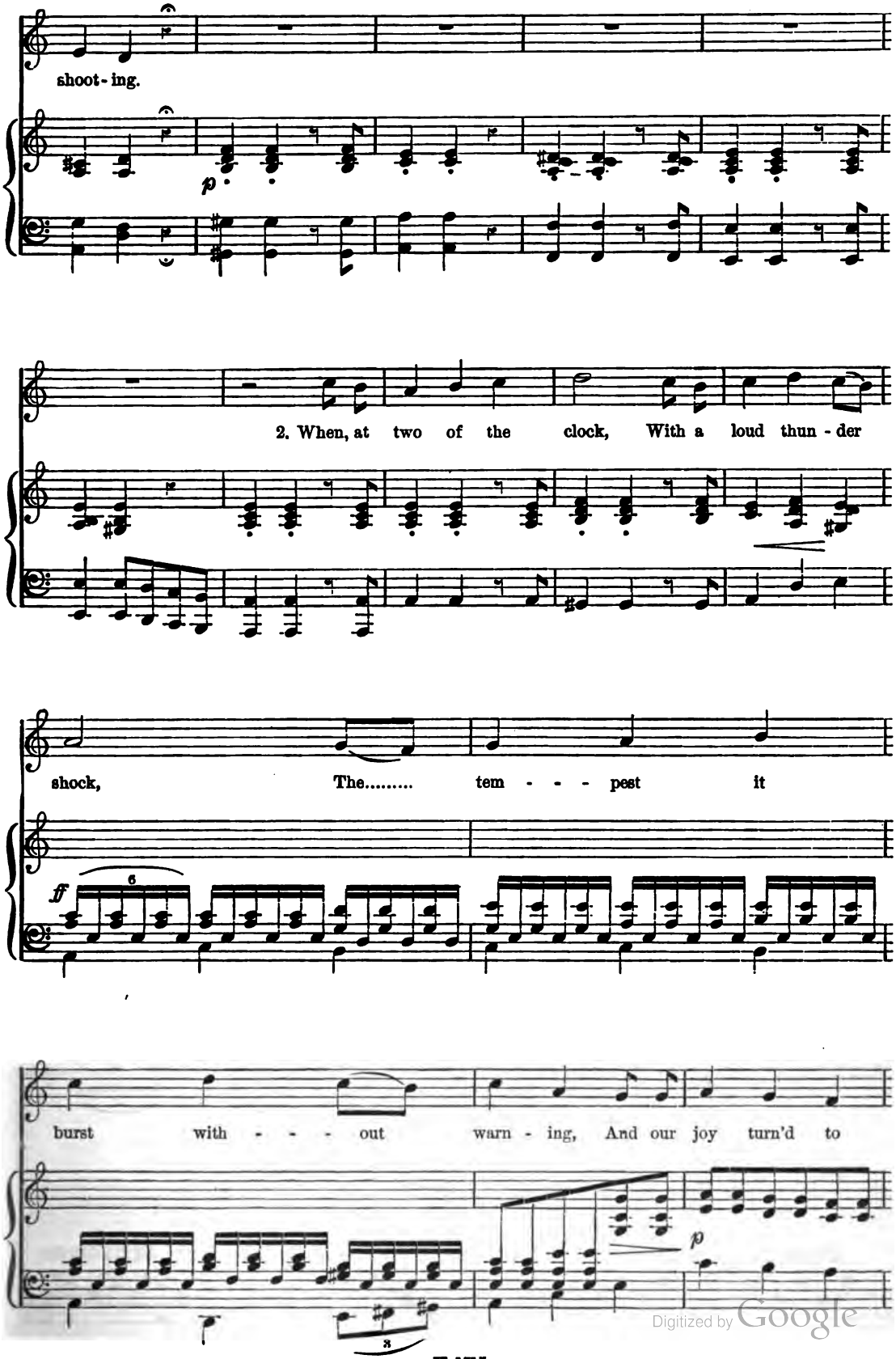
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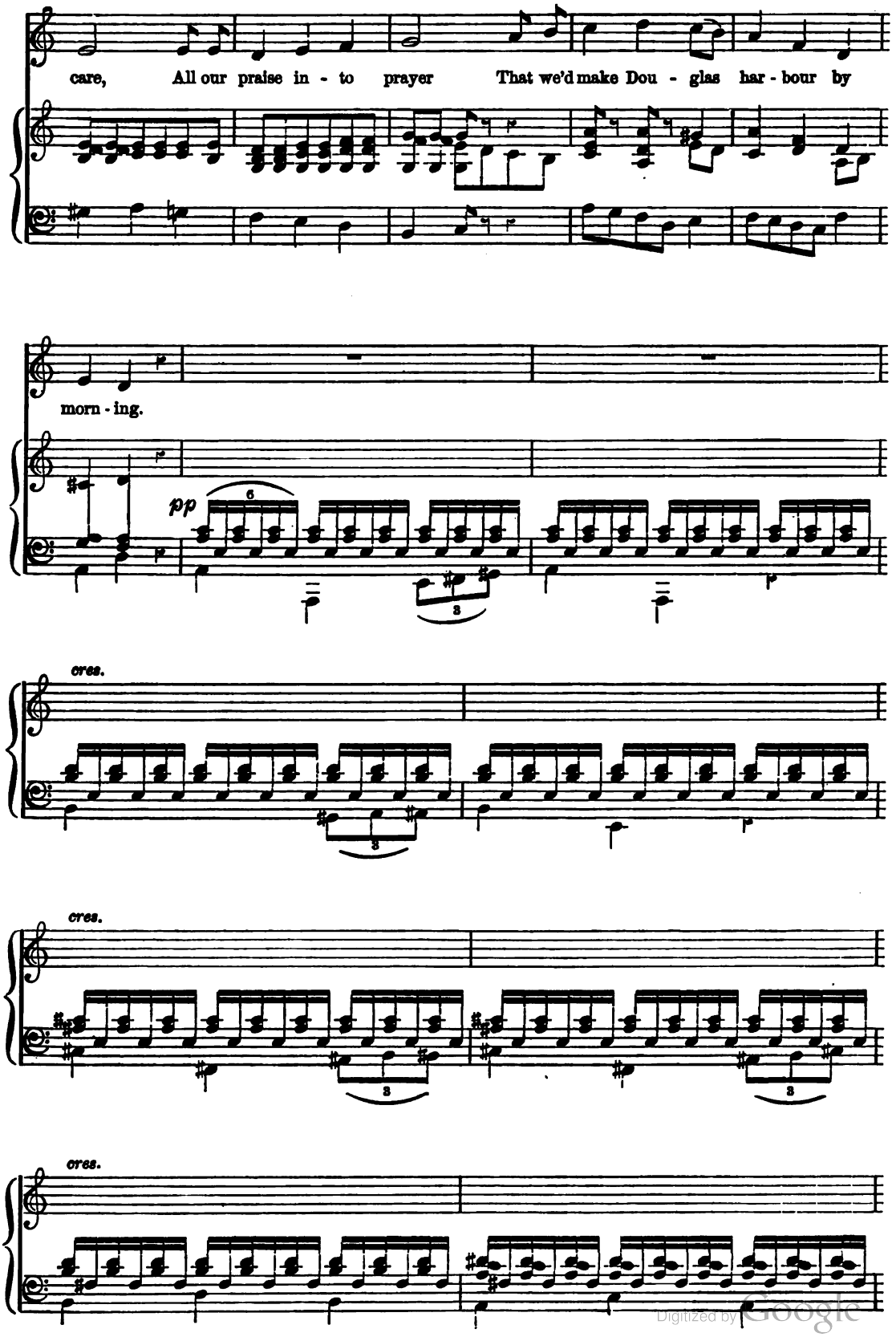

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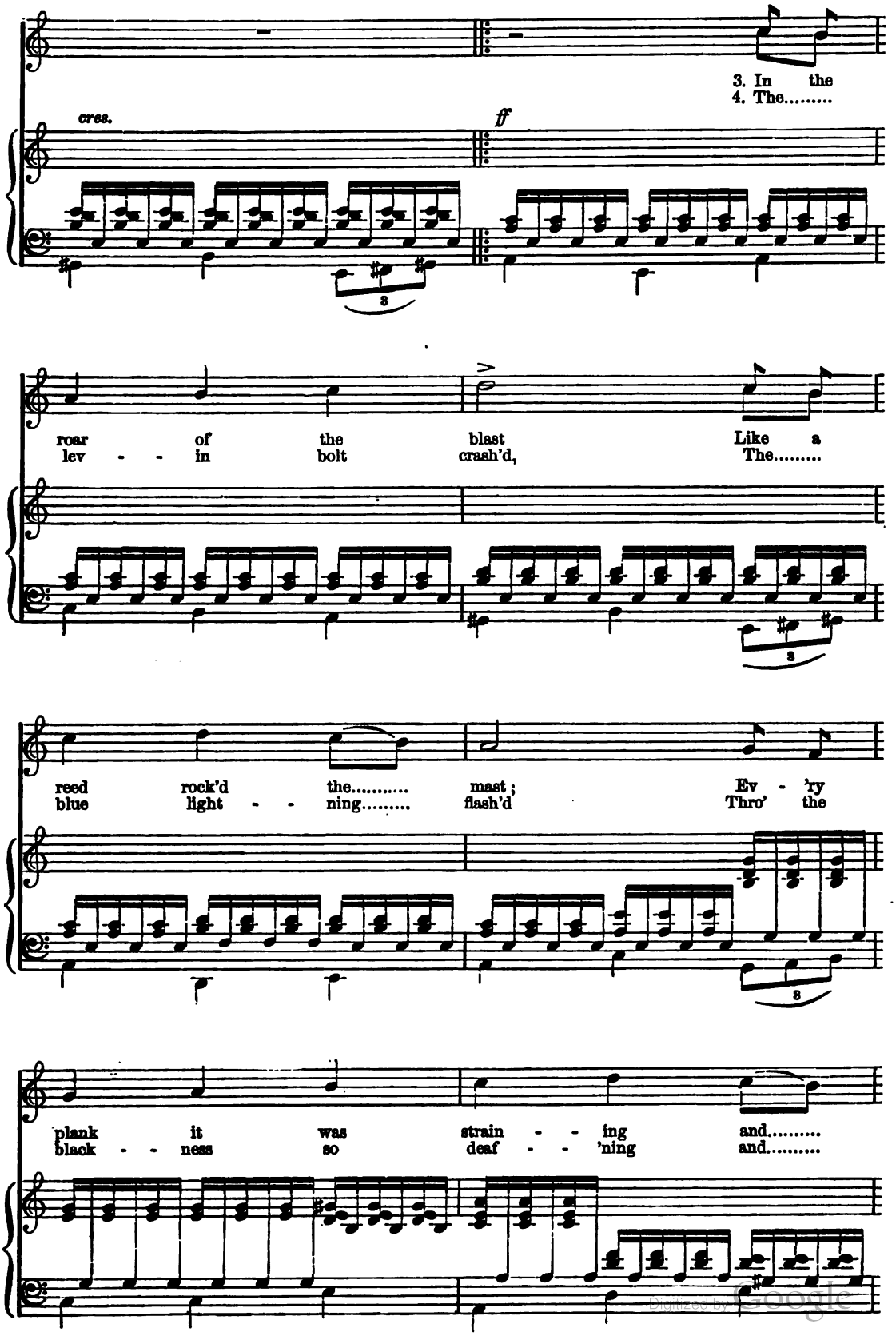
3. In the
4. The.....
cres.
ff
roar of the blast Like a
lev - - in bolt crash'd, The.....
reed rock'd the..... mast; Ev - 'ry
blue light - - ning..... flash'd Thro' the
plank it was strain - - ing and.....
black - - ness so deaf - - 'ning and.....

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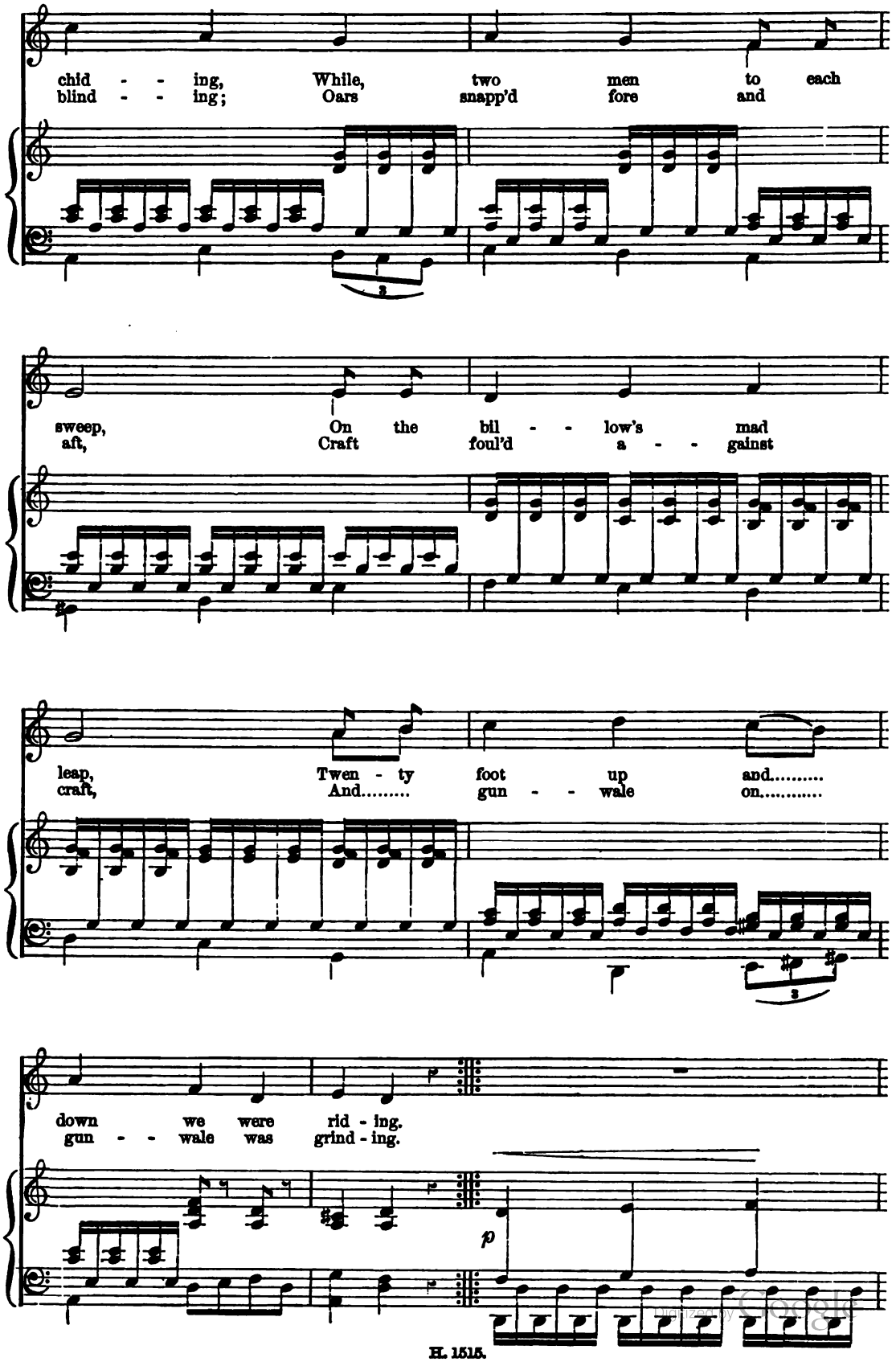
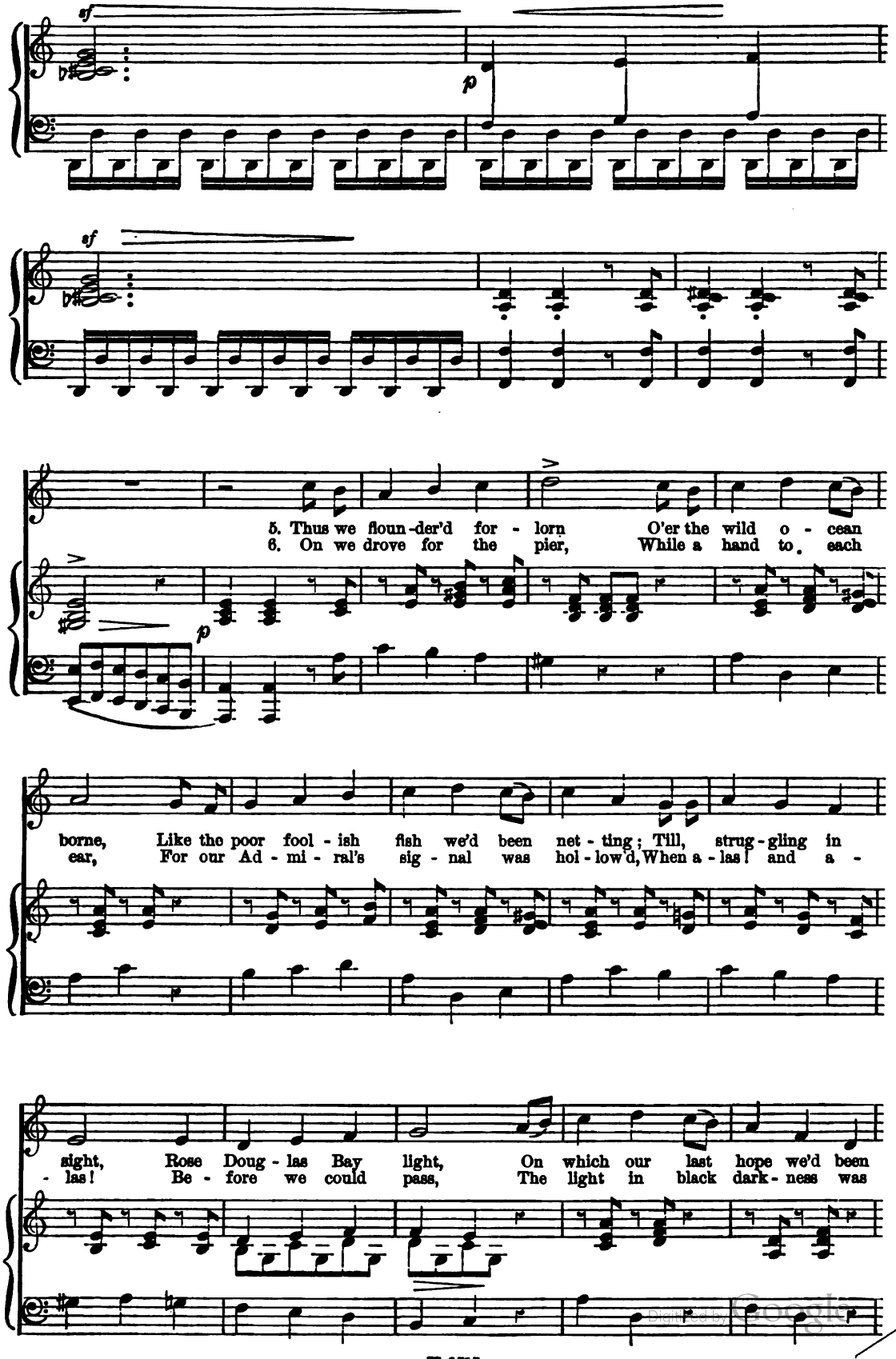

chid - - ing, While, two men to each
blind - - ing; Oars snapp'd fore and
sweep, On the bil - - low's mad
aft, Craft foul'd a - - gainst
leap, Twen - ty foot up and.....
craft, And..... gun - - wale on.....
down we were rid - ing.
gun - - wale was grind - ing.
p

sf
p
sf
5. Thus we floun-der'd for - lorn O'er the wild o - cean
6. On we drove for the pier, While a hand to each
p
borne, Like the poor fool - ish fish we'd been net - ting; Till, strug - gling in
ear, For our Ad - mi - ral's sig - nal was hol - low'd, When a - las! and a -
sight, Rose Doug - las Bay light, On which our last hope we'd been
- las! Be - fore we could pass, The light in black dark - ness was

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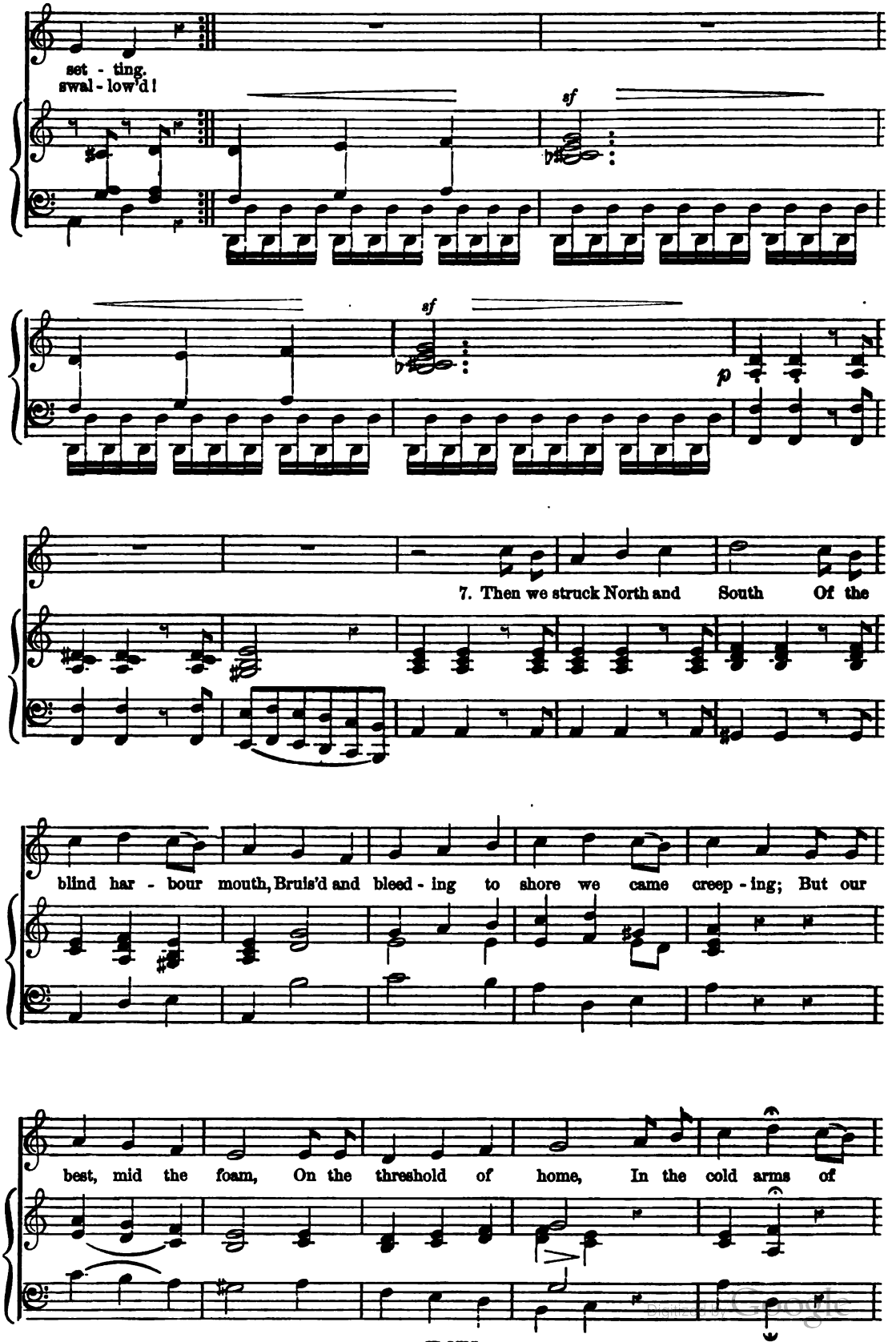
set - ting.
swal - low'd!
sf
sf
p
7. Then we struck North and South Of the
blind har - bour mouth, Bruis'd and bleed - ing to shore we came creep - ing; But our
best, mid the foam, On the threshold of home, In the cold arms of

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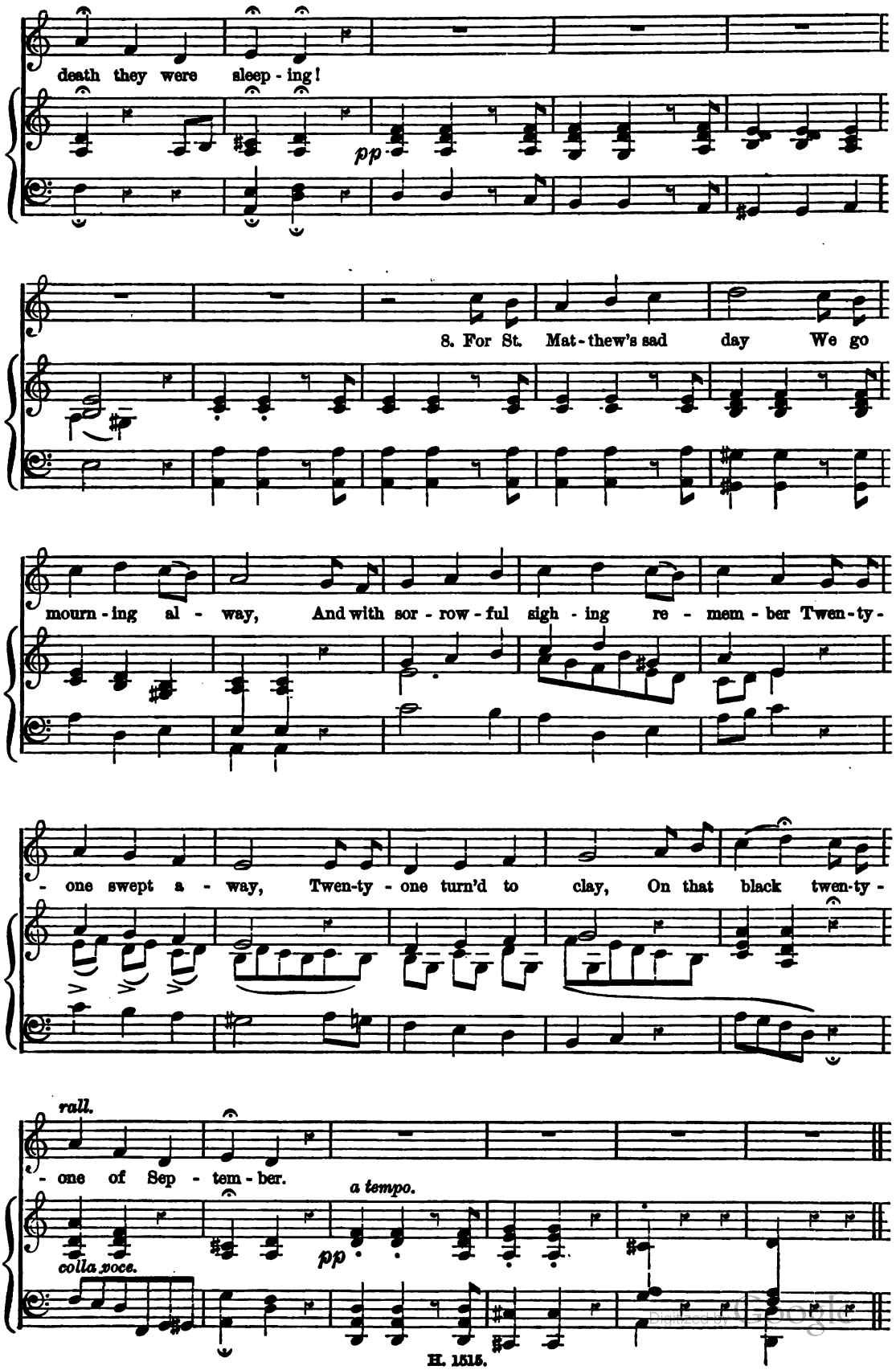
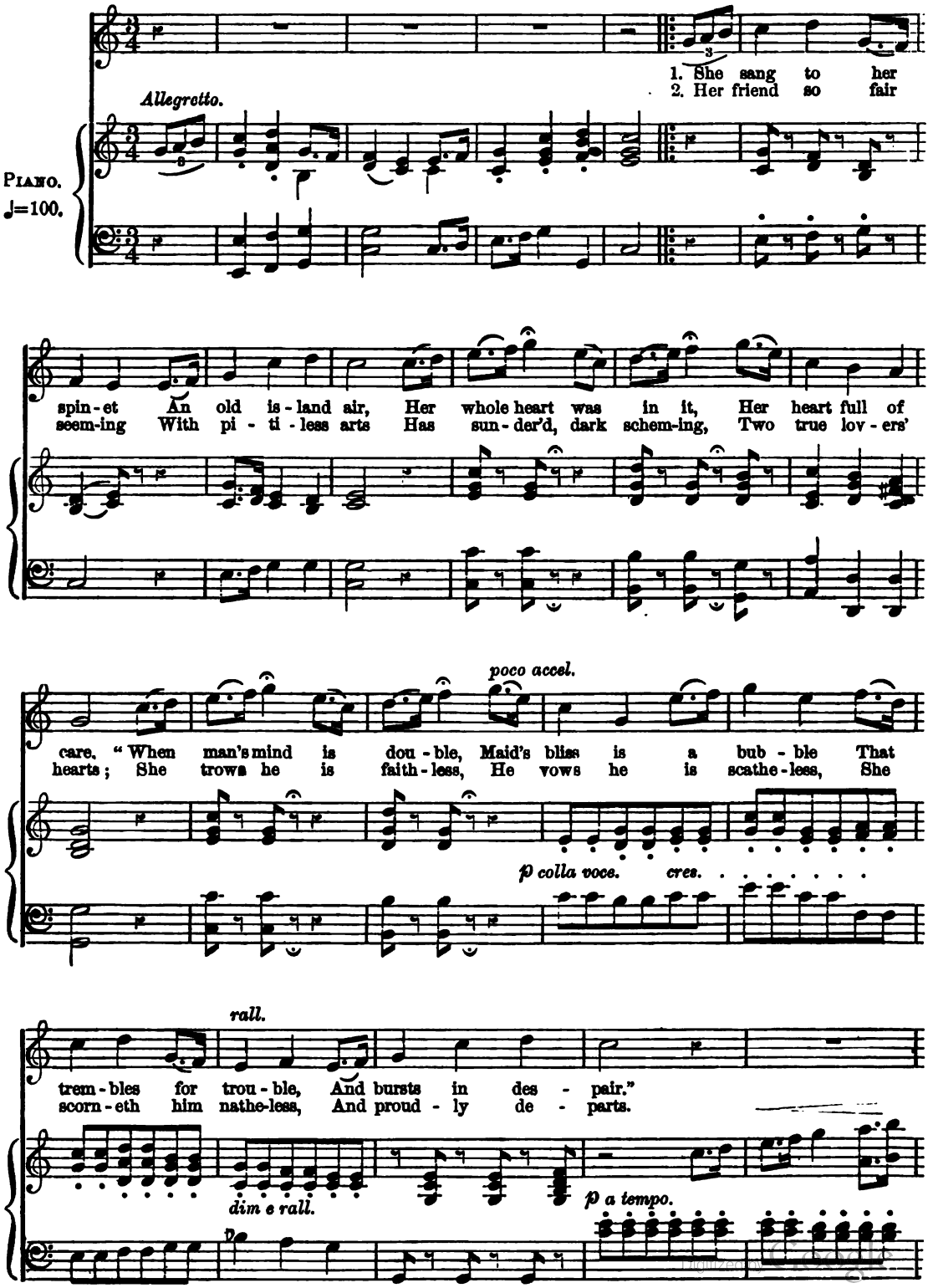

death they were sleep - ing!
pp
8. For St. Mat - thew's sad day We go
mourn - ing al - way, And with sor - row - ful sigh - ing re - mem - ber Twen - ty -
- one swept a - way, Twen-ty - one turn'd to clay, On that black twen-ty -
rall.
- one of Sep - tem - ber.
a tempo.
pp
colla voce.

She sang to her Spinet.

Words by A. P. Graves.

1. She sang to her
2. Her friend so fair
Allegretto.
Piano.
♩=100.
spin-et An old is-land air, Her whole heart was in it, Her heart full of
seem-ing With pi-ti-less arts Has sun-der'd, dark schem-ing, Two true lov-ers'
poco accel.
care. "When man's mind is dou-ble, Maid's bliss is a bub-ble That
hearts; She trows he is faith-less, He vows he is scathe-less, She
p colla voce. cres.
rall.
trem-bles for trou-ble, And bursts in des-pair."
scorn-eth him nathe-less, And proud-ly de-parts.
dim e rall.
p a tempo.

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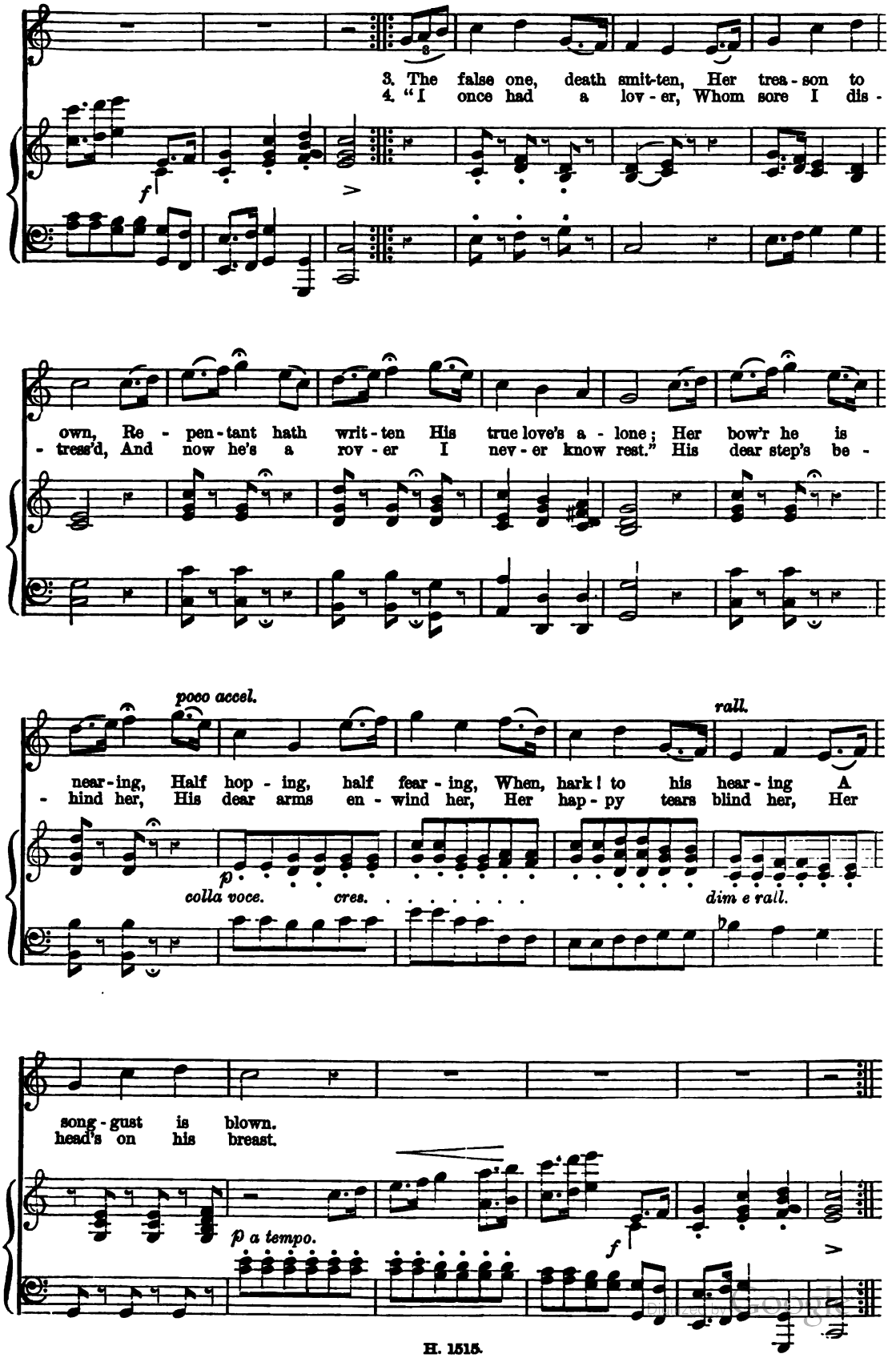
3. The false one, death smit-ten, Her trea - son to
4. "I once had a lov - er, Whom sore I dis -
f
own, Re - pen-tant hath writ-ten His true love's a - lone; Her bow'r he is
- tress'd, And now he's a rov - er I nev - er know rest." His dear step's be -
poco accel.
rall.
near-ing, Half hop - ing, half fear - ing, When, hark! to his hear - ing A
- hind her, His dear arms en - wind her, Her hap - py tears blind her, Her
p
colla voce.
cres.
dim e rall.
song - gust is blown.
head's on his breast.
p a tempo.
f

A song on Farmers' Daughters.—No. 1.

Words translated from the Manx by J. Quirk, and adapted by A. P. Graves (Manx Society's Publications, Vol. XXI.)

Air, "Sooree."
(Courting.)
In the Dorian Mode.

Allegretto.

Piano.
♩.= 92.

p

a piacere.

a tempo.

1. Young men commencing court-ing, Take warning from my fate! For truth I am re-
2. Till noon she's in the va-pours, Or read-ing a ro-mance; All day she's in curl

-port-ing A-bout the marriage state. A wealth-y lass I sought her, I was not slow to
pa-pers, Till midnight at the dance. At morn a sleep-y slat-tern, At eve a flaunting

woo And wed the farmer's daugh-ter Who no housekeep-ing knew.
belle; She sets her maids a pattern They im-i-tate too well.

f

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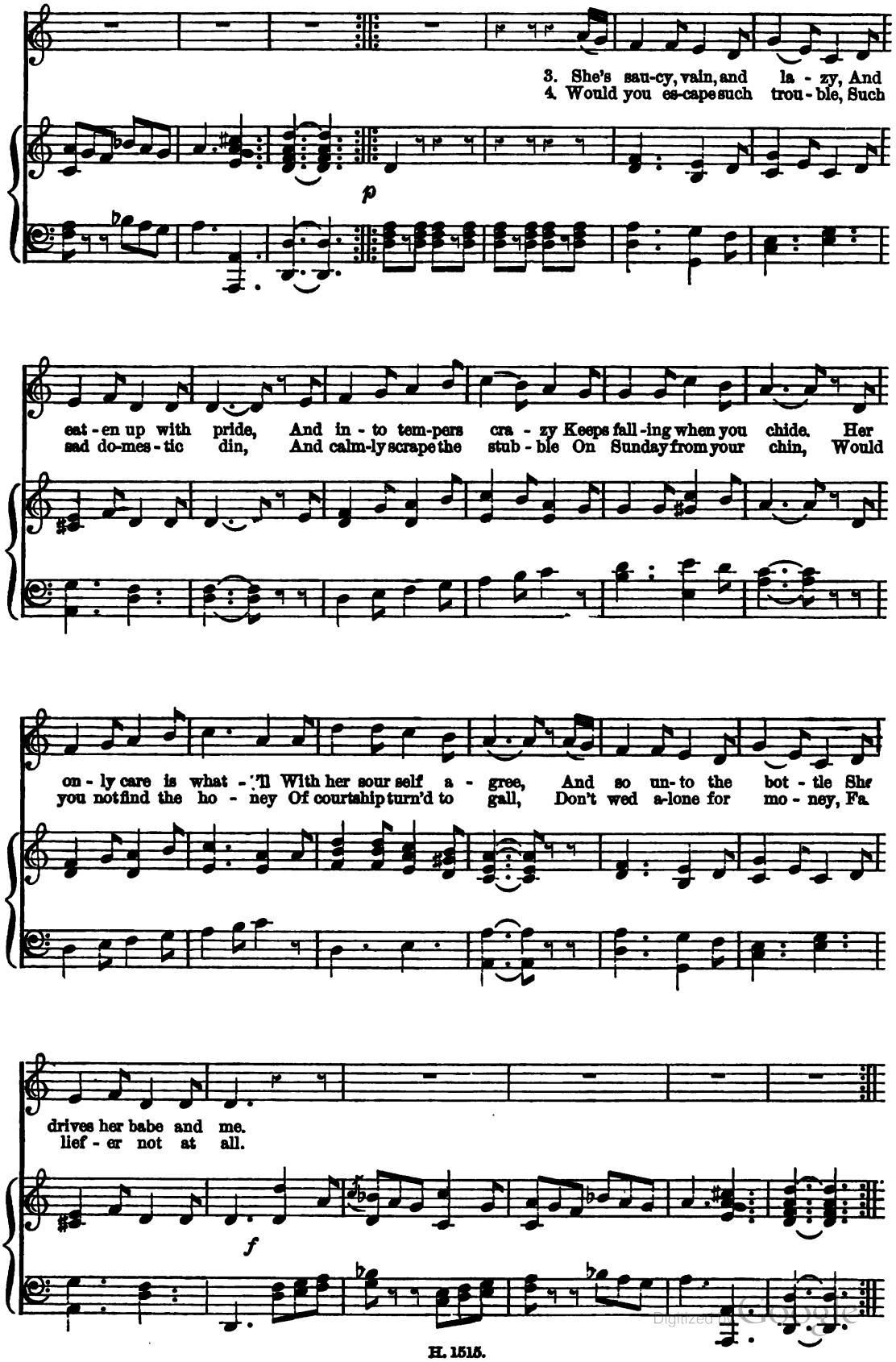
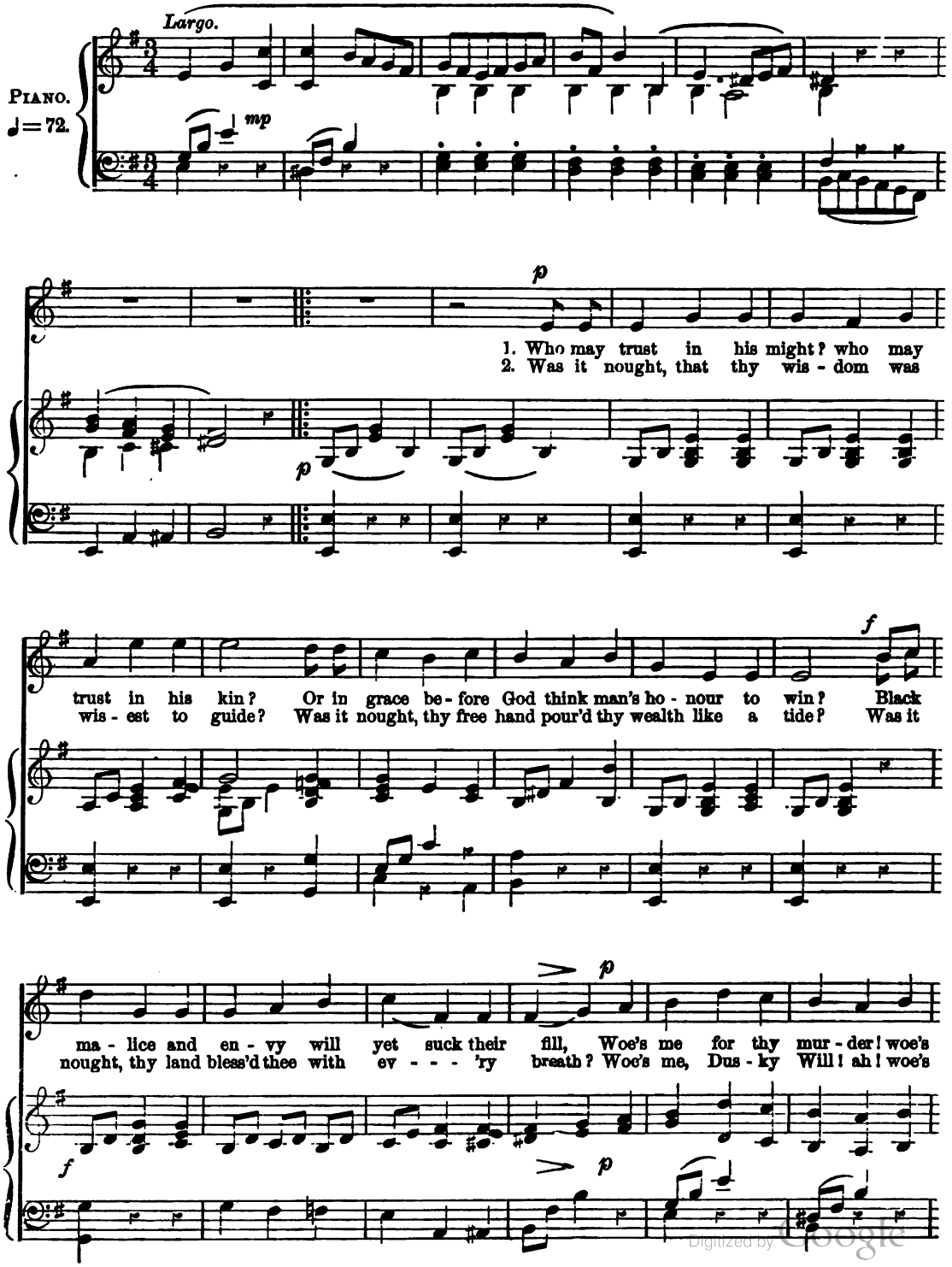

3. She's sau-cy, vain, and la - zy, And
4. Would you es-cape such trou - ble, Such
p
eat - en up with pride, And in - to tem-pers cra - zy Keeps fall-ing when you chide. Her
sad do-mes - tic din, And calm-ly scrape the stub - ble On Sunday from your chin, Would
on - ly care is what - 'll With her sour self a - gree, And so un-to the bot - tle She
you not find the ho - ney Of courtship turn'd to gall, Don't wed a-lone for mo - ney, Fa
drives her babe and me.
lief - er not at all.
f

Illiam Dhoan.—No. 1.

William Christian, popularly known as Illiam Dhoan (Brown William), Receiver-General, was executed on the 2nd January, 1663, for treason alleged to have been committed against the Countess of Derby in 1651. He was regarded by many of the Manx as a martyr.

Words by E. Crabb. Adapted from the original (author unknown). Manx Society's Publications, Vol. XVI.

Air, "Basse Illiam Dhoan."
(Death of Illiam Dhoan.)

Largo.
Piano.
♩= 72.
mp
p
1. Who may trust in his might? who may
2. Was it nought, that thy wis - dom was
p
f
trust in his kin? Or in grace be - fore God think man's ho - nour to win? Black
wis - est to guide? Was it nought, thy free hand pour'd thy wealth like a tide? Was it
p
ma - lice and en - vy will yet suck their fill, Woe's me for thy mur - der! woe's
nought, thy land bless'd thee with ev - - - 'ry breath? Woe's me, Dus - ky Will! ah! woe's
f
p

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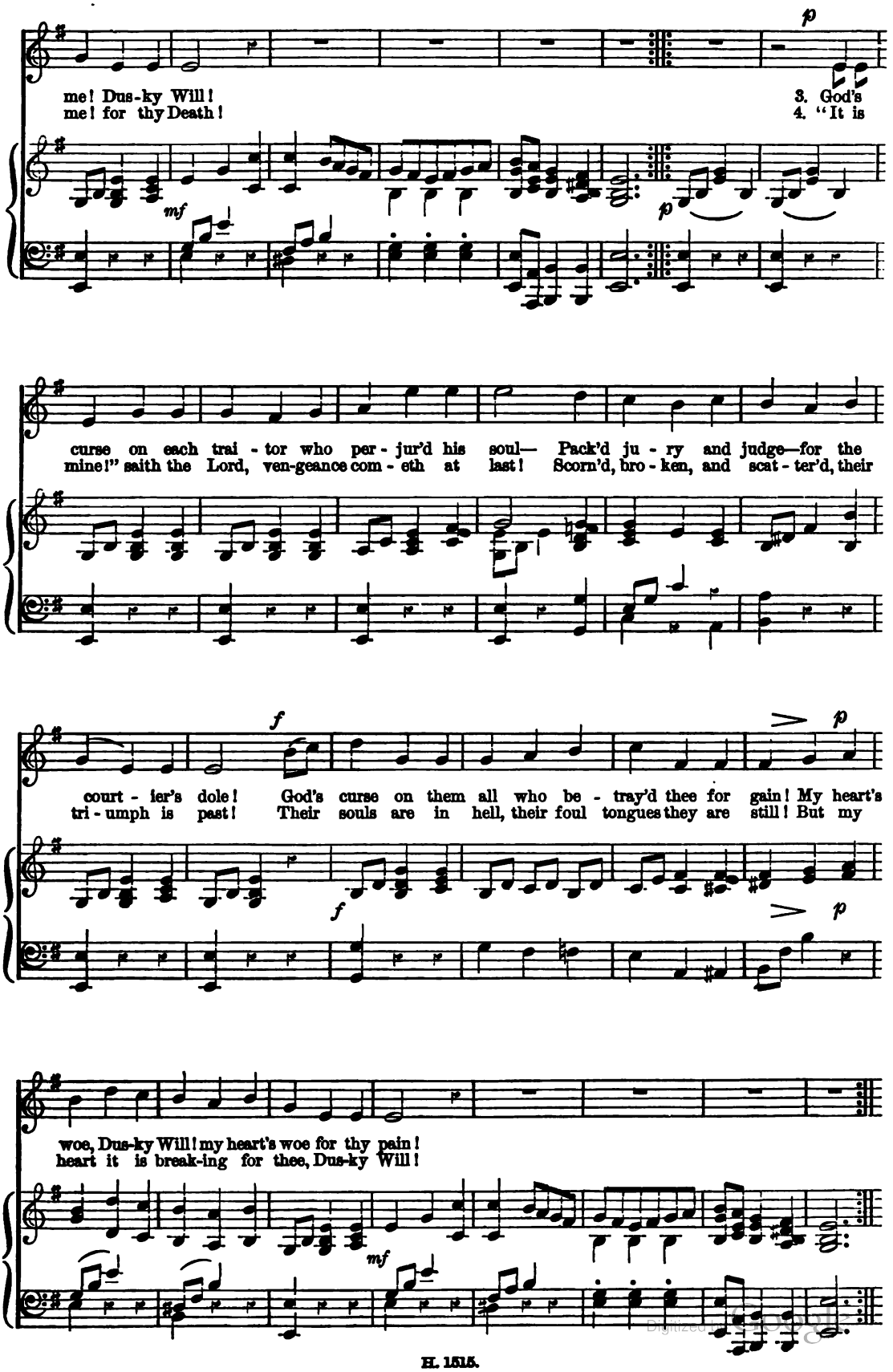
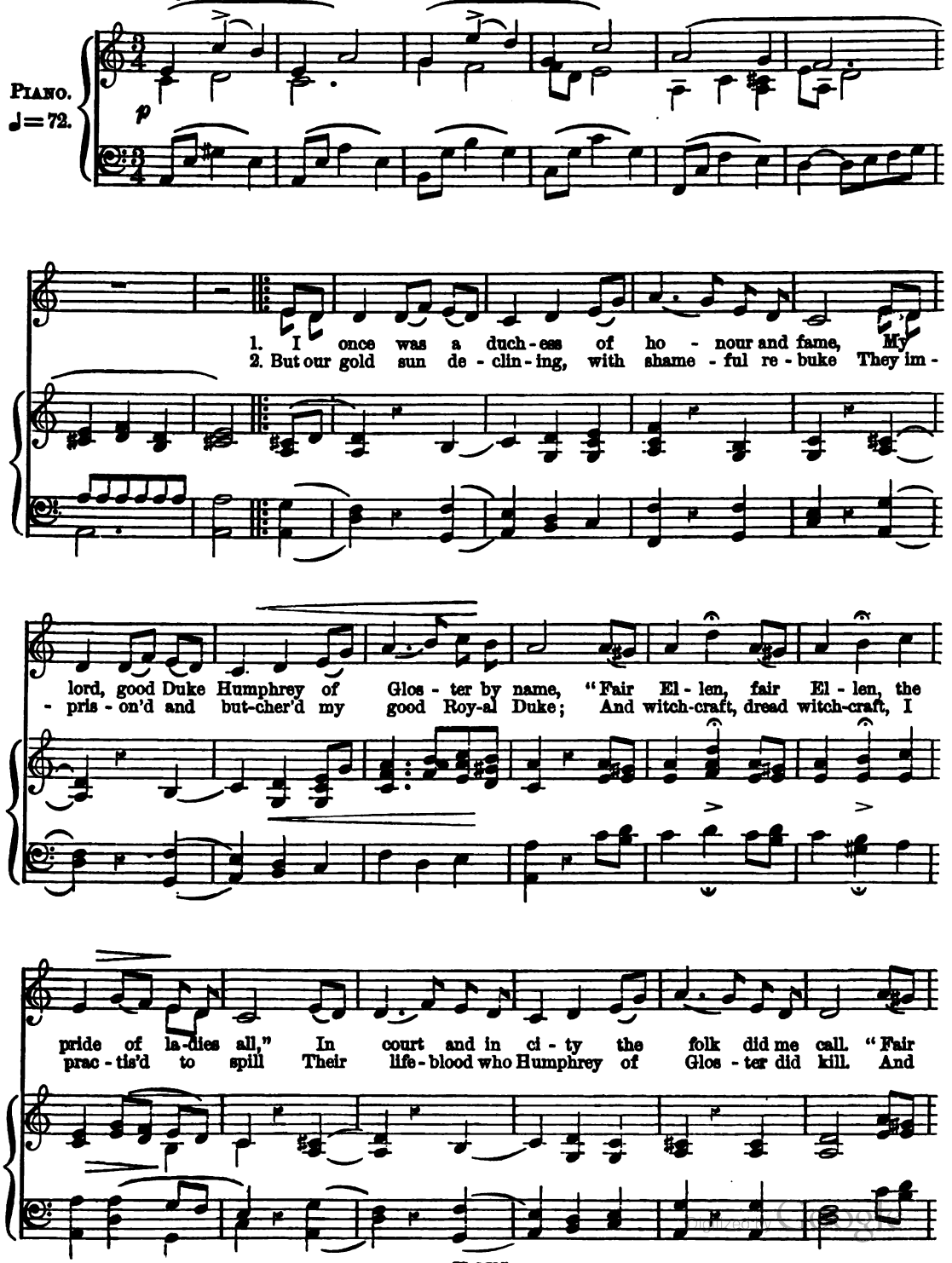

me! Dus-ky Will!
me! for thy Death!
3. God's
4. "It is
curse on each trai - tor who per - jur'd his soul— Pack'd ju - ry and judge—for the
mine!" saith the Lord, ven-geance com - eth at last! Scorn'd, bro - ken, and scat - ter'd, their
court - ier's dole! God's curse on them all who be - tray'd thee for gain! My heart's
tri - umph is past! Their souls are in hell, their foul tongues they are still! But my
woe, Dus-ky Will! my heart's woe for thy pain!
heart it is break-ing for thee, Dus-ky Will!

Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester.

The crime and penance of Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester (1441), is a matter of history. Her banishment to the Isle of Man is related in Shakspeare's Henry VI. The tradition of her banishment and her imprisonment in Peel Castle rests on grounds which are by some considered insufficient.

Words by A. P. Graves.

Larghetto. Air in the Dorian mode.

Piano.
♩= 72.
p
1. I once was a duch - ess of ho - nour and fame, My
2. But our gold sun de - clin - ing, with shame - ful re - buke They im -
lord, good Duke Humphrey of Glos - ter by name, "Fair El - len, fair El - len, the
- pris - on'd and but-cher'd my good Roy-al Duke; And witch-craft, dread witch-craft, I
pride of la-dies all," In court and in ci - ty the folk did me call. "Fair
prac - tis'd to spill Their life - blood who Humphrey of Glos - ter did kill. And

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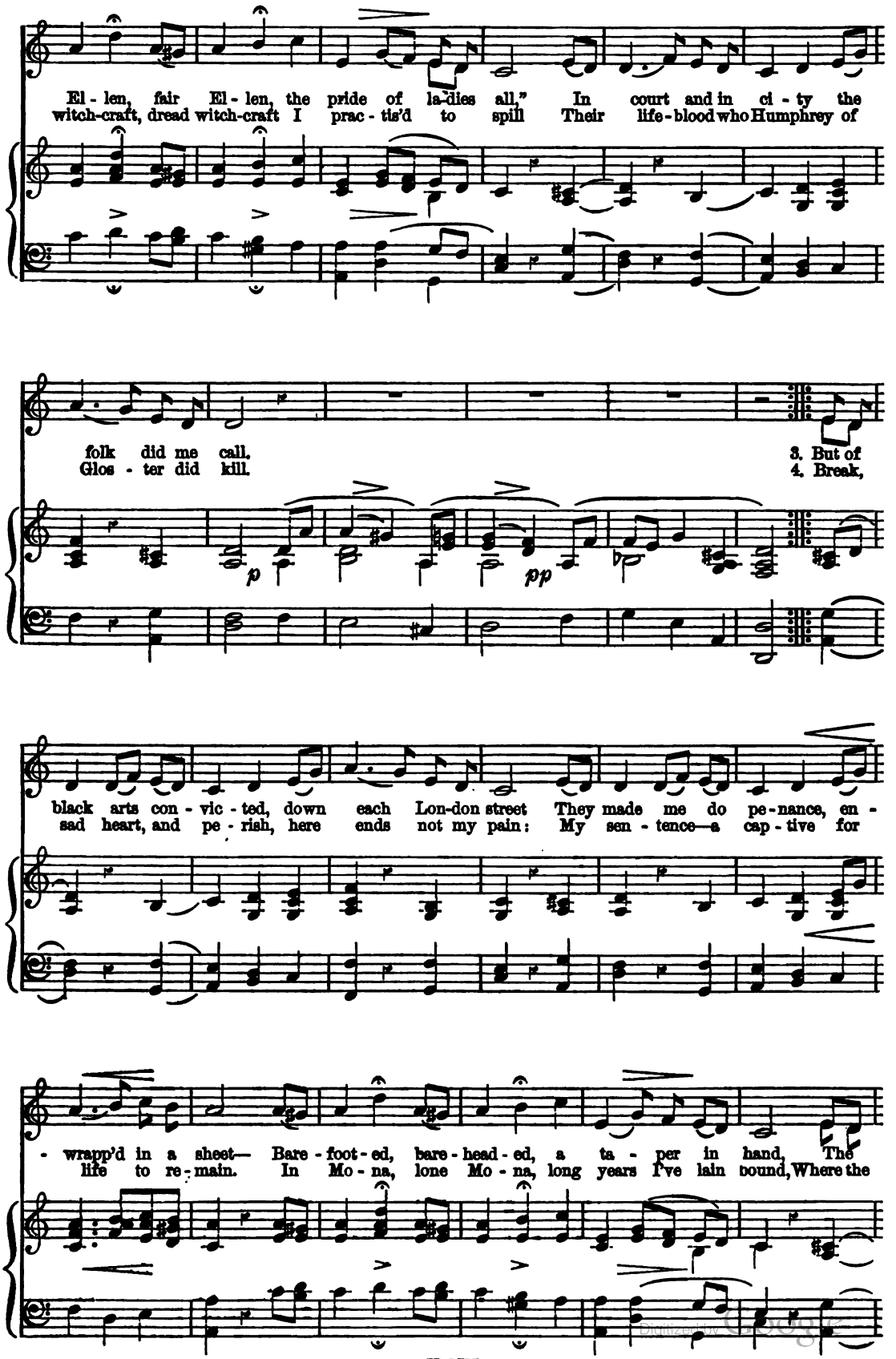
El - len, fair El - len, the pride of la-dies all," In court and in ci - ty the
witch-craft, dread witch-craft I prac - tis'd to spill Their life-blood who Humphrey of
folk did me call.
Glos - ter did kill.
3. But of
4. Break,
p
pp
black arts con - vic - ted, down each Lon-don street They made me do pe-nance, en -
sad heart, and pe - rish, here ends not my pain: My sen - tence—a cap - tive for
- wrapp'd in a sheet— Bare - foot - ed, bare - head - ed, a ta - per in hand, The
life to re-main. In Mo - na, lone Mo - na, long years I've lain bound, Where the

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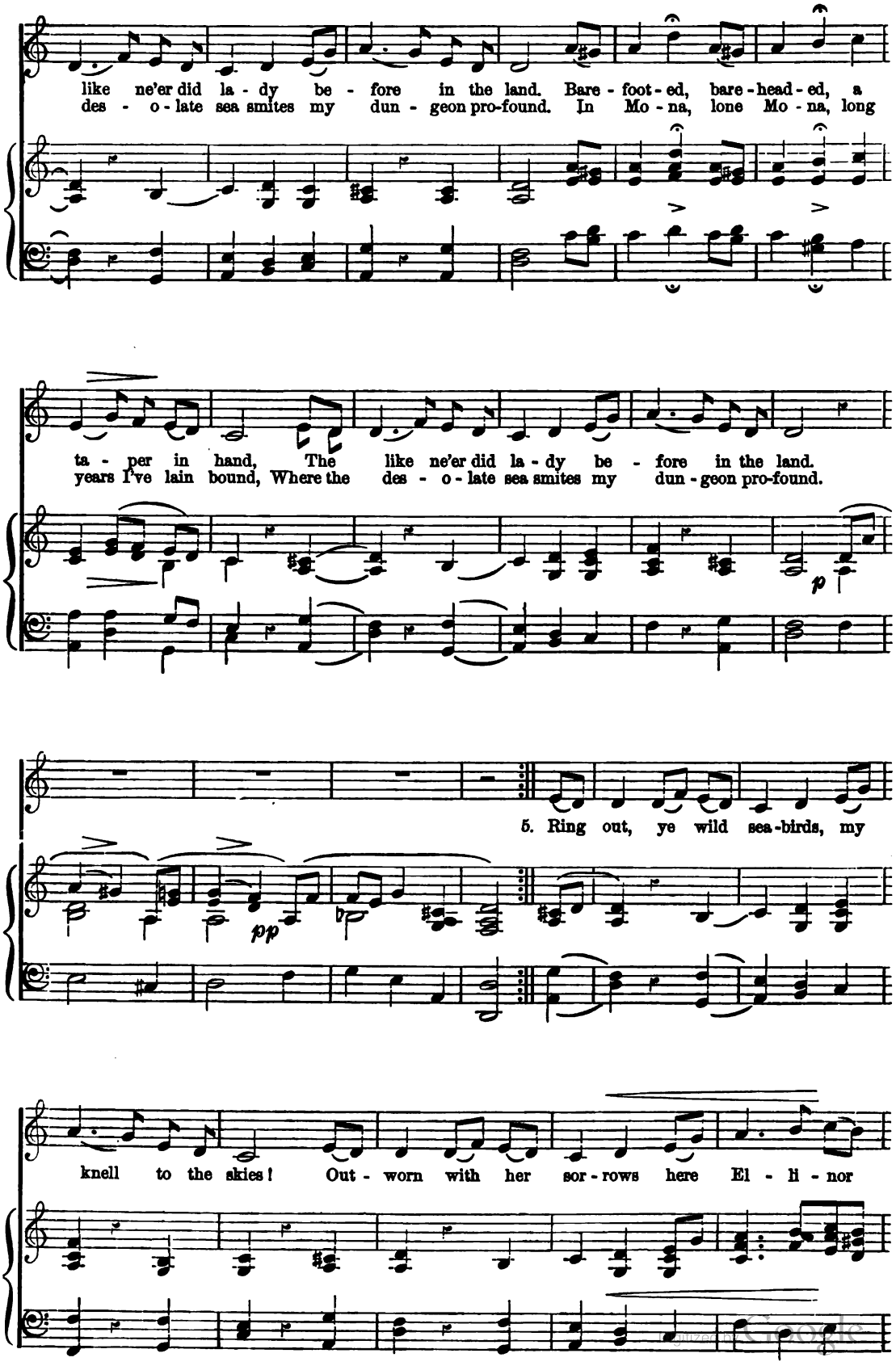
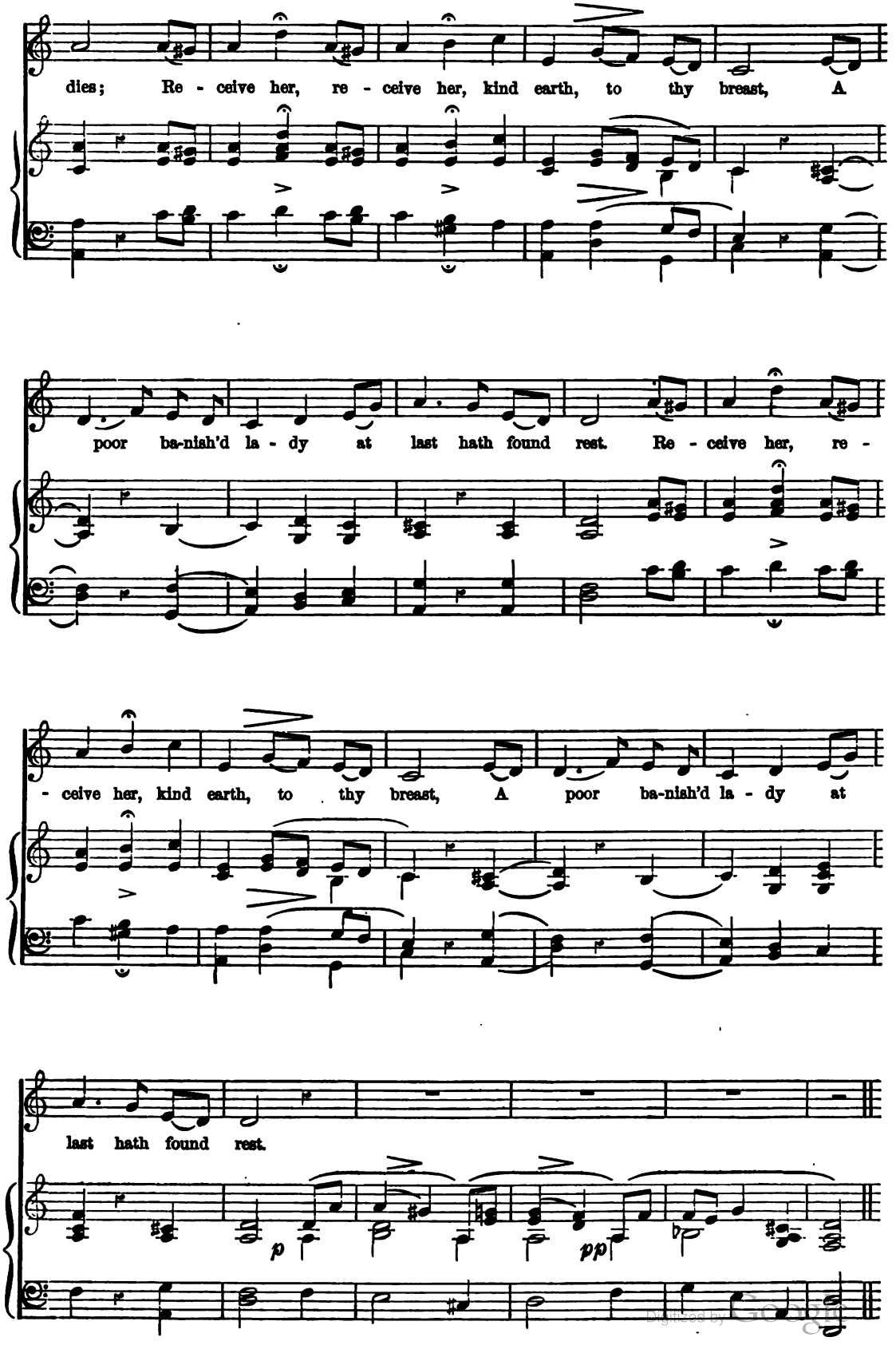

like ne'er did la - dy be - fore in the land. Bare - foot - ed, bare - head - ed, a
des - o - late sea smites my dun - geon pro-found. In Mo - na, lone Mo - na, long
ta - per in hand, The like ne'er did la - dy be - fore in the land.
years I've lain bound, Where the des - o - late sea smites my dun - geon pro-found.
p
5. Ring out, ye wild sea-birds, my
pp
knell to the skies! Out - worn with her sor - rows here El - li - nor

dies; Re - ceive her, re - ceive her, kind earth, to thy breast, A
poor ba-nish'd la - dy at last hath found rest. Re - ceive her, re -
- ceive her, kind earth, to thy breast, A poor ba-nish'd la - dy at
last hath found rest.
p
pp

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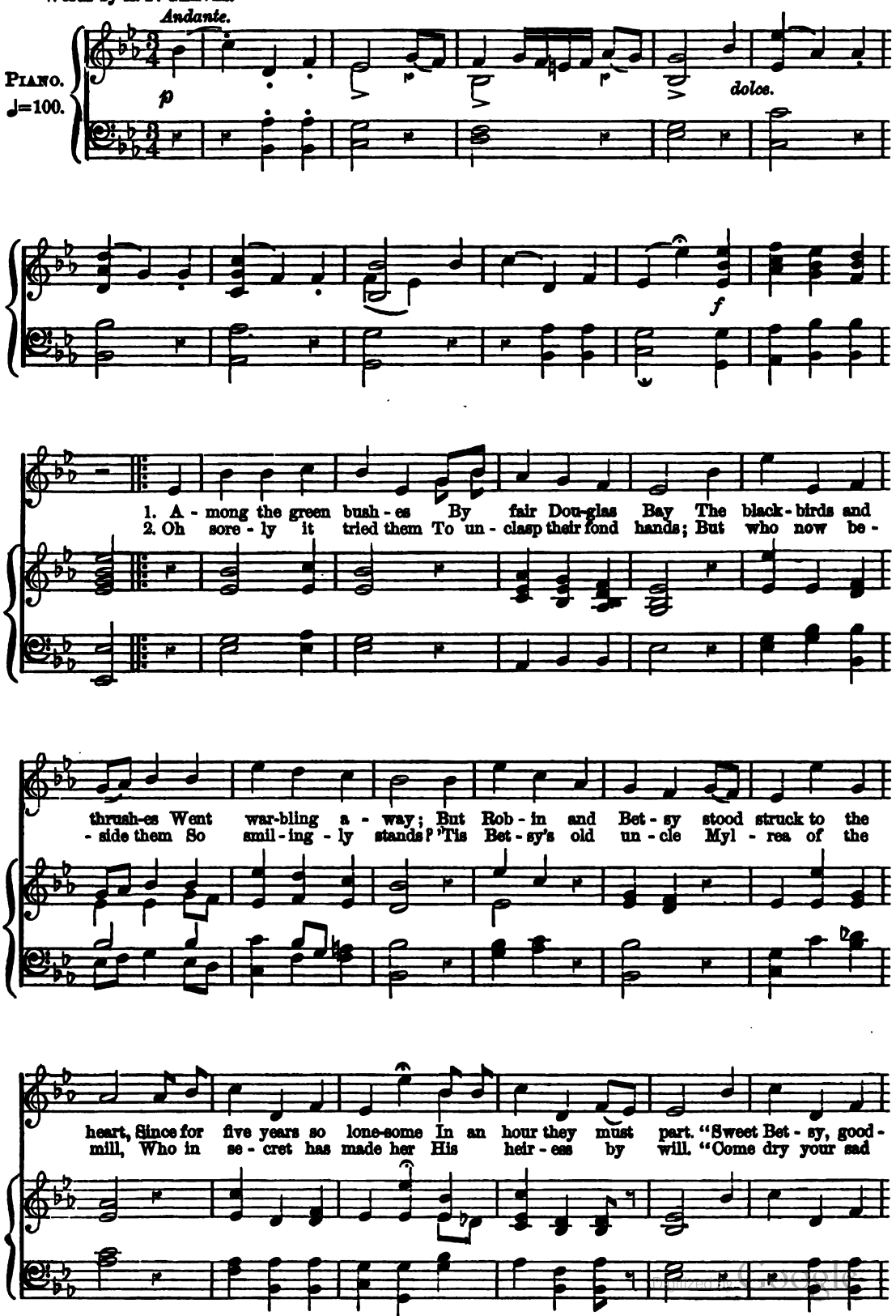
Robin and Betsy.

Words by A. P. Graves.

Andante.
Piano.
♩=100.
p
dolce.
f
1. A - mong the green bush - es By fair Dou-glas Bay The black - birds and
2. Oh sore - ly it tried them To un - clasp their fond hands; But who now be -
thrush-es Went war-bling a - way; But Rob - in and Bet - sy stood struck to the
- side them So smil - ing - ly stands? 'Tis Bet - sy's old un - cle Myl - rea of the
heart, Since for five years so lone-some In an hour they must part. "Sweet Bet - sy, good -
mill, Who in se - cret has made her His heir - ess by will. "Come dry your sad

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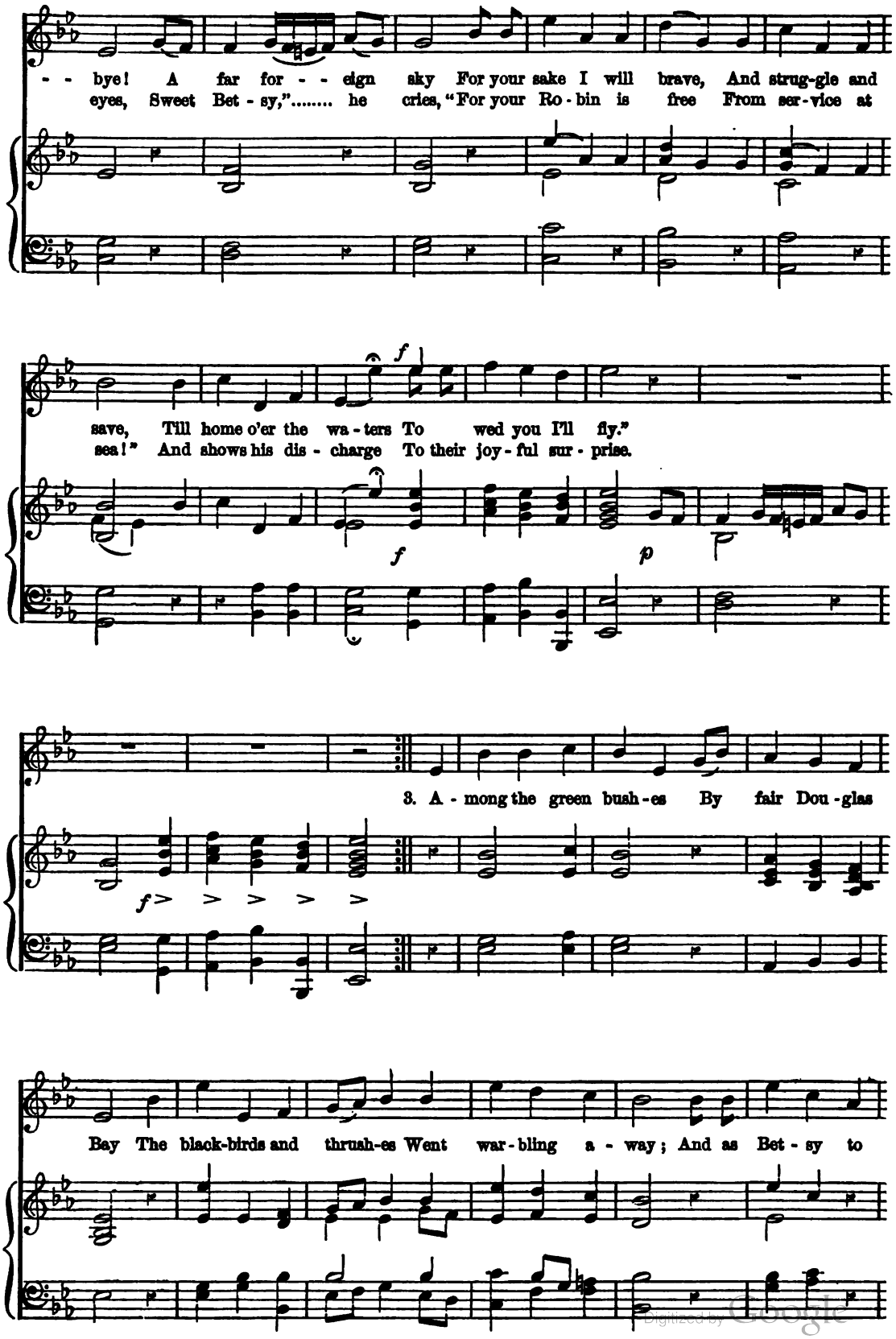
- - bye! A far for - - eign sky For your sake I will brave, And strug-gle and
eyes, Sweet Bet - sy,"..... he cries, "For your Ro - bin is free From ser - vice at
save, Till home o'er the wa - ters To wed you I'll fly."
sea!" And shows his dis - charge To their joy - ful sur - prise.
3. A - mong the green bush - es By fair Dou - glas
Bay The black-birds and thrush-es Went war - bling a - way; And as Bet - sy to

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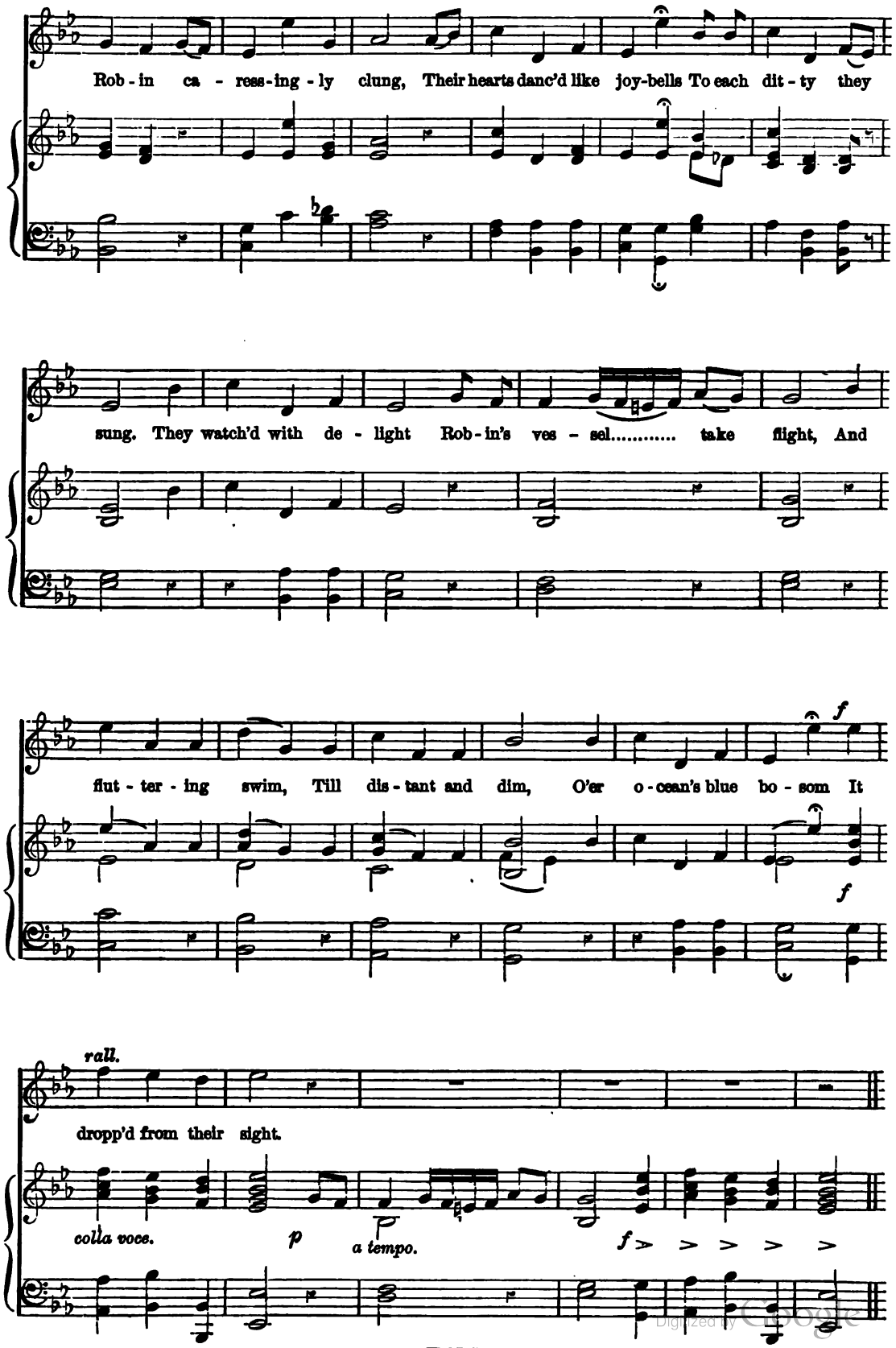
Rob - in ca - ress - ing - ly clung, Their hearts danc'd like joy-bells To each dit - ty they
sung. They watch'd with de - light Rob - in's ves - sel..... take flight, And
flut - ter - ing swim, Till dis - tant and dim, O'er o - cean's blue bo - som It
f
f
rall.
dropp'd from their sight.
colla voce.
p
a tempo.
f

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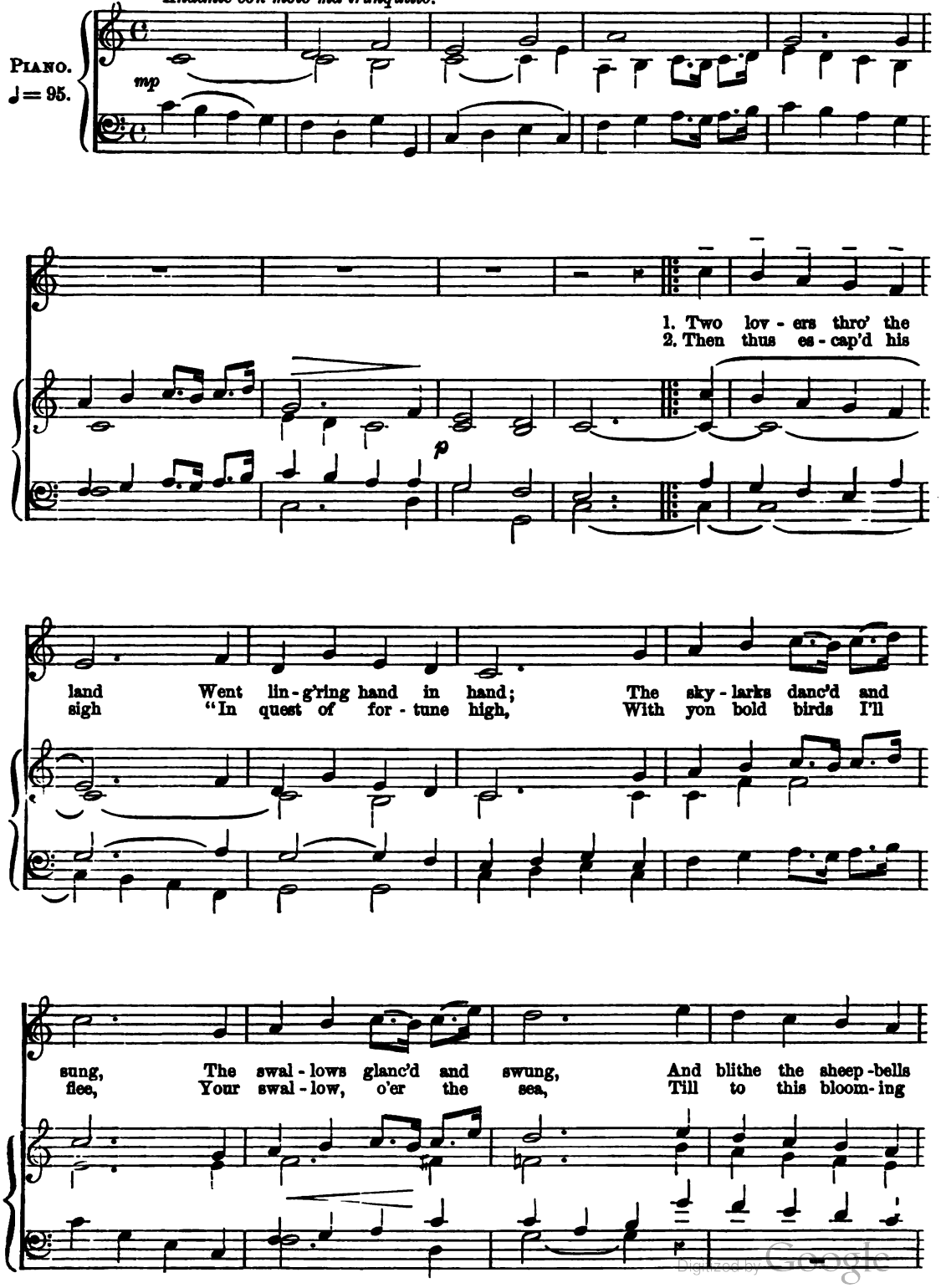
Two Lovers.

Words by A. P. Graves.

Manx Carol.

Andante con moto ma tranquillo.

Piano.
♩= 95.
mp
1. Two lov - ers thro' the
2. Then thus es - cap'd his
p
land Went lin - g'ring hand in hand; The sky - larks danc'd and
sigh "In quest of for - tune high, With yon bold birds I'll
sung, The swal - lows glanc'd and swung, And blithe the sheep - bells
flee, Your swal - low, o'er the sea, Till to this bloom - ing

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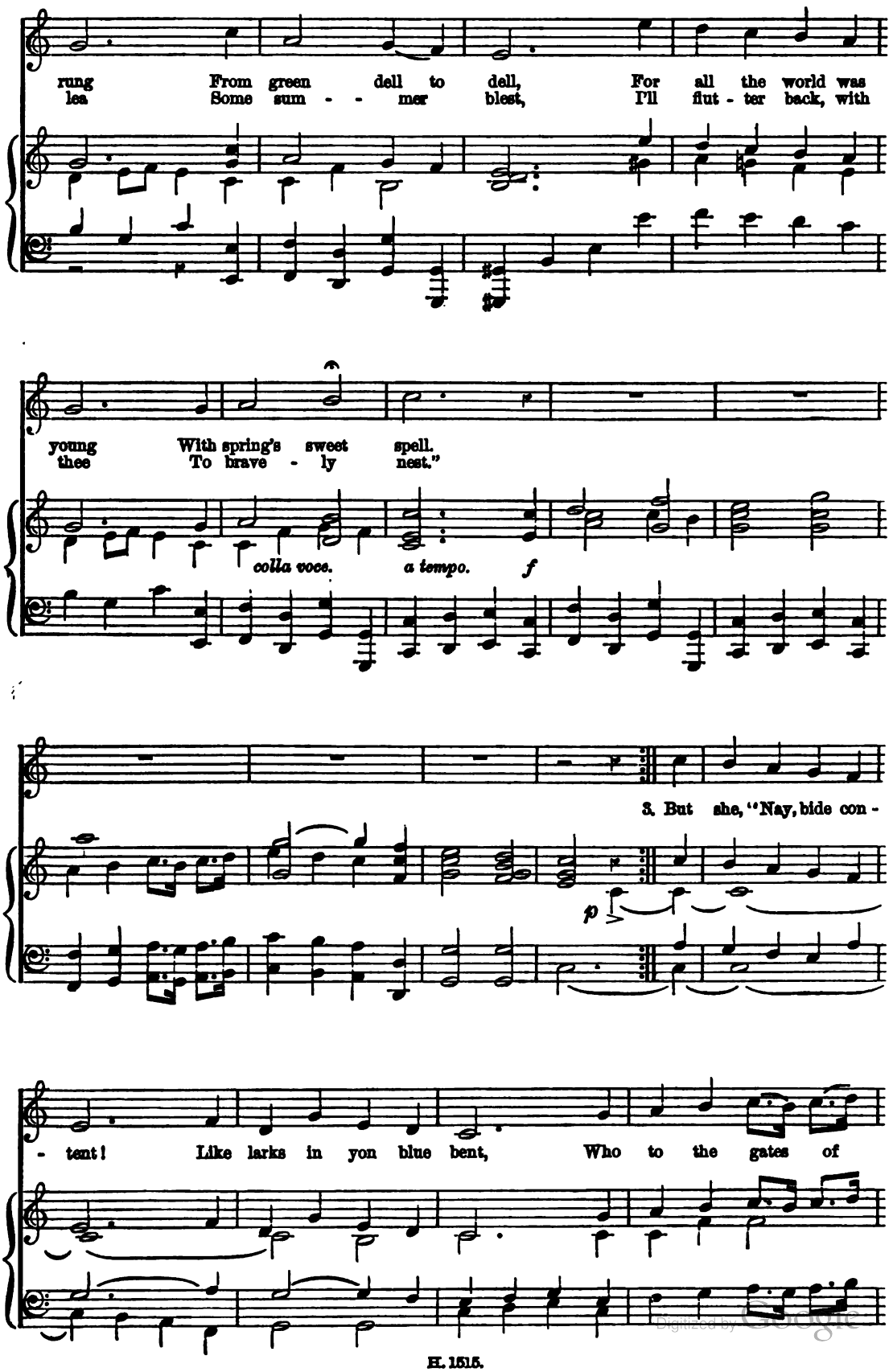
rung From green dell to dell, For all the world was
lea Some sum - - mer blest, I'll flut - ter back, with
young With spring's sweet spell.
thee To brave - ly nest."
colla voce.
a tempo.
f
3. But she, "Nay, bide con -
p
- tent! Like larks in yon blue bent, Who to the gates of

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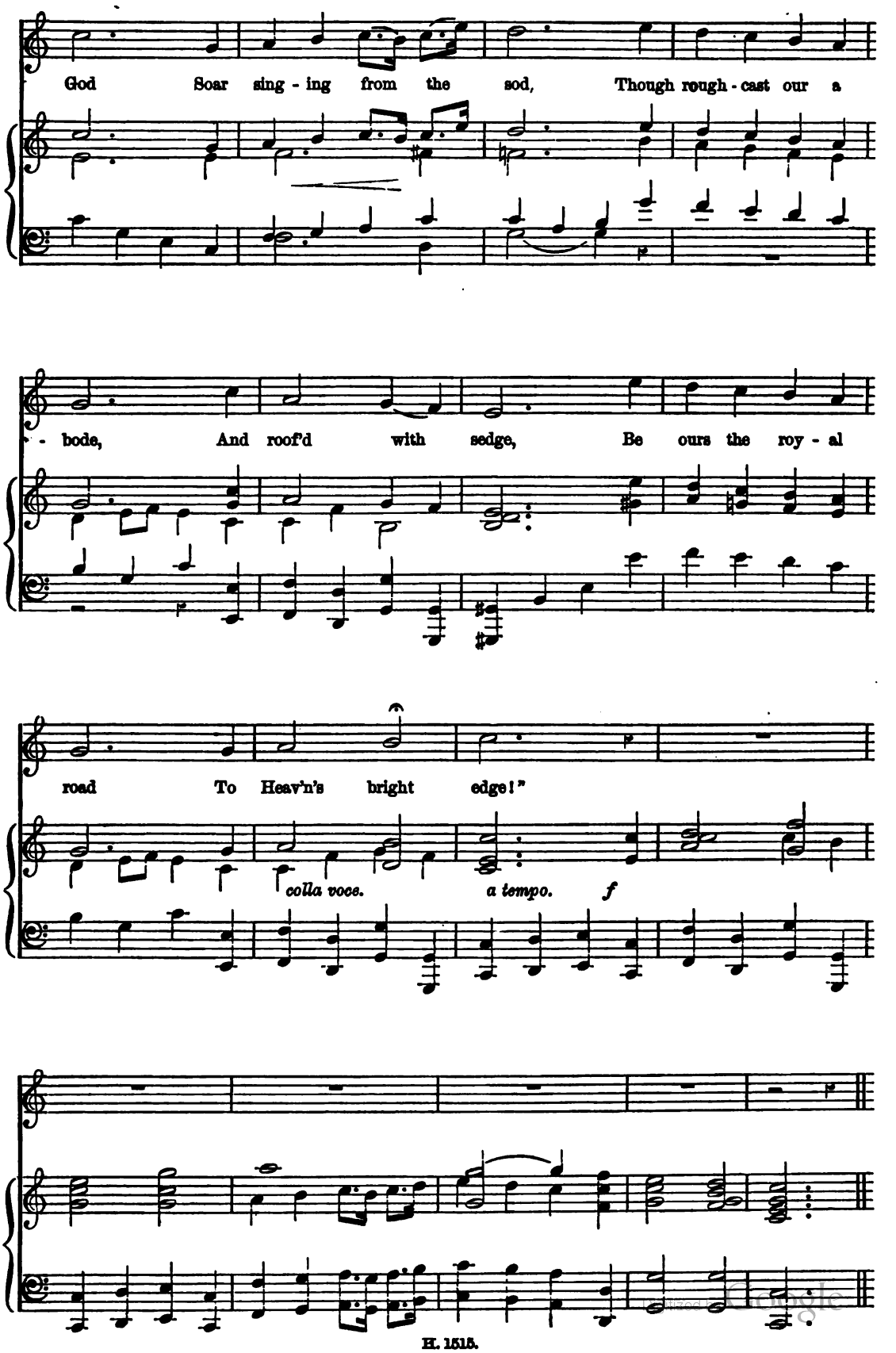
God Soar sing - ing from the sod, Though rough - cast our a
- bode, And roof'd with sedge, Be ours the roy - al
road To Heav'n's bright edge!"
colla voce.
a tempo.
f

Mylecharane.

Words by W. H. Gill.
Suggested by the original Manx Ballad.)

Andante moderato.

Piano.
♩ = 65.

f *ff* > > >

1. Old My - le - cha - rane liv'd up on the broo,[1] Where Jur - by slopes
5. "O fa - ther, graih veen,[2] it's *gold* that we want, And you won't give us

p

down to the wold;..... His croft was all gold - en with cush - ag[2] and
e - ven a crown;..... If I had your mon - ey, to - mor - row I'd

f

furze, His daugh-ter was fair to be - hold.....
wed The ve - ry best man in the town.".....

[1] Broo, a hill by the seaside. [2] Cushag, Ragwort. [3] Graih veen, Dear love.

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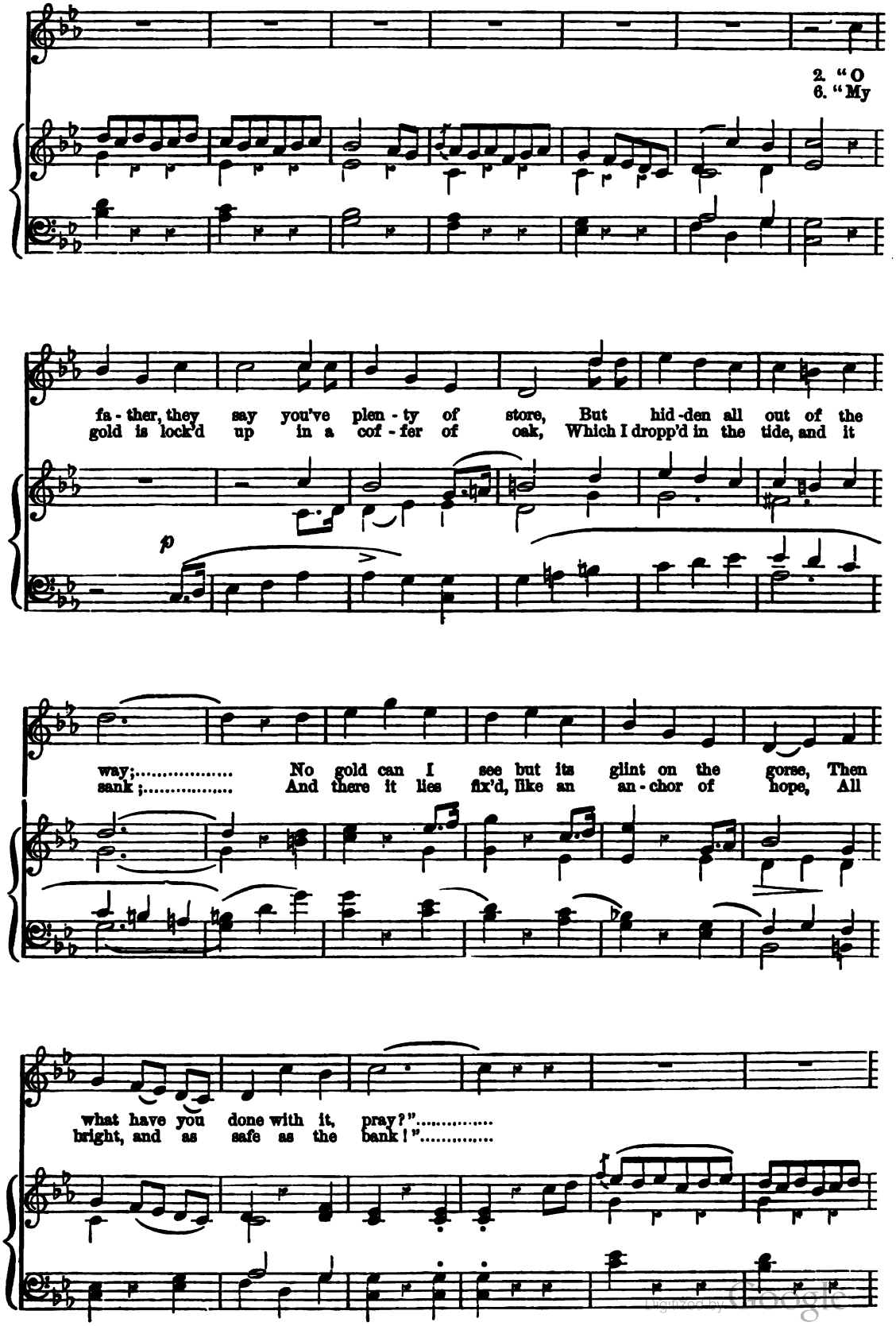
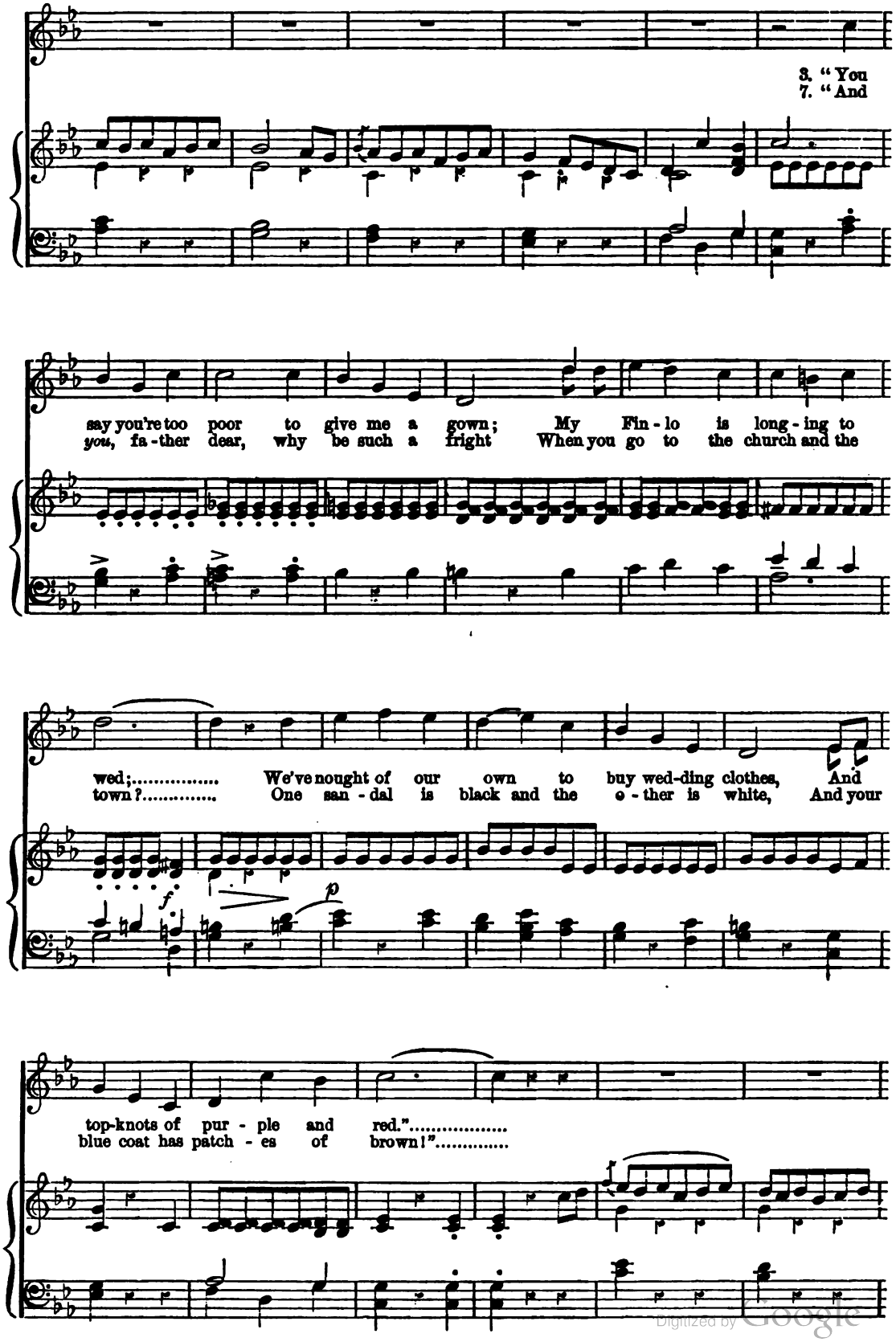

2. "O
6. "My
fa - ther, they say you've plen - ty of store, But hid - den all out of the
gold is lock'd up in a cof - fer of oak, Which I dropp'd in the tide, and it
p
way;..... No gold can I see but its glint on the gorse, Then
sank;..... And there it lies fix'd, like an an - chor of hope, All
what have you done with it, pray?".....
bright, and as safe as the bank!".....

3. "You
7. "And
say you're too poor to give me a gown; My Fin - lo is long - ing to
you, fa - ther dear, why be such a fright When you go to the church and the
wed;..... We've nought of our own to buy wed-ding clothes, And
town?..... One san - dal is black and the o - ther is white, And your
top-knots of pur - ple and red.".....
blue coat has patch - es of brown!".....

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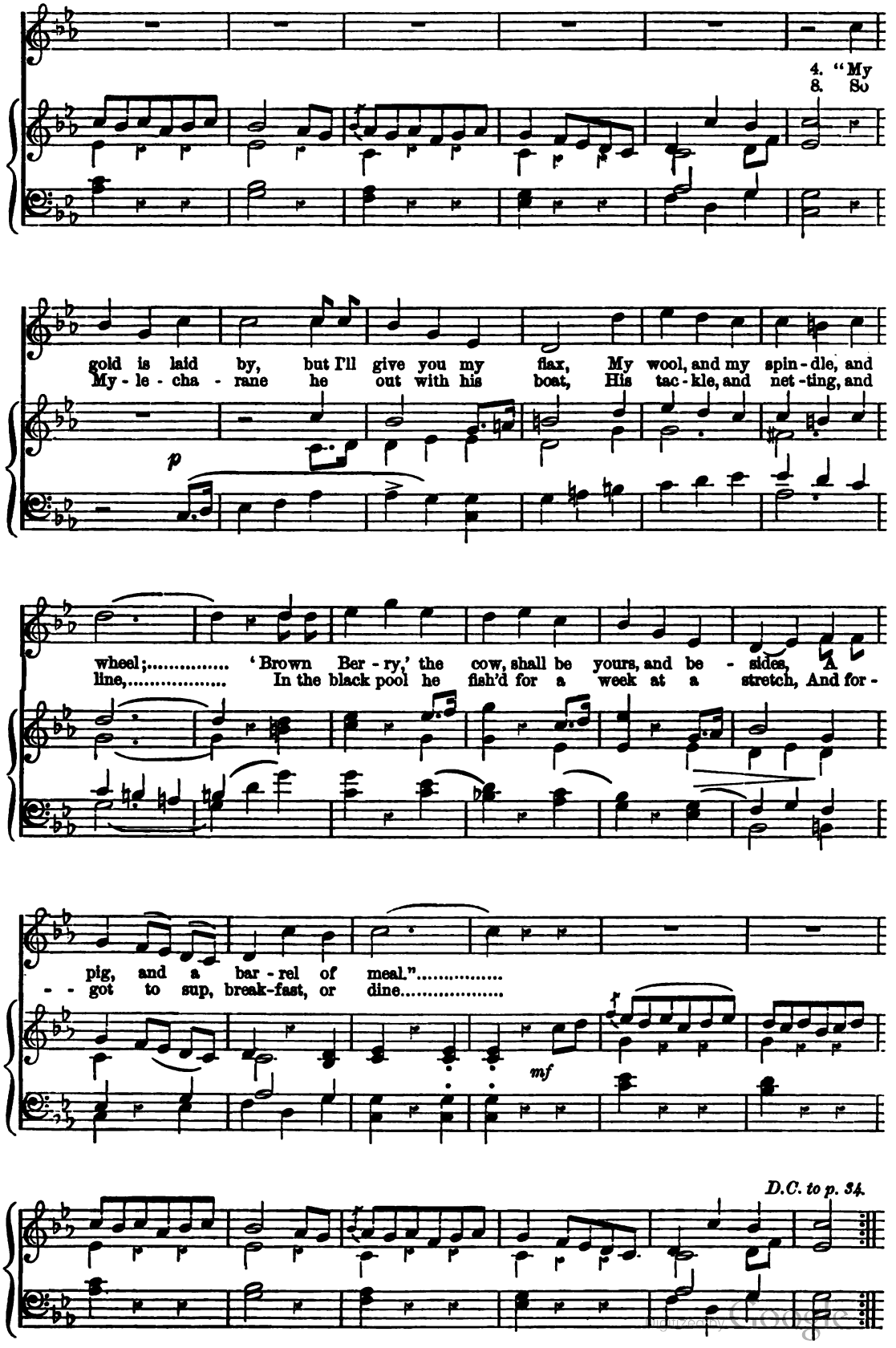
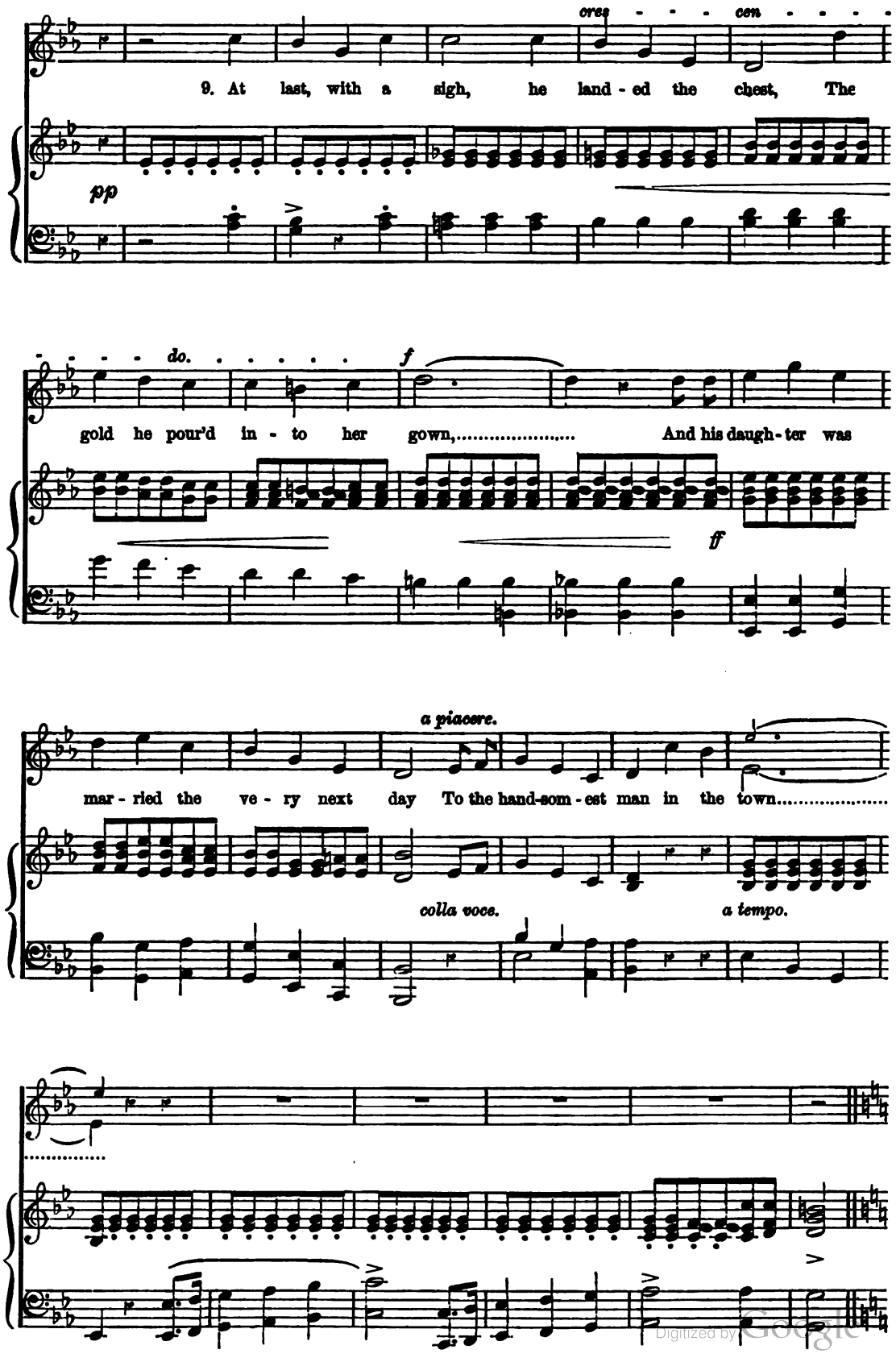

4. "My
8. So
gold is laid by, but I'll give you my flax, My wool, and my spin-dle, and
My-le-cha-rane he out with his boat, His tac-kle, and net-ting, and
p
wheel;..... 'Brown Ber-ry,' the cow, shall be yours, and be-sides, A
line,..... In the black pool he fish'd for a week at a stretch, And for-
pig, and a bar-rel of meal.".....
--got to sup, break-fast, or dine.....
mf
D.C. to p. 34.

cres - - - cen - - - - -
9. At last, with a sigh, he land - ed the chest, The
pp
do. - - - - - - - f
gold he pour'd in - to her gown,..... And his daugh - ter was
ff
a piacere.
mar - ried the ve - ry next day To the hand-som - est man in the town.....
colla voce.
a tempo.

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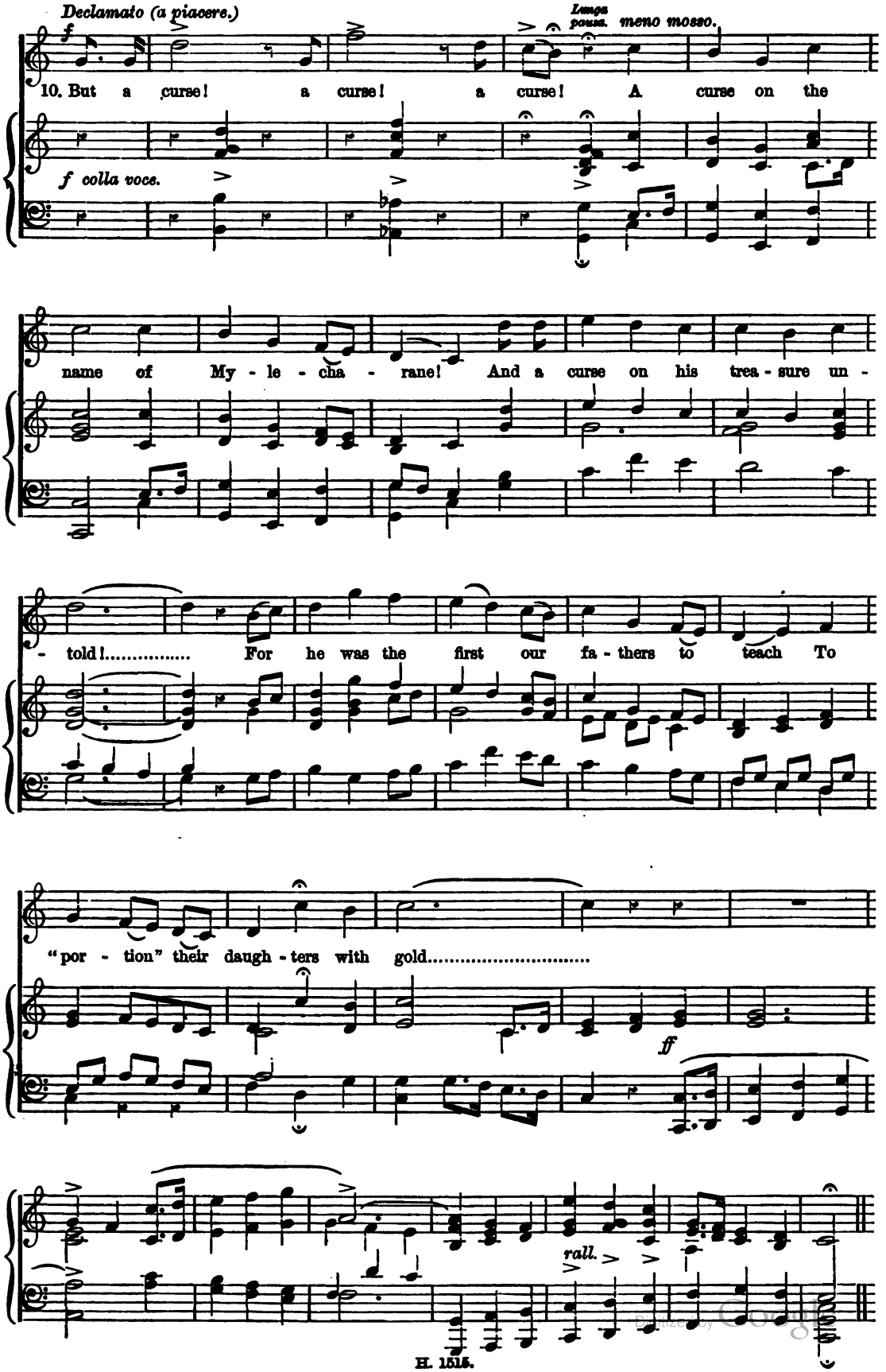
Declamato (a piacere.)
f
Lunga pausa.
meno mosso.
10. But a curse! a curse! a curse! A curse on the
f colla voce.
name of My - le - cha - rane! And a curse on his trea - sure un -
- told!..... For he was the first our fa - thers to teach To
"por - tion" their daugh - ters with gold.....
ff
rall.

I saw thee weep.

Words by BYRON.

Adagio

PIANO.

♩ = 63.

1. I saw thee weep; the big bright tear Came o'er that eye of blue And then me-thought it
2. As clouds from yon-der sun re-ceive A deep and mel-low dye, Which scarce the shade of

did ap-pear A vio-let drop-ping dew: ..... I saw thee smile; the sapphire blaze Be-
com-ing eve Can ba-nish from the sky,..... Those smiles un-to the moodiest mind Their

-side thee ceas'd to shine; It could not match the liv-ing rays That fill'd that glance of
own pure joy im-part; Their sun-shine leaves a glow be-hind That light-ens o'er the

thine.
heart.

p *pp*

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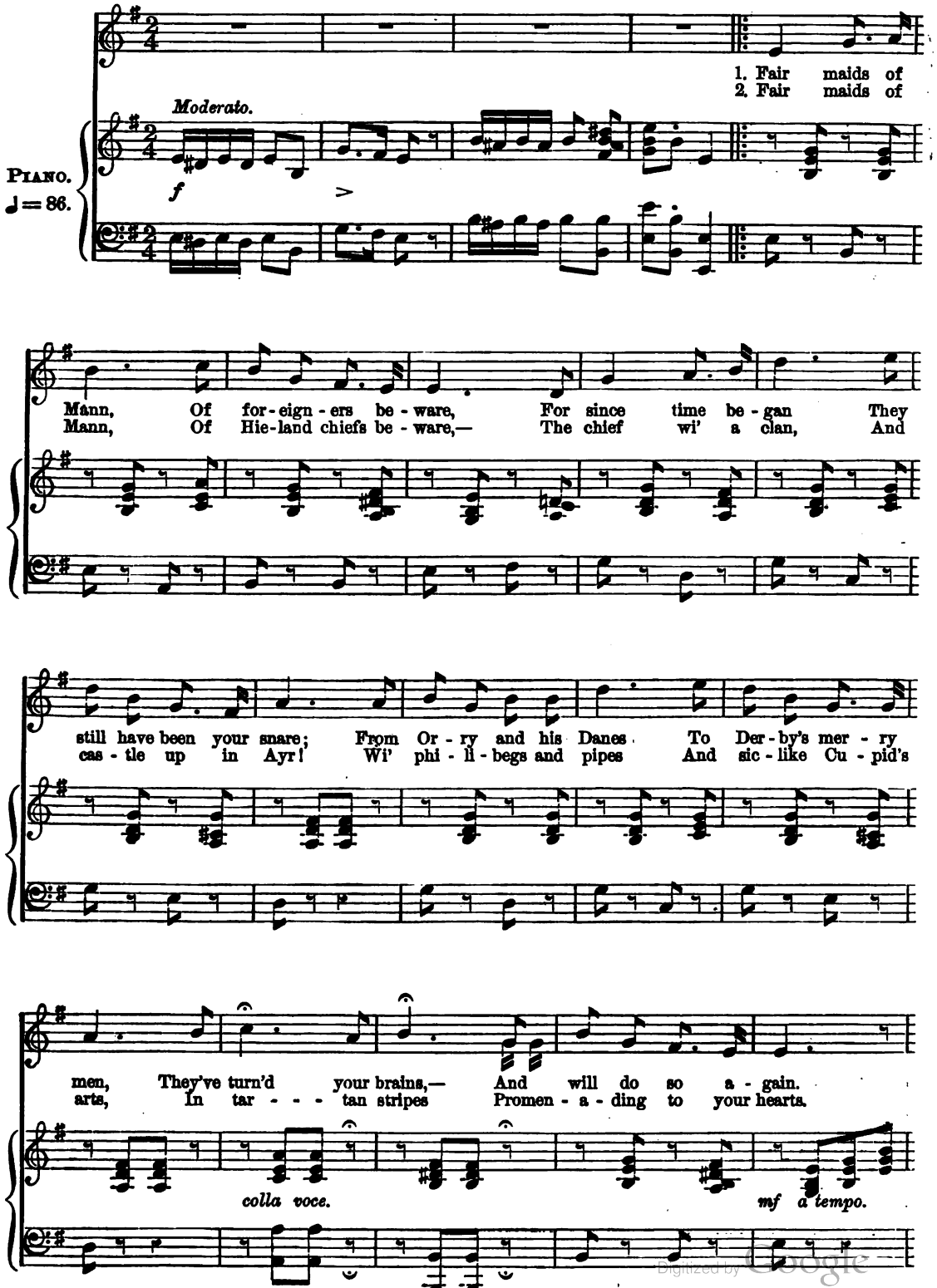
Fair Maids of Mann.

Words by A. P. Graves.

Air, "Callin veg Dhoan."
(My little brown girl.)

1. Fair maids of
2. Fair maids of
Moderato.
Piano.
♩ = 86.
f
Mann, Of for-eign-ers be-ware, For since time be-gan They
Mann, Of Hie-land chiefs be-ware,— The chief wi' a clan, And
still have been your snare; From Or-ry and his Danes To Der-by's mer-ry
cas-tle up in Ayr! Wi' phi-li-begs and pipes And sic-like Cu-pid's
men, They've turn'd your brains,— And will do so a-gain.
arts, In tar - - - tan stripes Promen-a-ding to your hearts.
colla voce.
mf a tempo.

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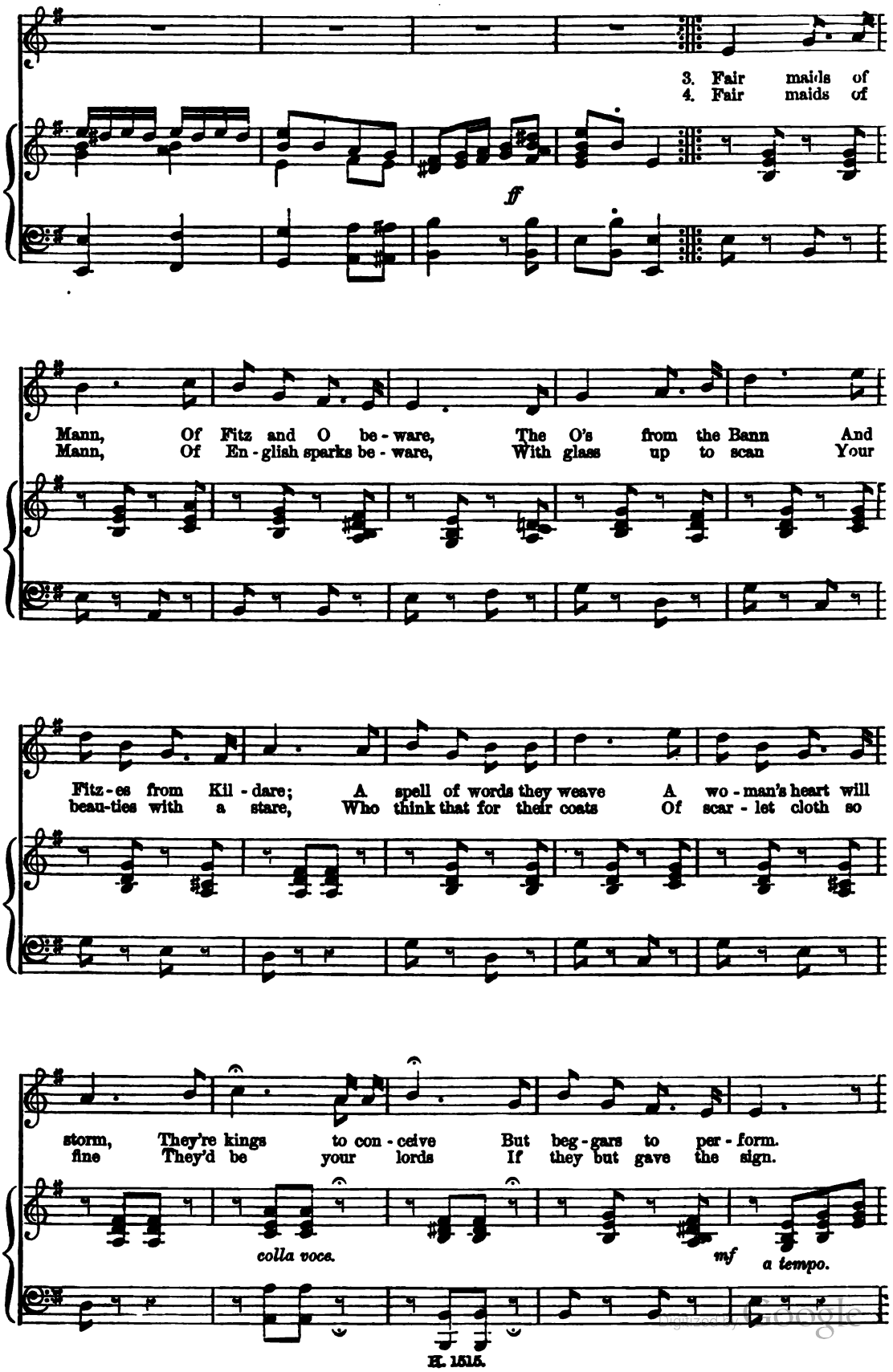
3. Fair maids of
4. Fair maids of
ff
Mann, Of Fitz and O be - ware, The O's from the Bann And
Mann, Of En - glish sparks be - ware, With glass up to scan Your
Fitz - es from Kil - dare; A spell of words they weave A wo - man's heart will
beau-ties with a stare, Who think that for their coats Of scar - let cloth so
storm, They're kings to con - ceive But beg - gars to per - form.
fine They'd be your lords If they but gave the sign.
colla voce.
mf
a tempo.

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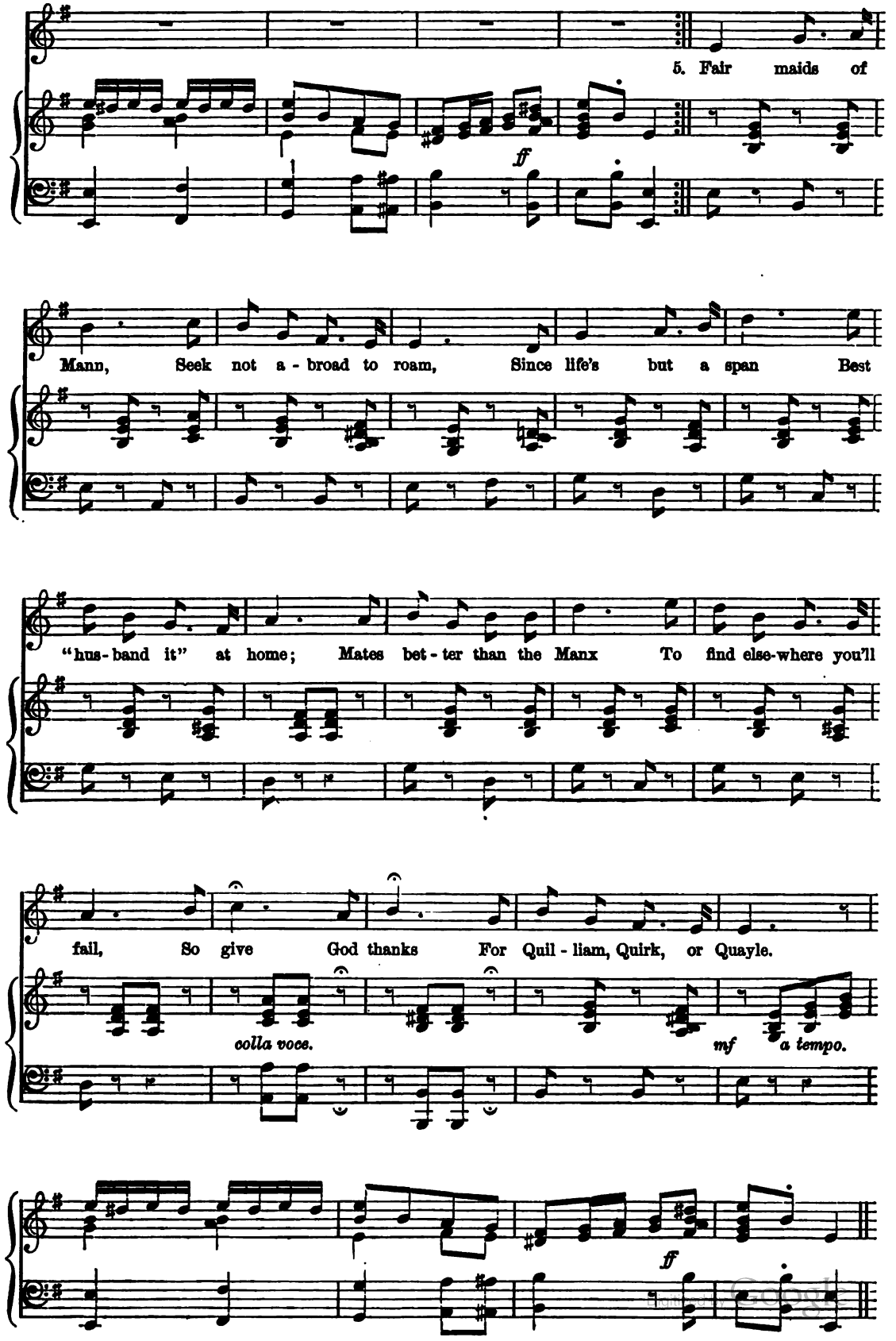
5. Fair maids of
ff
Mann, Seek not a - broad to roam, Since life's but a span Best
"hus - band it" at home; Mates bet - ter than the Manx To find else-where you'll
fail, So give God thanks For Quil - liam, Quirk, or Quayle.
colla voce.
mf
a tempo.
ff

Manxmen we'll remain!

Words by A. P. Graves

Air, "Skeeyl-y-Vridey." *(Kirk Bride.)*

Andante con moto.

Piano. ♩=76.

rall.

1. "Manx-men, Manx-men bold, Sub - mit you to my steel!" That we ne - ver will Thou
2. "Manx-men, Manx-men bold, To boast your blood for - bear, Since your na - tion-hood Is

a tempo.

mer - ci - less O - 'Neill; We, who broke your chain, Bear your yoke a - gain?
nei - ther here nor there; I - rish, Scot, and Dane, With a Vik - ing vein,

Nay, we're Manxmen still, Manxmen we'll re - main!
How is this ye yet Manxmen can re - main?"

p

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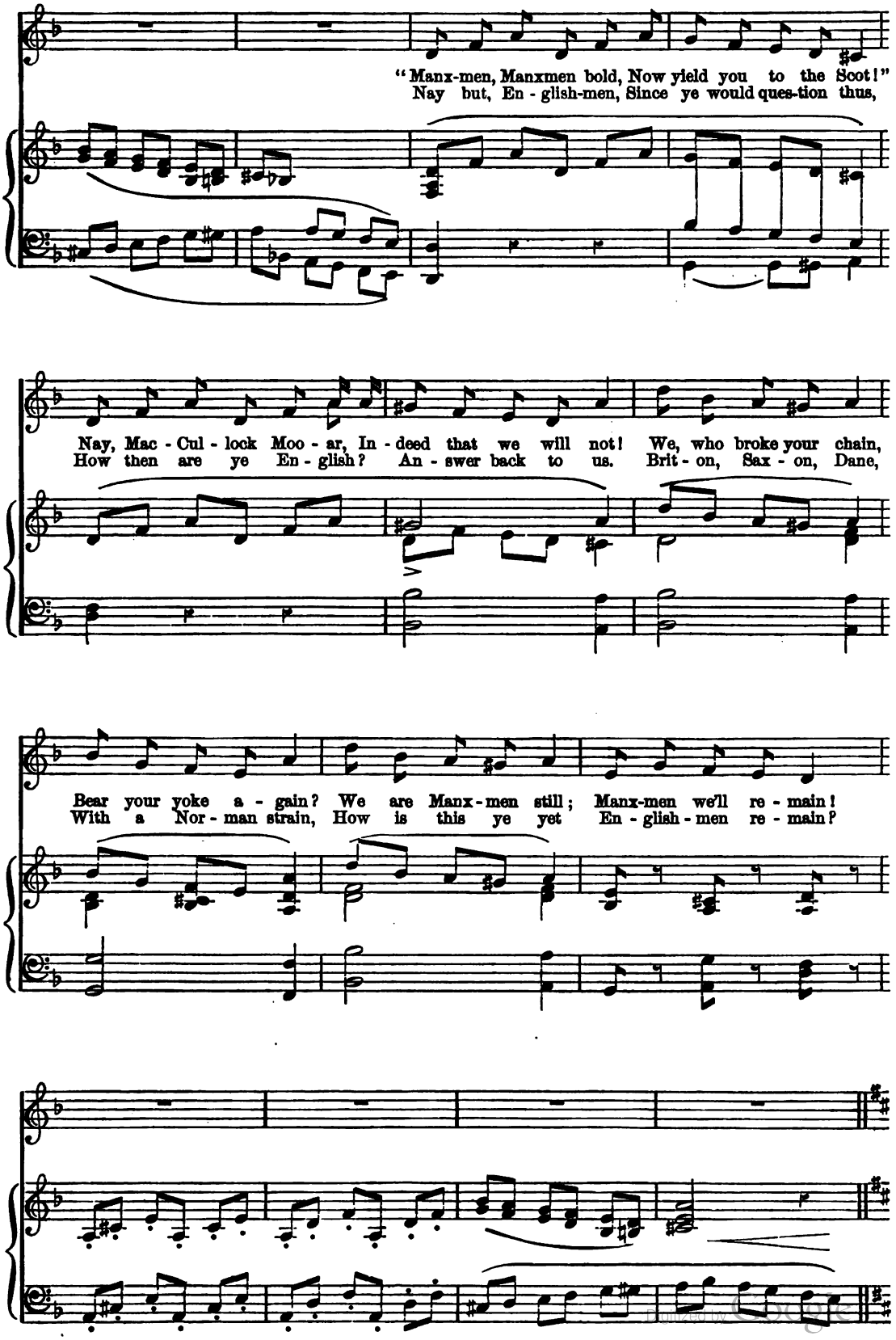
"Manx-men, Manxmen bold, Now yield you to the Scot!"
Nay but, En - glish-men, Since ye would ques-tion thus,
Nay, Mac - Cul - lock Moo - ar, In - deed that we will not! We, who broke your chain,
How then are ye En - glish? An - swer back to us. Brit - on, Sax - on, Dane,
Bear your yoke a - gain? We are Manx - men still; Manx-men we'll re - main!
With a Nor - man strain, How is this ye yet En - glish - men re - main?

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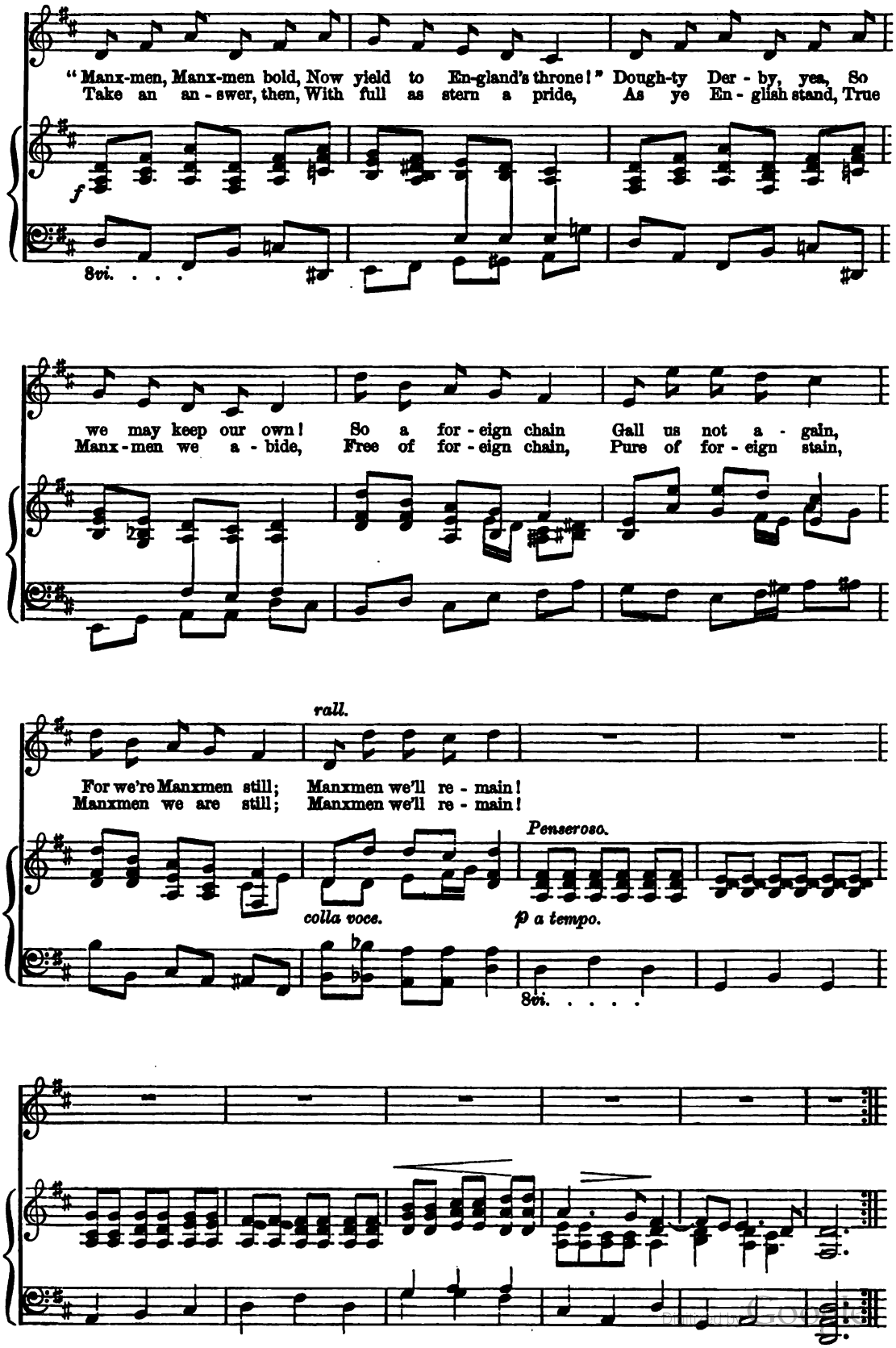
"Manx-men, Manx-men bold, Now yield to En-gland's throne!" Dough-ty Der - by, yea, So
Take an an - swer, then, With full as stern a pride, As ye En - glish stand, True
f
8vi. . . .
we may keep our own! So a for - eign chain Gall us not a - gain,
Manx-men we a - bide, Free of for - eign chain, Pure of for - eign stain,
rall.
For we're Manxmen still; Manxmen we'll re - main!
Manxmen we are still; Manxmen we'll re - main!
Penseroso.
colla voce.
p a tempo.
8vi. . . . .

The King of the Sea.

Words by J. Fred. Gill.

Air, "Yn Colbagh Breck er sthrap."
(The Speckled Heifer.)

Allegretto.

Piano.
♩.=76.

f *p*

1. Up with the lug and let her run Be - fore the wind and tide; The gan-nets plunge, the
2. Con-tra - ry Head and Niar - byl Point Will soon be left be - hind; Off Flesh-wick Bay sou' -

Chorus.

gulls keep watch, The her - ring shoal is wide.
- west by west Our mer - ry friends we'll find.

Oh! the her - ring, boys, the her - ring, Oh! the

her-ring, boys, for me! Red or kip-per'd, fresh or pic-kled, Oh! the her-ring is king of the

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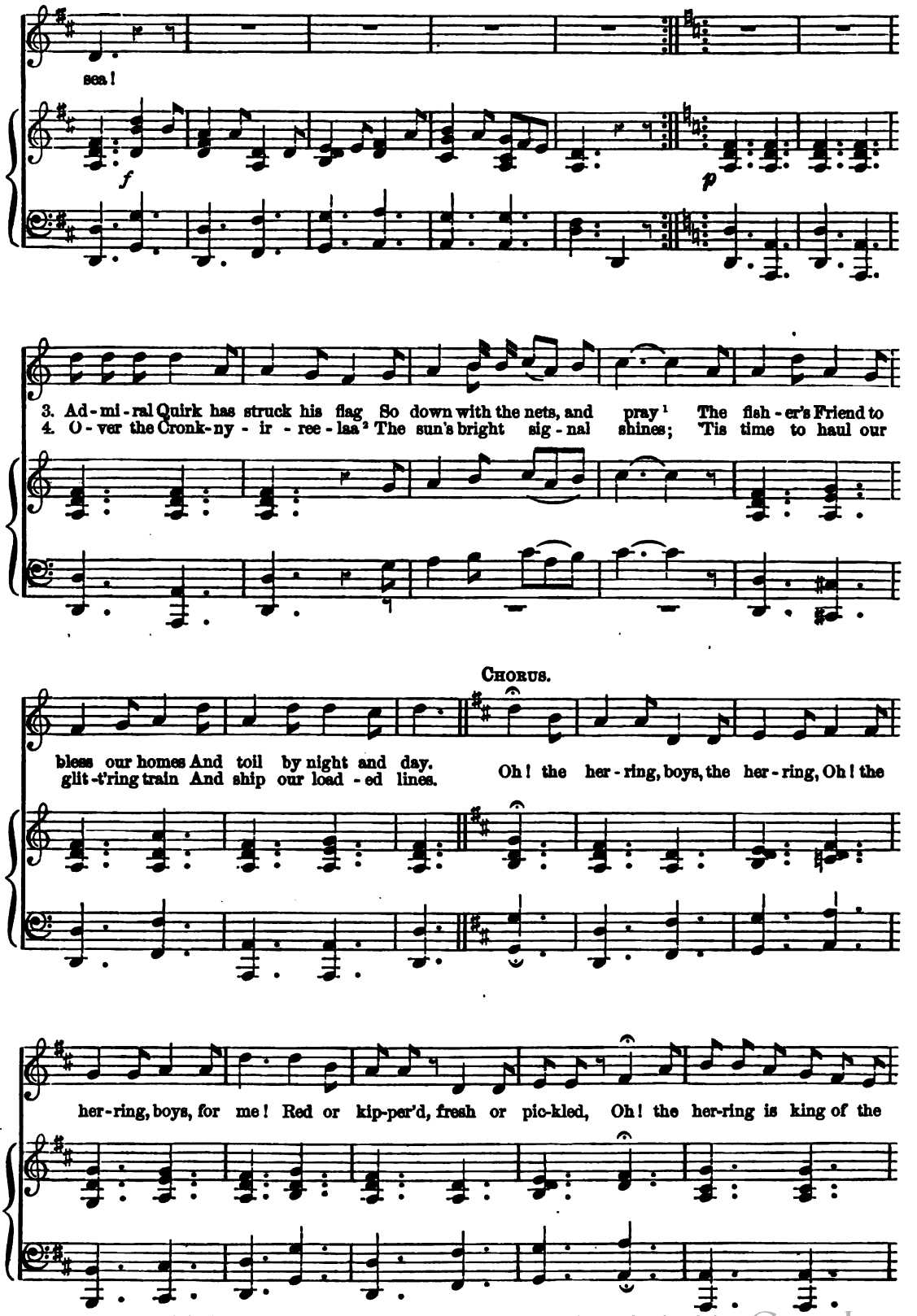
sea!
3. Ad-mi-ral Quirk has struck his flag So down with the nets, and pray[1] The fish-er's Friend to
4. O-ver the Cronk-ny-ir-ree-laa[2] The sun's bright sig-nal shines; 'Tis time to haul our
Chorus.
bless our homes And toil by night and day.
glit-t'ring train And ship our load-ed lines.
Oh! the her-ring, boys, the her-ring, Oh! the
her-ring, boys, for me! Red or kip-per'd, fresh or pic-kled, Oh! the her-ring is king of the

[1] It is the custom of the Manx fishermen to join in prayer before shooting their nets

[2] Cronk-ny-irree-laa, The Hill of the rising Day.

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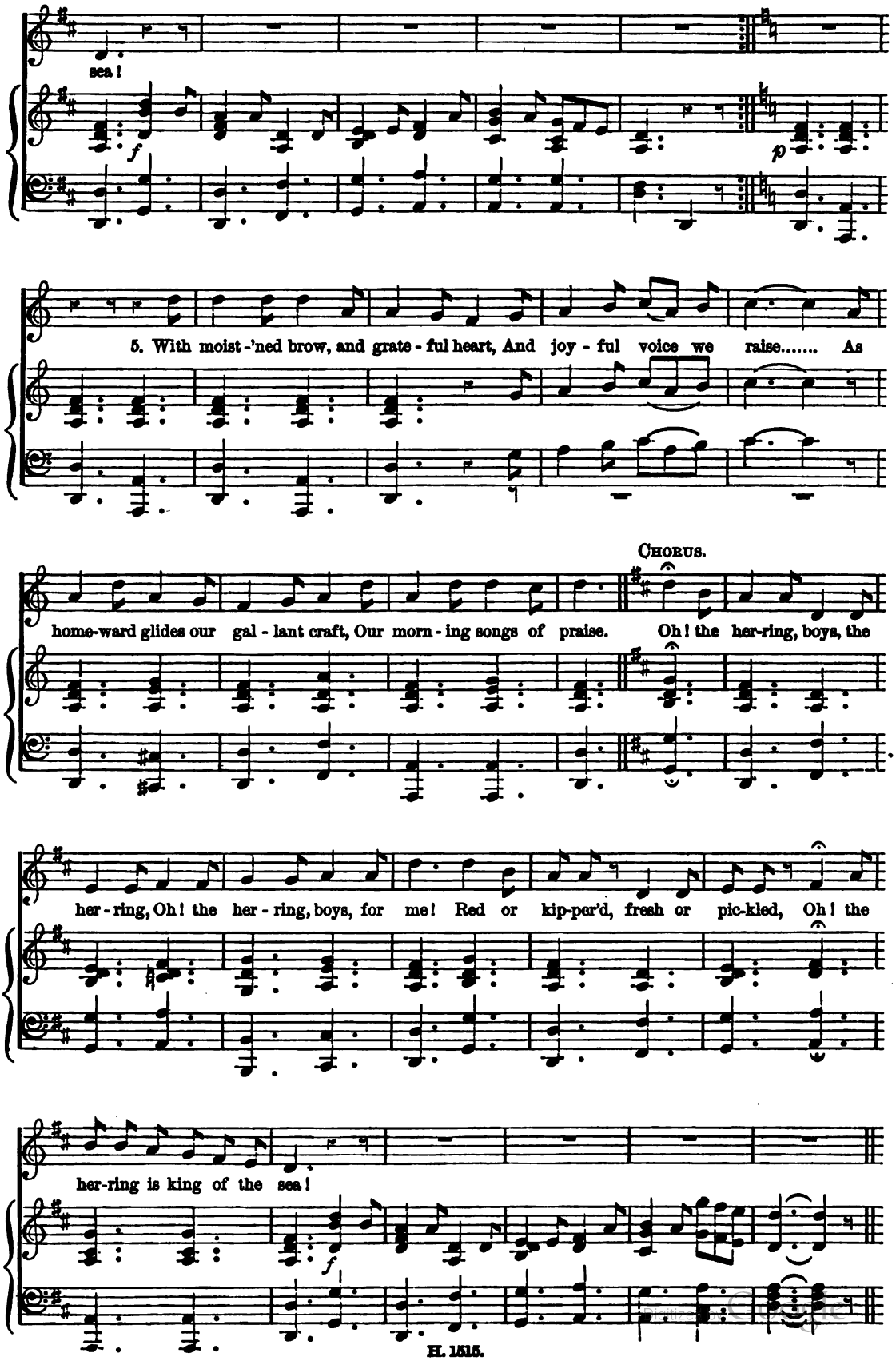
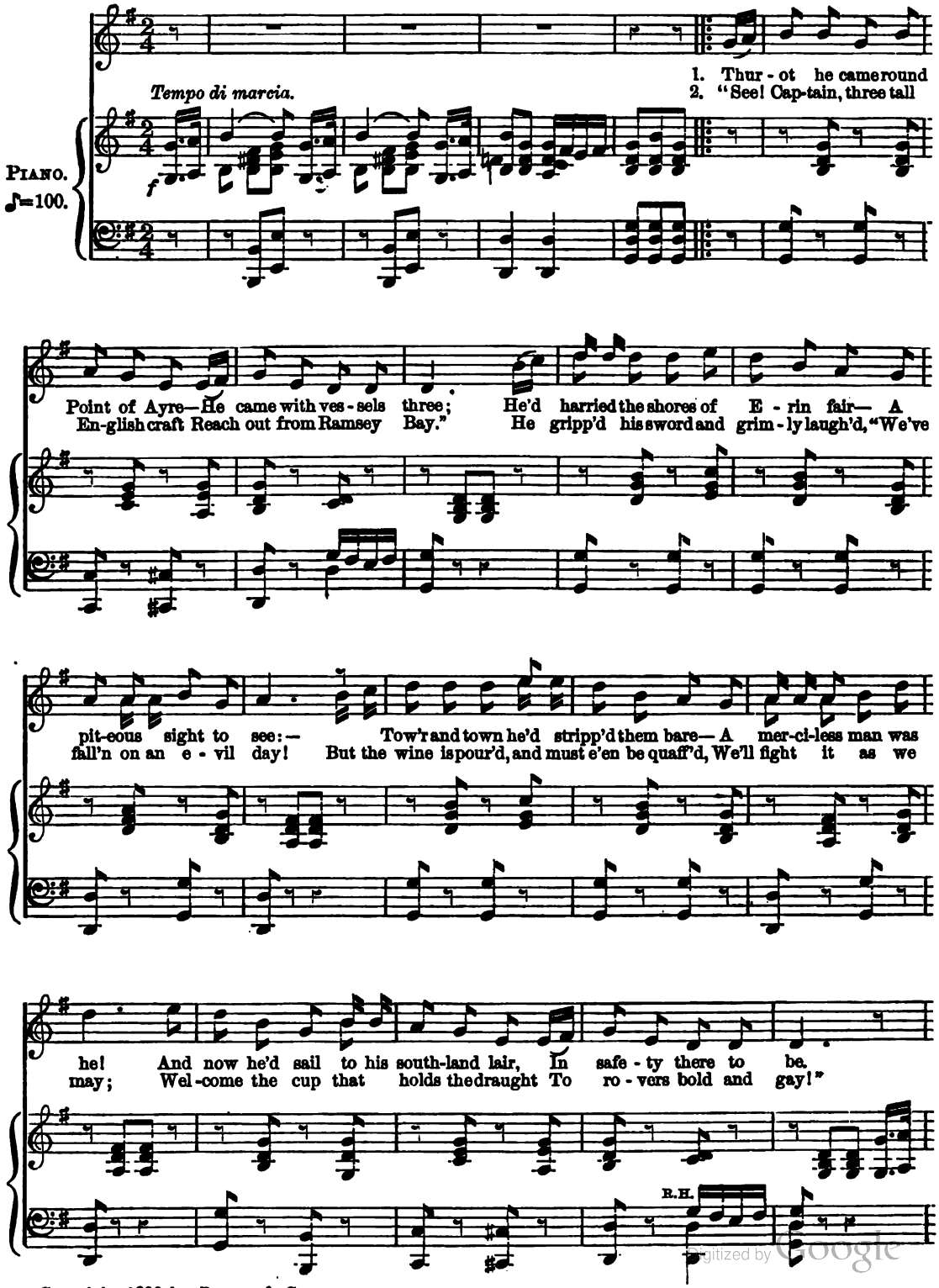

sea!
5. With moist-'ned brow, and grate-ful heart, And joy-ful voice we raise..... As
Chorus.
home-ward glides our gal-lant craft, Our morn-ing songs of praise. Oh! the her-ring, boys, the
her-ring, Oh! the her-ring, boys, for me! Red or kip-per'd, fresh or pic-kled, Oh! the
her-ring is king of the sea!

Thurot.

(Naval Battle fought off Ramsey, 1760.)

Words by E. Craine. Adapted from the original ballads in Manx and English (Manx Society's Publications, Vol. XXI).

Air, "Thurot as Elliott."
(Thurot and Elliott.)

Tempo di marcia.
1. Thur - ot he came round
2. "See! Cap-tain, three tall
Piano.
♩=100.
Point of Ayre—He came with ves - sels three; He'd harried the shores of E - rin fair— A
En-glish craft Reach out from Ramsey Bay." He gripp'd his sword and grim - ly laugh'd, "We've
pit-eous sight to see:— Tow'r and town he'd stripp'd them bare— A mer-ci-less man was
fall'n on an e - vil day! But the wine is pour'd, and must e'en be quaff'd, We'll fight it as we
he! And now he'd sail to his south-land lair, In safe - ty there to be.
may; Wel-come the cup that holds the draught To ro - vers bold and gay!"
R.H.

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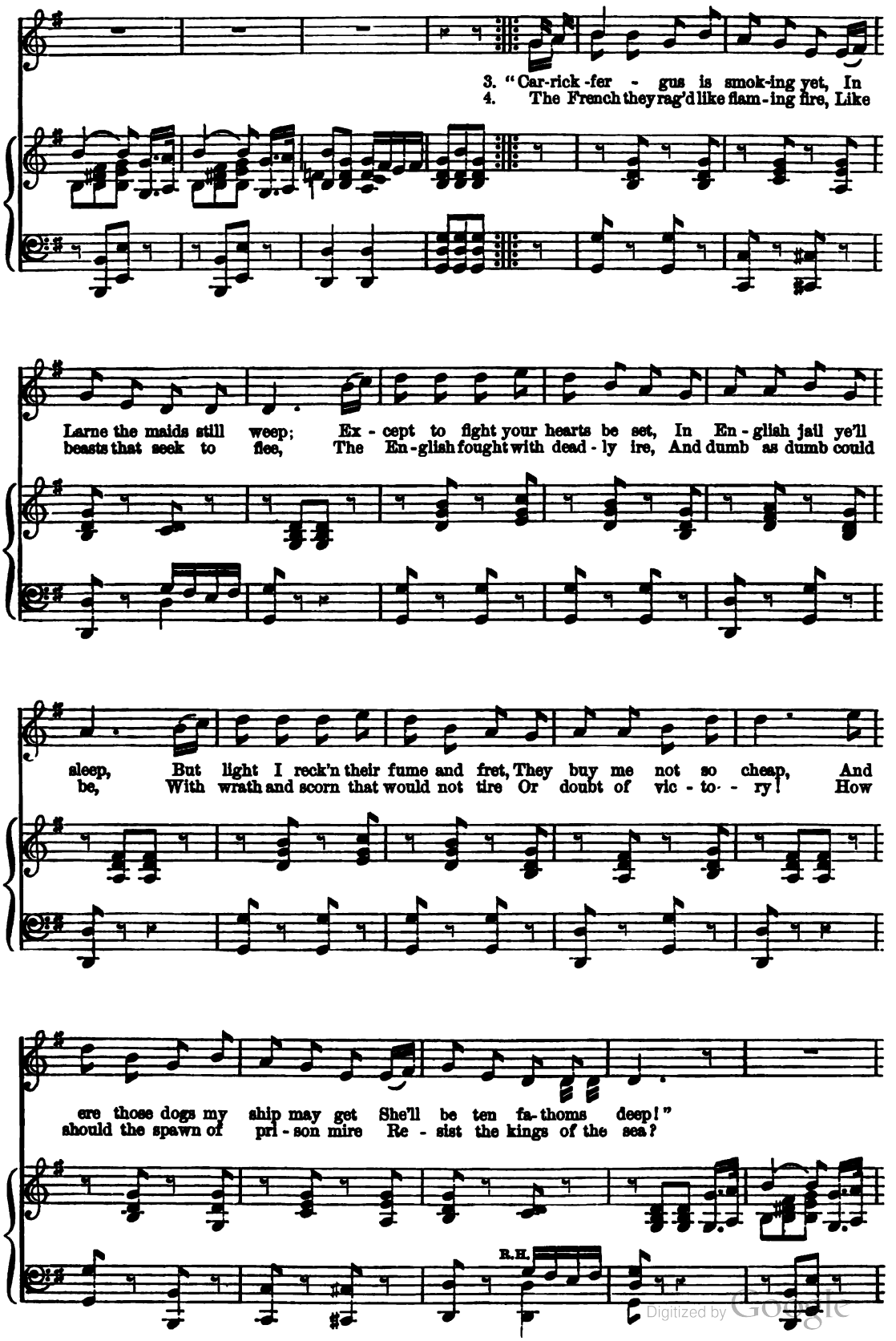
3. "Car-rick-fer - gus is smok-ing yet, In
4. The French they rag'd like flam-ing fire, Like
Larne the maids still weep; Ex - cept to fight your hearts be set, In En - glish jail ye'll
beasts that seek to flee, The En-glish fought with dead - ly ire, And dumb as dumb could
sleep, But light I reck'n their fume and fret, They buy me not so cheap, And
be, With wrath and scorn that would not tire Or doubt of vic - to - - ry! How
ere those dogs my ship may get She'll be ten fa-thoms deep!"
should the spawn of pri - son mire Re - sist the kings of the sea?
R.H.

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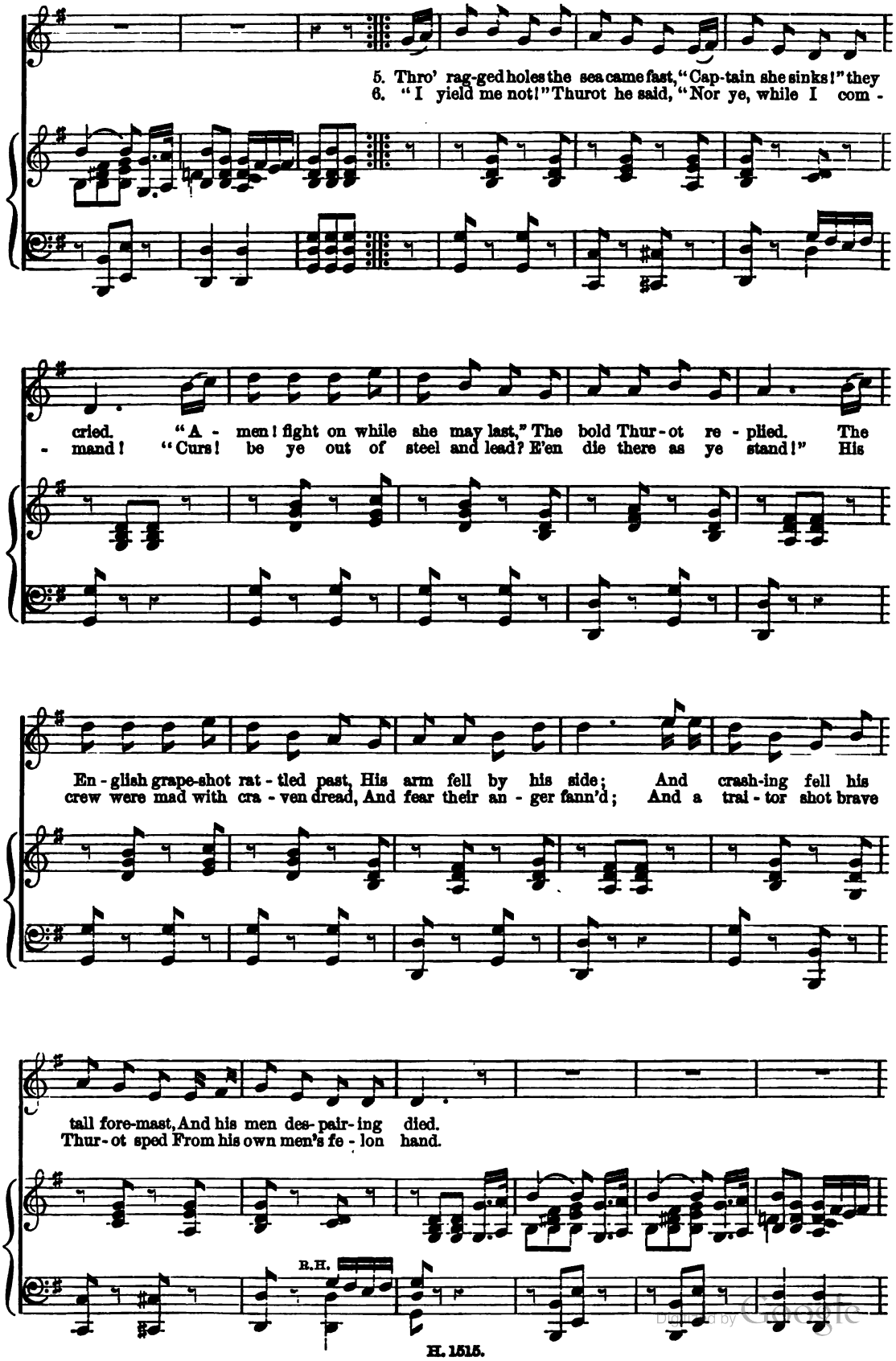
5. Thro' rag-ged holes the sea came fast, "Cap-tain she sinks!" they
6. "I yield me not!" Thurot he said, "Nor ye, while I com -
cried. "A - men! fight on while she may last," The bold Thur-ot re - plied. The
- mand! "Curs! be ye out of steel and lead? E'en die there as ye stand!" His
En - glish grape-shot rat - tled past, His arm fell by his side; And crash-ing fell his
crew were mad with cra - ven dread, And fear their an - ger fann'd; And a trai - tor shot brave
tall fore-mast, And his men des-pair-ing died.
Thur-ot sped From his own men's fe - lon hand.
B.H.

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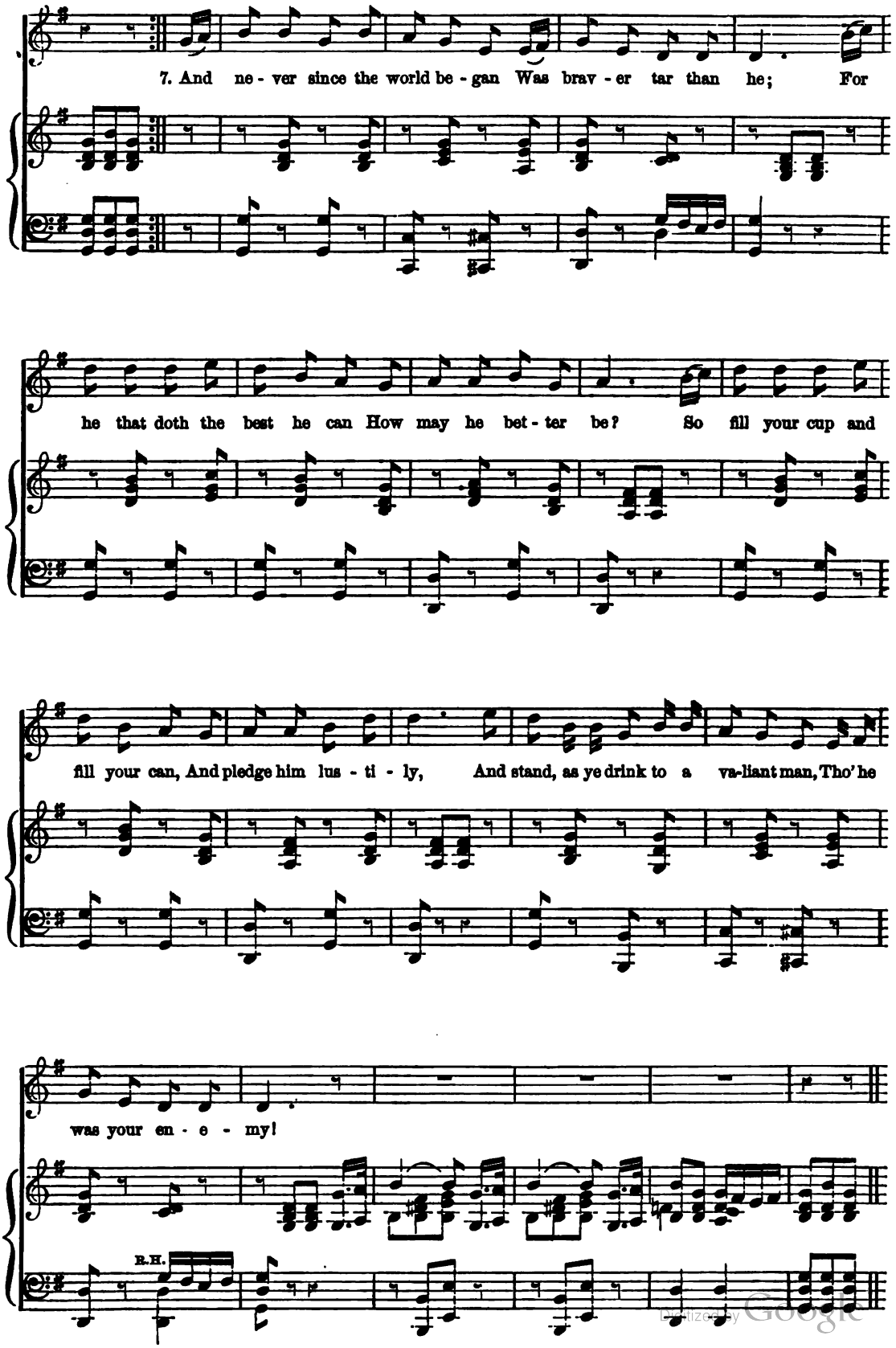
7. And ne - ver since the world be - gan Was brav - er tar than he; For
he that doth the best he can How may he bet - ter be? So fill your cup and
fill your can, And pledge him lus - ti - ly, And stand, as ye drink to a va-liant man, Tho' he
was your en - e - my!
R.H.

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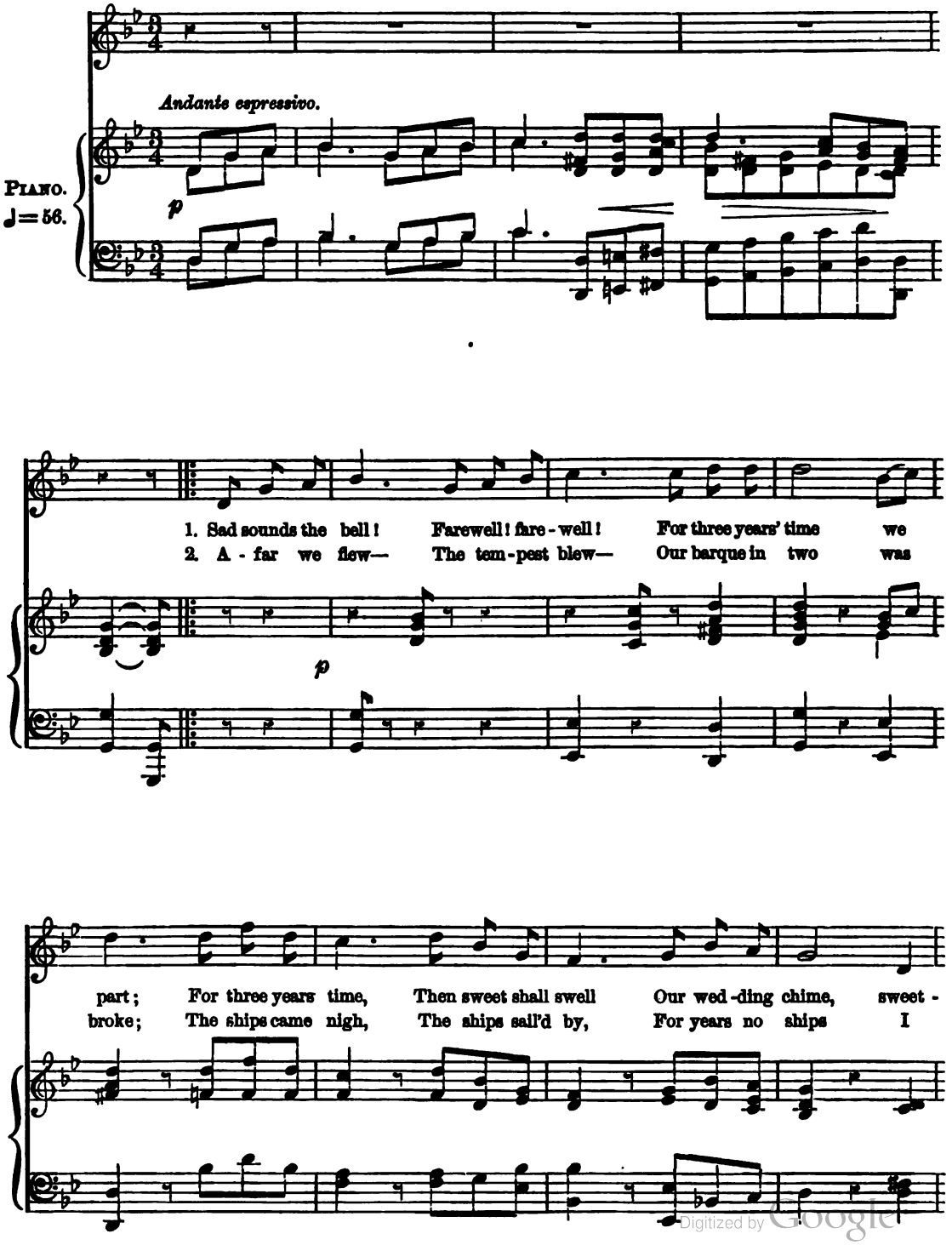
The Parting Hour.

Air, "Ta traa gholl thie."
(It's time to go home.)

Words by A. P. Graves.

Andante espressivo.
Piano.
♩= 56.
p
1. Sad sounds the bell! Farewell! fare-well! For three years' time we
2. A-far we flew— The tem-pest blew— Our barque in two was
part; For three years time, Then sweet shall swell Our wed-ding chime, sweet-
broke; The ships came nigh, The ships sail'd by, For years no ships I

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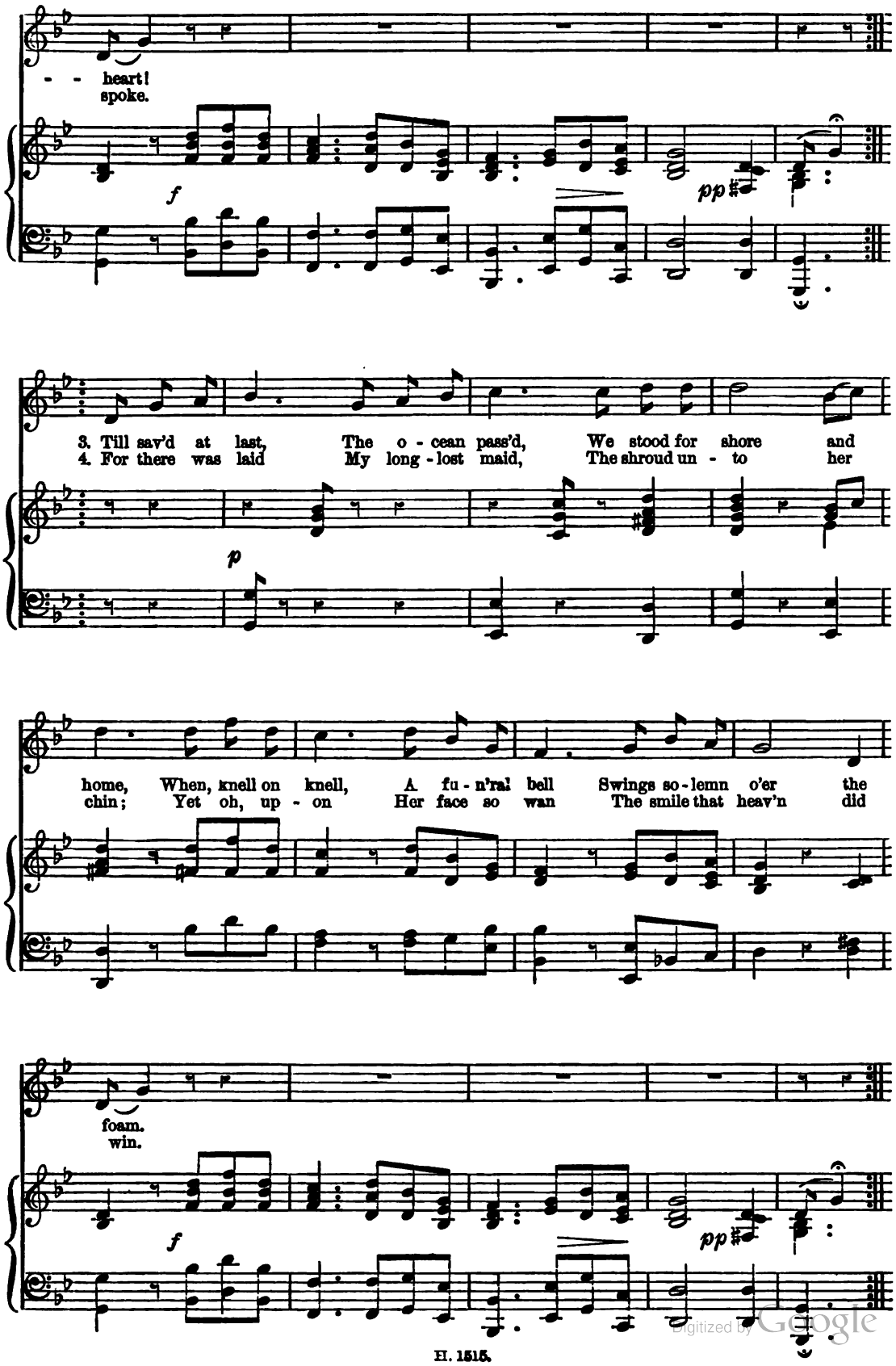
- - heart!
spoke.
f
pp
3. Till sav'd at last, The o - cean pass'd, We stood for shore and
4. For there was laid My long - lost maid, The shroud un - to her
p
home, When, knell on knell, A fu - n'ral bell Swings so - lemn o'er the
chin; Yet oh, up - on Her face so wan The smile that heav'n did
foam.
win.
f
pp

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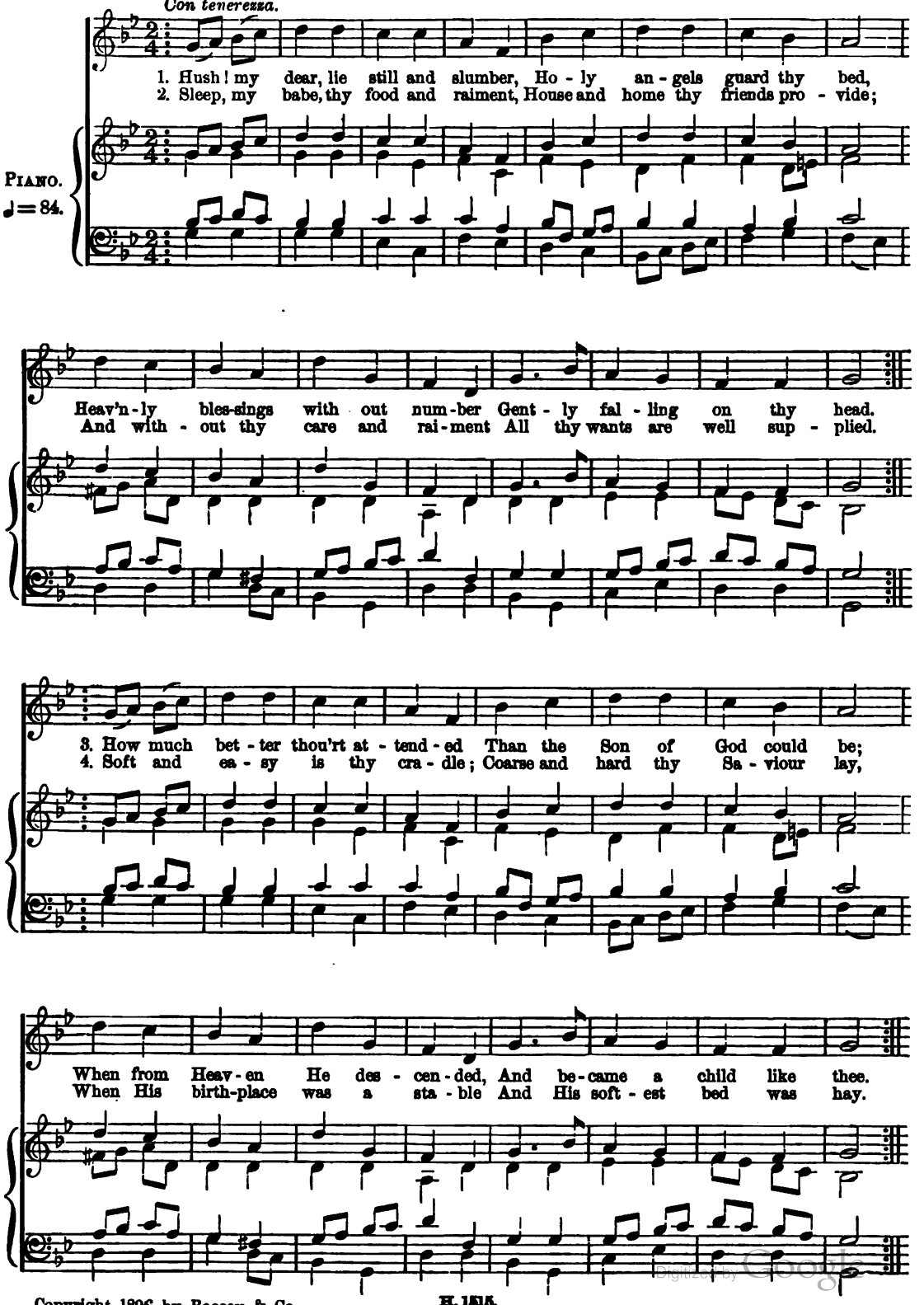
Hush, my Dear, lie still and slumber.

Words by Dr. Watts.

Arrane ny Clean.
(Cradle Hymn.)

Con tenerezza.

1. Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed,
2. Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment, House and home thy friends pro - vide;
Piano.
♩= 84.
Heav'n-ly bles-sings with out num-ber Gent - ly fal - ling on thy head.
And with - out thy care and rai-ment All thy wants are well sup - plied.
3. How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be;
4. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle; Coarse and hard thy Sa - viour lay,
When from Heav - en He des - cen - ded, And be - came a child like thee.
When His birth-place was a sta - ble And His soft - est bed was hay.

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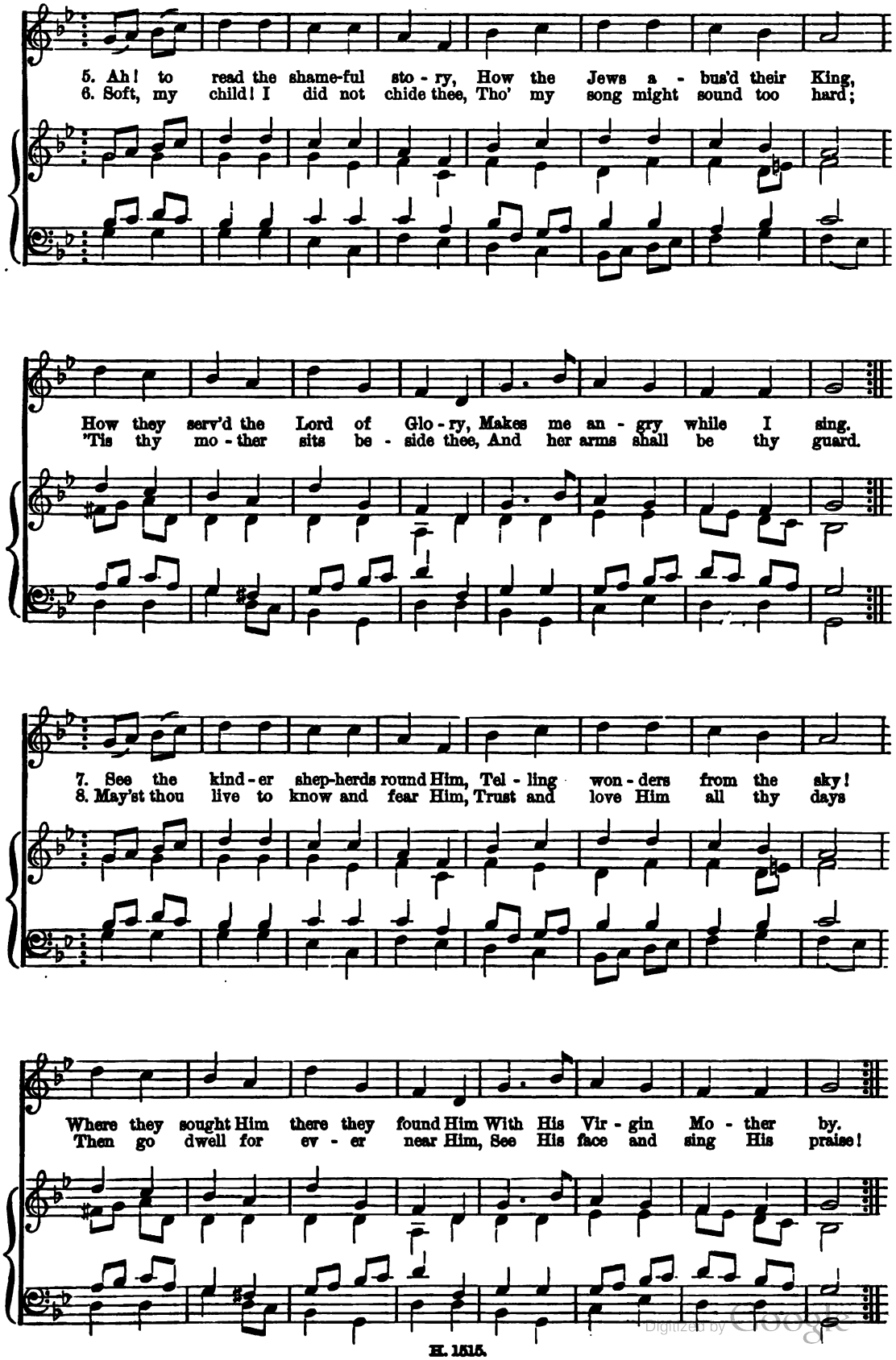
5. Ah! to read the shame-ful sto - ry, How the Jews a - bus'd their King,
6. Soft, my child! I did not chide thee, Tho' my song might sound too hard;
How they serv'd the Lord of Glo - ry, Makes me an - gry while I sing.
'Tis thy mo - ther sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard.
7. See the kind - er shep-herds round Him, Tel - ling won - ders from the sky!
8. May'st thou live to know and fear Him, Trust and love Him all thy days
Where they sought Him there they found Him With His Vir - gin Mo - ther by.
Then go dwell for ev - er near Him, See His face and sing His praise!

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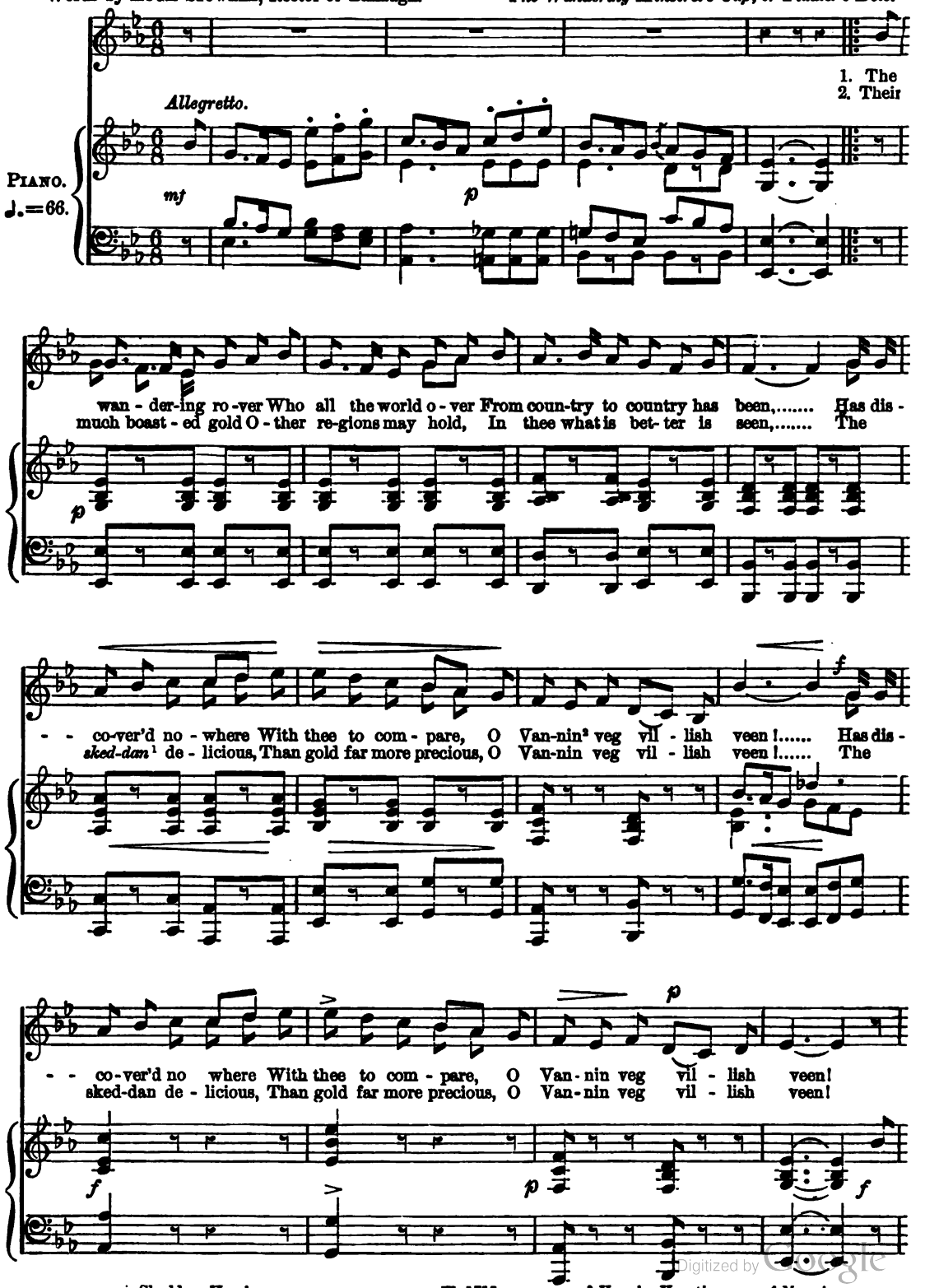
Mannin veg villish veen.

DEAR SWEET LITTLE (ISLE OF) MANN.

Air, "Yn Unnysup" (corrupted into "Wandescope.")
The Wandering Minstrel's Cup, or Fiddler's Dole.

Words by HUGH STOWELL, Rector of Balaugh.

1. The
2. Their
Allegretto.
PIANO.
♩.=66.
mf
p
wan - der-ing ro-ver Who all the world o-ver From coun-try to country has been,..... Has dis-
much boast-ed gold O-ther re-gions may hold, In thee what is bet-ter is seen,..... The
- - co-ver'd no-where With thee to com-pare, O Van-nin² veg vil-lish veen!..... Has dis-
sked-dan¹ de-licious, Than gold far more precious, O Van-nin veg vil-lish veen!..... The
- - co-ver'd no where With thee to com-pare, O Van-nin veg vil-lish veen!
sked-dan de-licious, Than gold far more precious, O Van-nin veg vil-lish veen!
f
p

¹ Skeddan. Herring.

H. 1515.

² Vannin, Vocative case of Mannin

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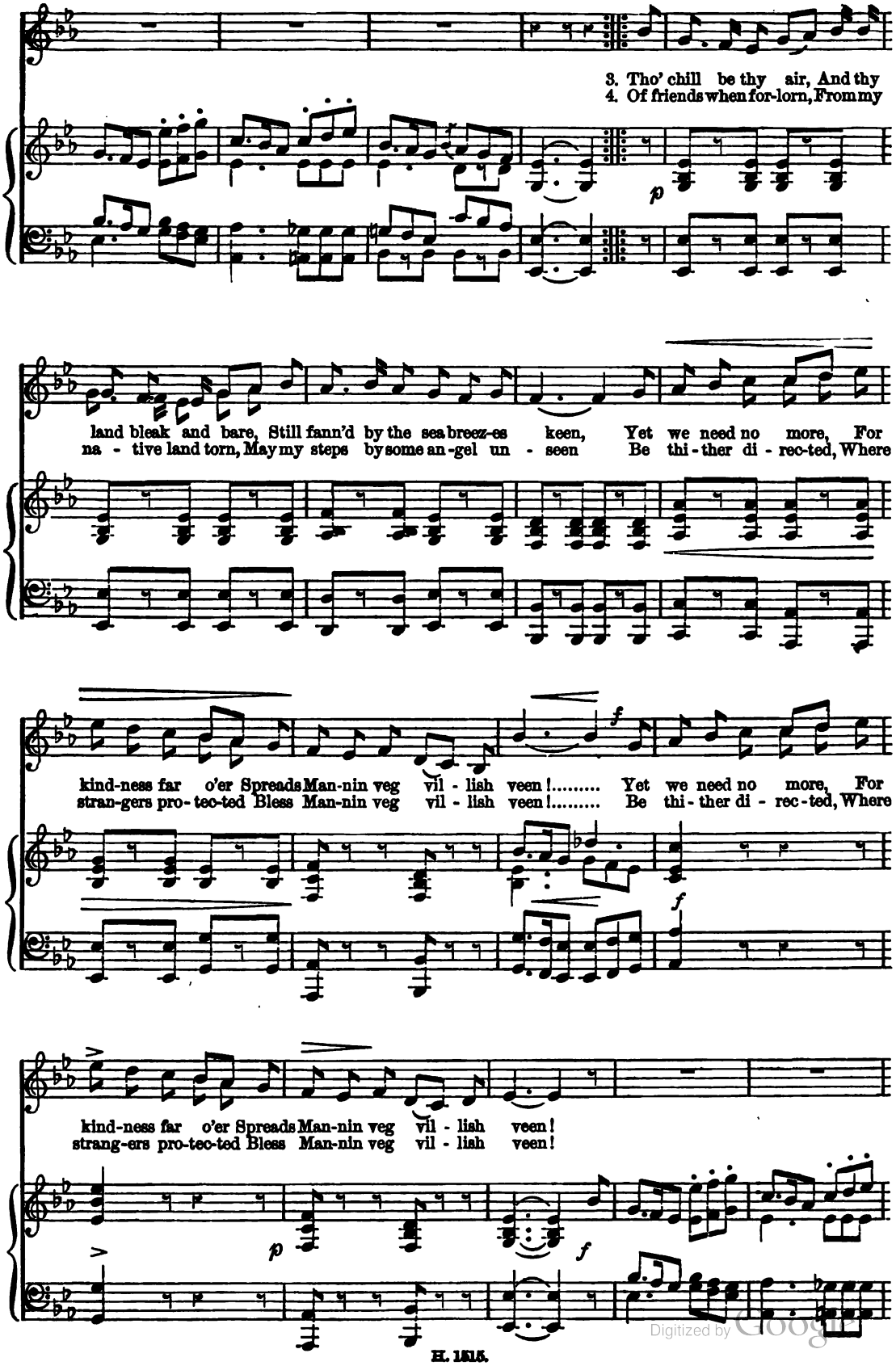
3. Tho' chill be thy air, And thy
4. Of friends when for-lorn, From my
land bleak and bare, Still fann'd by the sea breez-es keen, Yet we need no more, For
na - tive land torn, May my steps by some an-gel un - seen Be thi-ther di - rec-ted, Where
kind-ness far o'er Spreads Man-nin veg vil - lish veen!..... Yet we need no more, For
stran-gers pro-tec-ted Bless Man-nin veg vil - lish veen!..... Be thi-ther di - rec-ted, Where
kind-ness far o'er Spreads Man-nin veg vil - lish veen!
strang-ers pro-tec-ted Bless Man-nin veg vil - lish veen!

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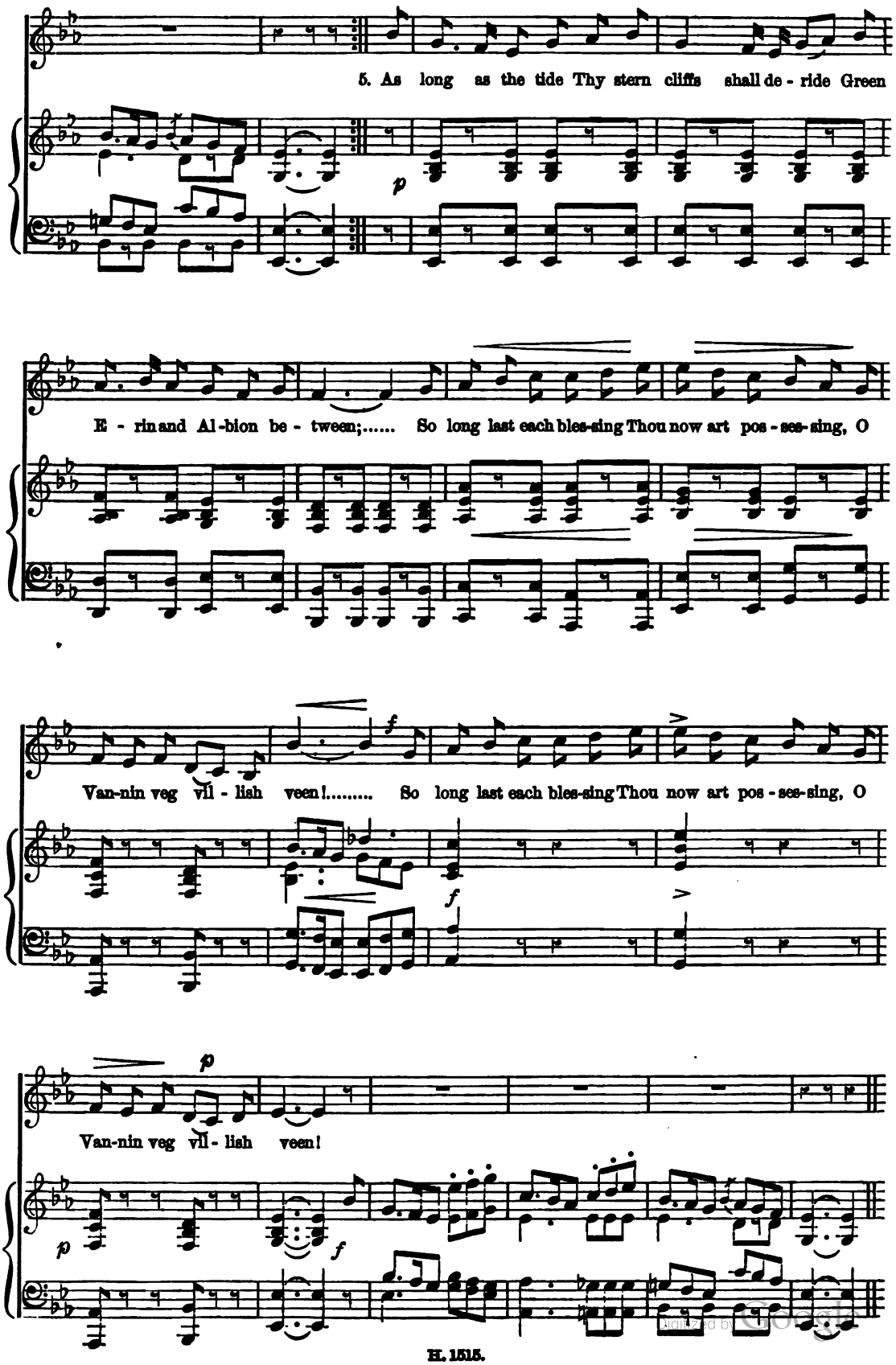
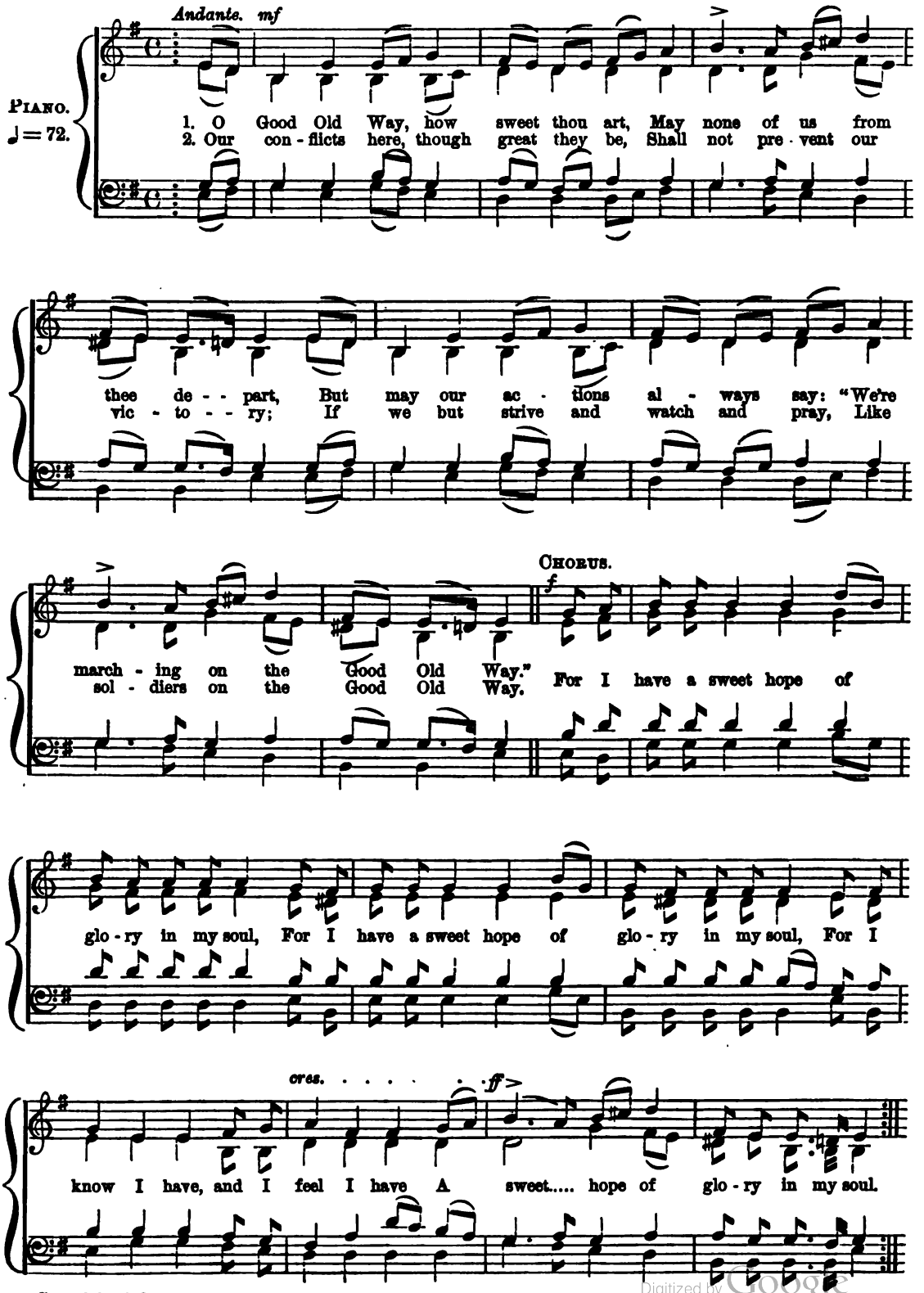

5. As long as the tide Thy stern cliffs shall de - ride Green
E - rin and Al - bion be - tween;..... So long last each bles-sing Thou now art pos - ses-sing, O
Van-nin veg vil - lish veen!..... So long last each bles-sing Thou now art pos - ses-sing, O
Van-nin veg vil - lish veen!

The Good Old Way.

Revival Hymn of the Primitive Methodists.

Air in the Dorian mode (transposed).
Arranged by W. H. Gill.

Andante. mf
Piano.
♩ = 72.
1. O Good Old Way, how sweet thou art, May none of us from
2. Our con - flicts here, though great they be, Shall not pre - vent our
thee de - - part, But may our ac - tions al - ways say: "We're
vic - to - - ry; If we but strive and watch and pray, Like
Chorus.
f
march - ing on the Good Old Way."
sol - diers on the Good Old Way.
For I have a sweet hope of
glo - ry in my soul, For I have a sweet hope of glo - ry in my soul, For I
cres.
ff
know I have, and I feel I have A sweet..... hope of glo - ry in my soul.

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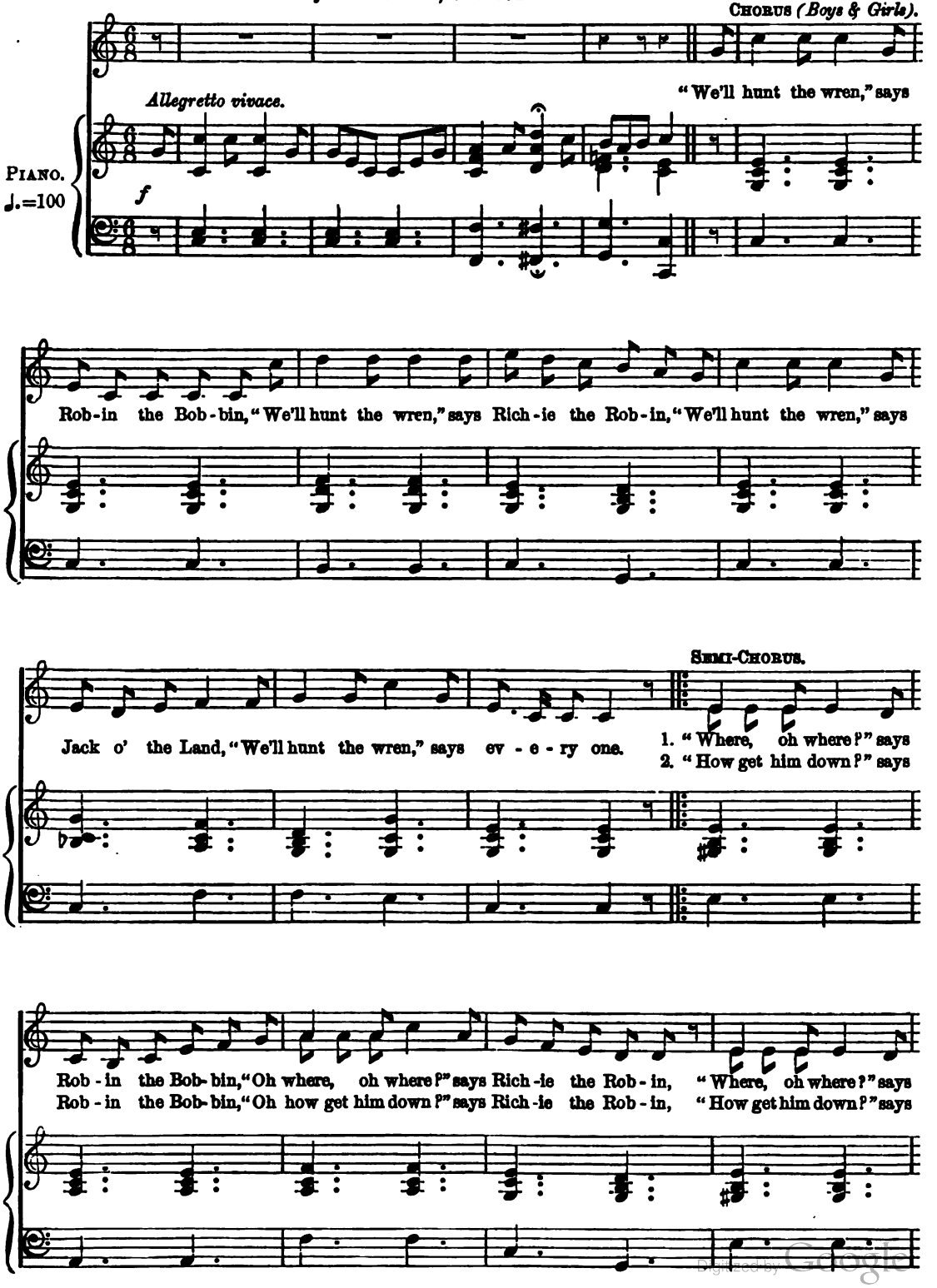
Hunt the Wren.

(Sung by itinerant singers on St. Stephen's Day, December 26th.)

Words selected from Manx Society's Publications, Vol. XVI.

Chorus (Boys & Girls).
"We'll hunt the wren," says
Allegretto vivace.
Piano.
♩.=100
f
Rob-in the Bob-bin, "We'll hunt the wren," says Rich-ie the Rob-in, "We'll hunt the wren," says
Jack o' the Land, "We'll hunt the wren," says ev-e-ry one.
Semi-Chorus.
1. "Where, oh where?" says
2. "How get him down?" says
Rob-in the Bob-bin, "Oh where, oh where?" says Rich-ie the Rob-in, "Where, oh where?" says
Rob-in the Bob-bin, "Oh how get him down?" says Rich-ie the Rob-in, "How get him down?" says

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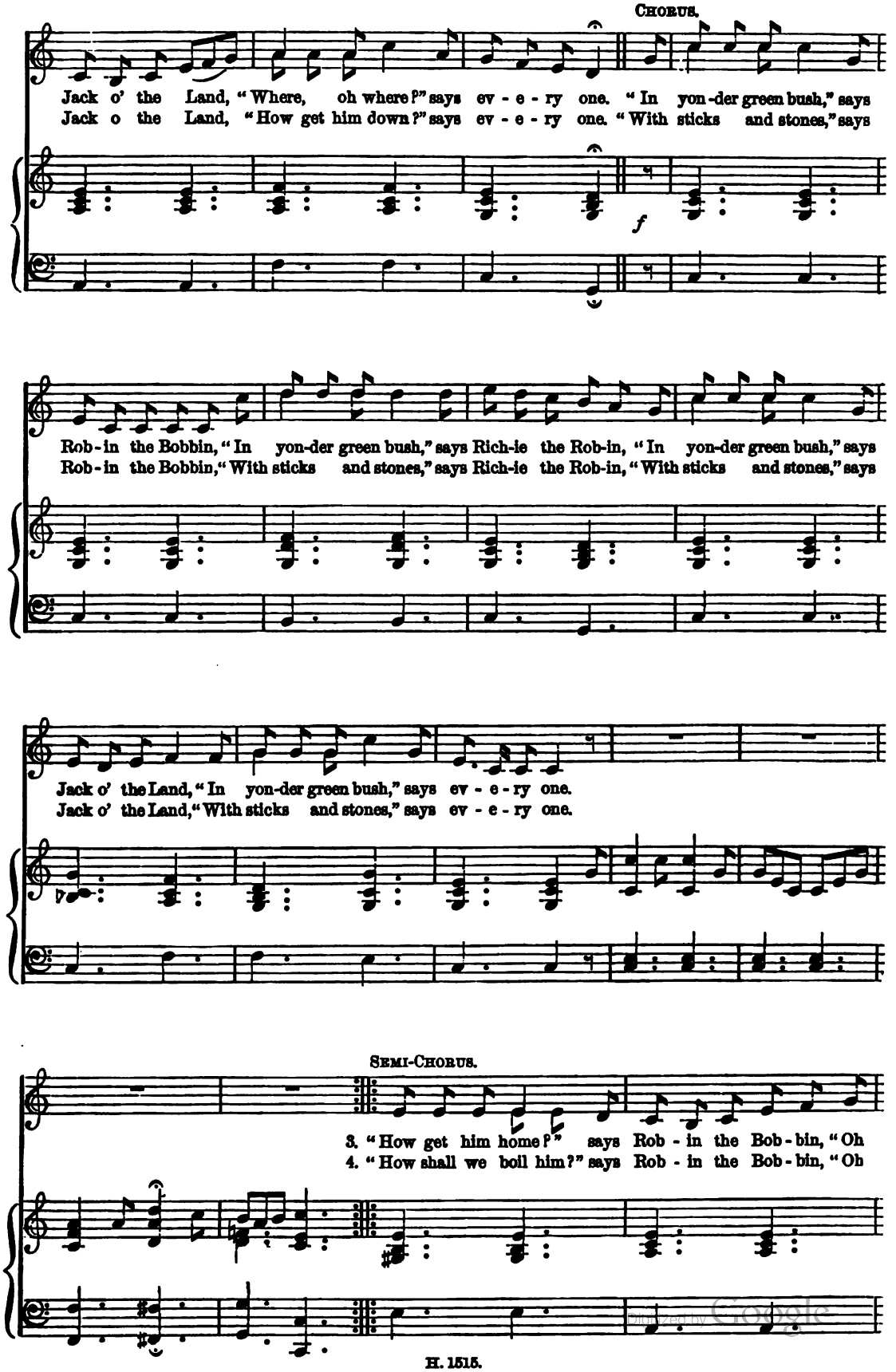
Chorus.
Jack o' the Land, "Where, oh where?" says ev - e - ry one. "In yon-der green bush," says
Jack o the Land, "How get him down?" says ev - e - ry one. "With sticks and stones," says
f
Rob-in the Bobbin, "In yon-der green bush," says Rich-ie the Rob-in, "In yon-der green bush," says
Rob-in the Bobbin, "With sticks and stones," says Rich-ie the Rob-in, "With sticks and stones," says
Jack o' the Land, "In yon-der green bush," says ev - e - ry one.
Jack o' the Land, "With sticks and stones," says ev - e - ry one.
Semi-Chorus.
3. "How get him home?" says Rob - in the Bob - bin, "Oh
4. "How shall we boil him?" says Rob - in the Bob - bin, "Oh

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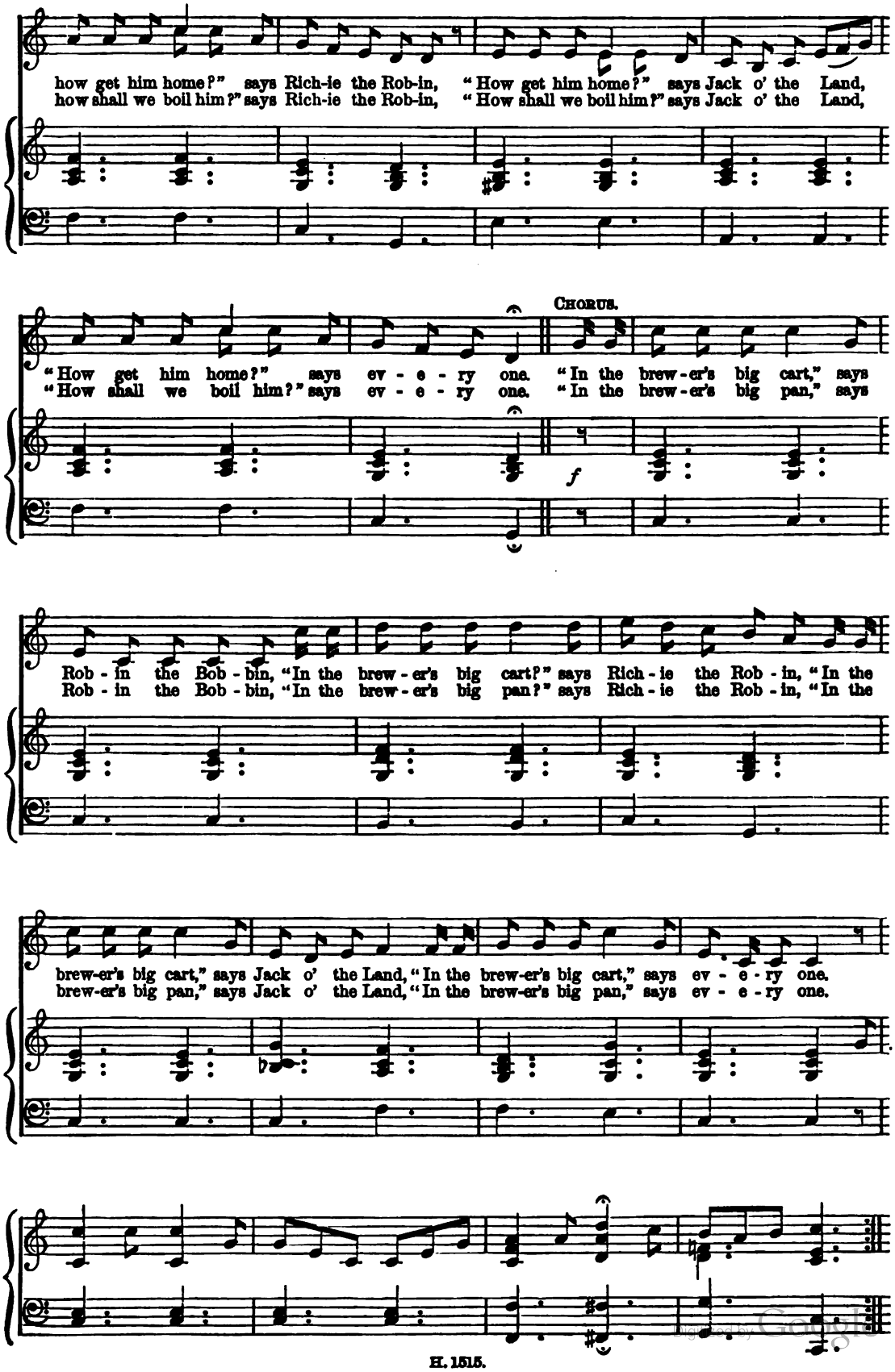
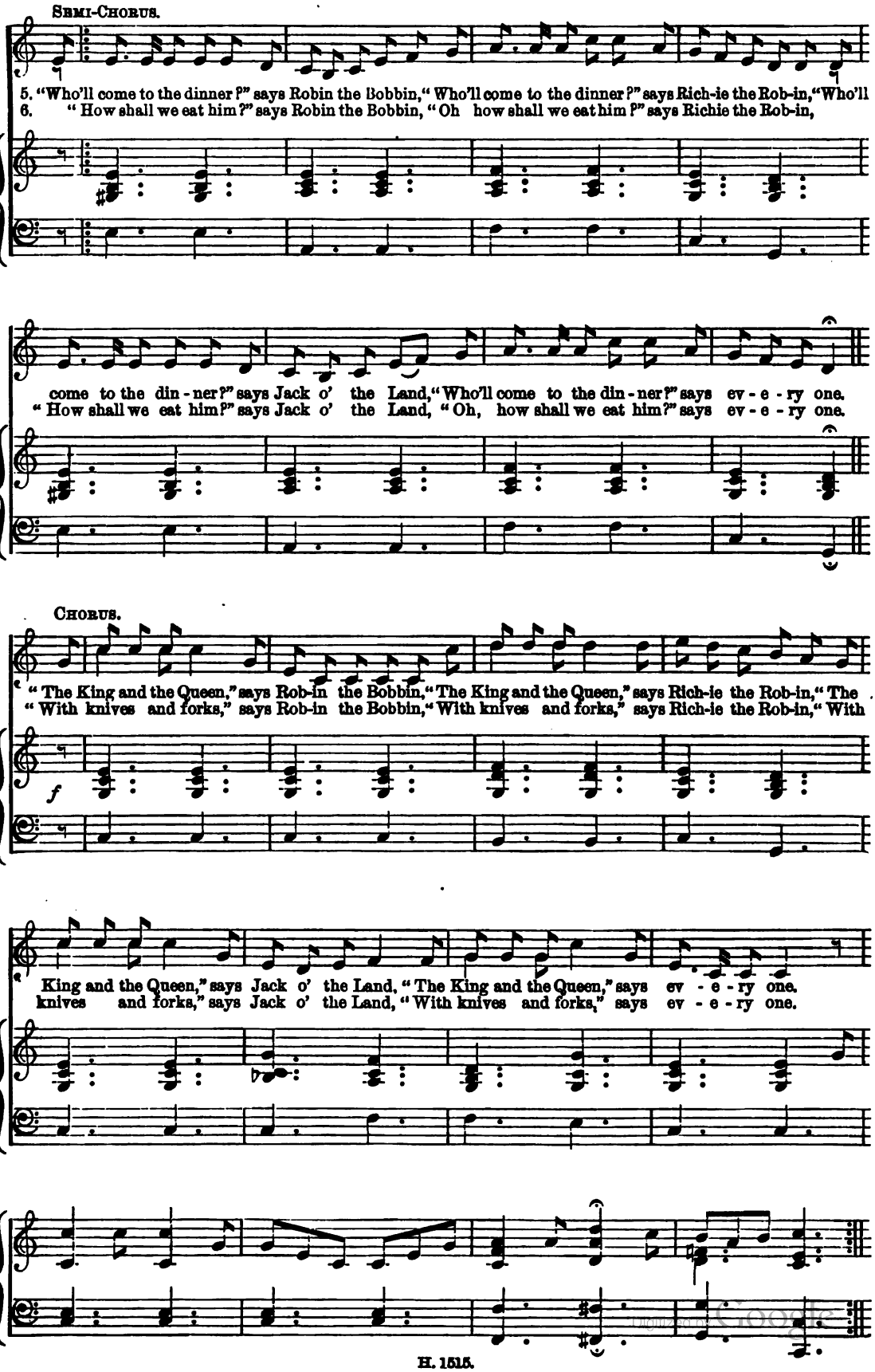
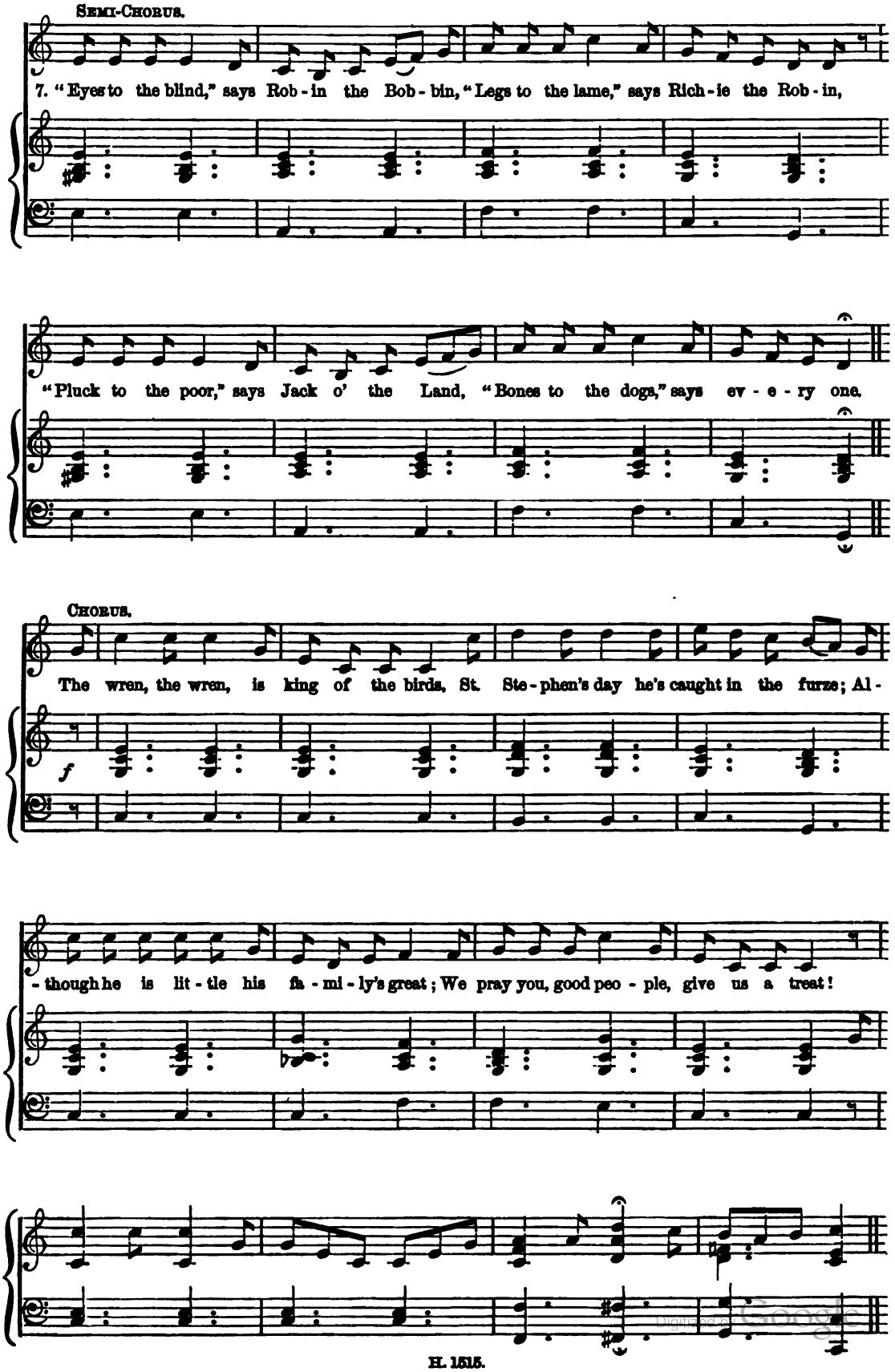
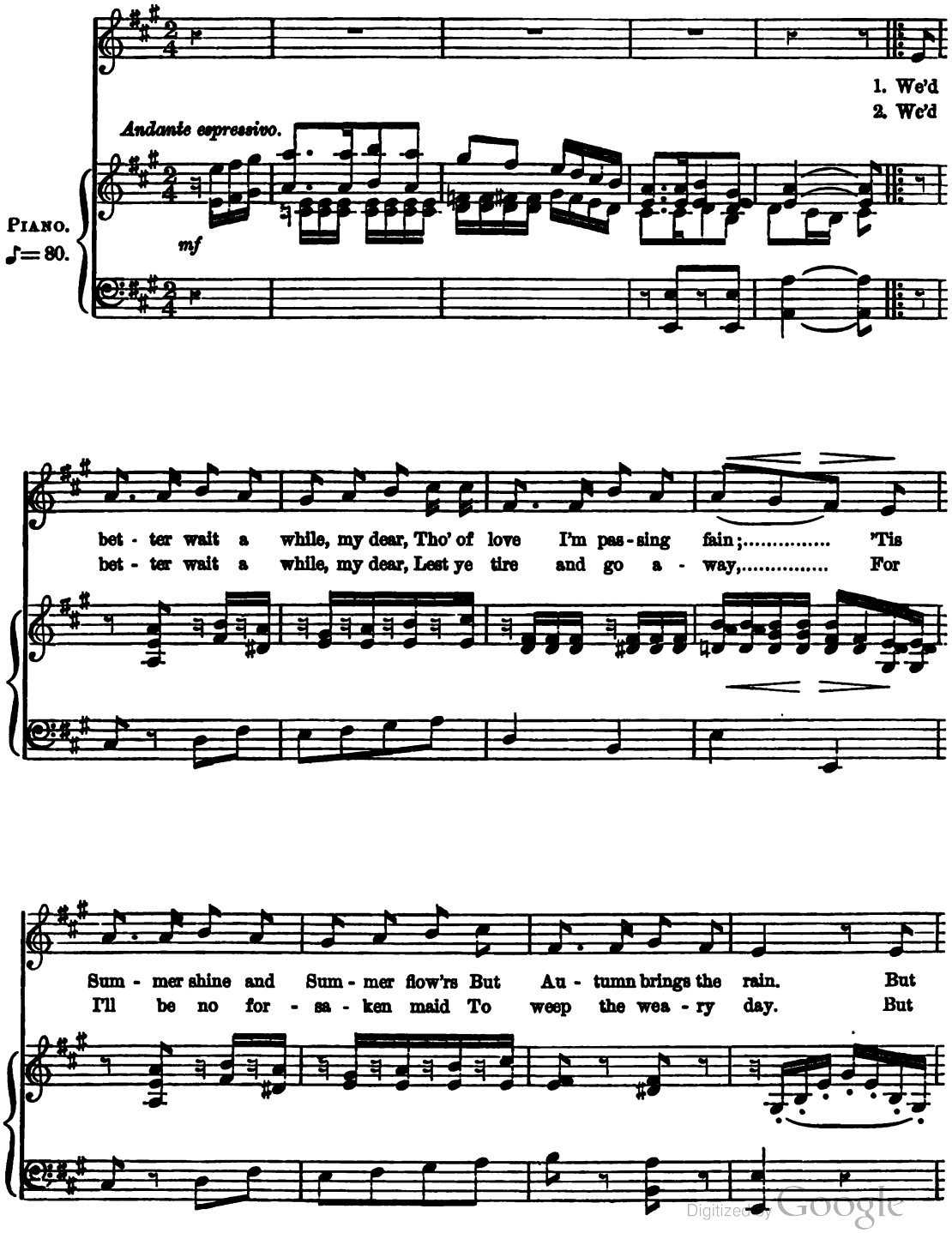

how get him home?" says Rich-ie the Rob-in, "How get him home?" says Jack o' the Land,
how shall we boil him?" says Rich-ie the Rob-in, "How shall we boil him?" says Jack o' the Land,
Chorus.
"How get him home?" says ev - e - ry one. "In the brew-er's big cart," says
"How shall we boil him?" says ev - e - ry one. "In the brew-er's big pan," says
f
Rob - in the Bob - bin, "In the brew - er's big cart?" says Rich - ie the Rob - in, "In the
Rob - in the Bob - bin, "In the brew - er's big pan?" says Rich - ie the Rob - in, "In the
brew-er's big cart," says Jack o' the Land, "In the brew-er's big cart," says ev - e - ry one.
brew-er's big pan," says Jack o' the Land, "In the brew-er's big pan," says ev - e - ry one.

Semi-Chorus.
5. "Who'll come to the dinner?" says Robin the Bobbin," Who'll come to the dinner?" says Rich-ie the Rob-in,"Who'll
6. " How shall we eat him?" says Robin the Bobbin, " Oh how shall we eat him?" says Richie the Rob-in,
come to the din - ner?" says Jack o' the Land," Who'll come to the din - ner?" says ev - e - ry one.
" How shall we eat him?" says Jack o' the Land, " Oh, how shall we eat him?" says ev - e - ry one.
Chorus.
" The King and the Queen," says Rob-in the Bobbin," The King and the Queen," says Rich-ie the Rob-in," The
" With knives and forks," says Rob-in the Bobbin," With knives and forks," says Rich-ie the Rob-in," With
f
King and the Queen," says Jack o' the Land, " The King and the Queen," says ev - e - ry one.
knives and forks," says Jack o' the Land, " With knives and forks," says ev - e - ry one.

Semi-Chorus.
7. "Eyes to the blind," says Rob - in the Bob - bin, "Legs to the lame," says Rich - ie the Rob - in,
"Pluck to the poor," says Jack o' the Land, "Bones to the dogs," says ev - e - ry one.
Chorus.
The wren, the wren, is king of the birds, St. Ste - phen's day he's caught in the furze; Al -
f
- though he is lit - tle his fa - mi - ly's great; We pray you, good peo - ple, give us a treat!

We'd better wait a while, my Dear.

Air, "My Graih! nagh share dyn farraghtyn?"
(Had we not better wait, my dear?)

Words by E. CRABB

1. We'd
2. We'd
Andante espressivo.
mf
PIANO.
♪= 80.
bet - ter wait a while, my dear, Tho' of love I'm pas - sing fain;..... 'Tis
bet - ter wait a while, my dear, Lest ye tire and go a - way,..... For
Sum - mer shine and Sum - mer flow'rs But Au - tumn brings the rain. But
I'll be no for - sa - ken maid To weep the wea - ry day. But

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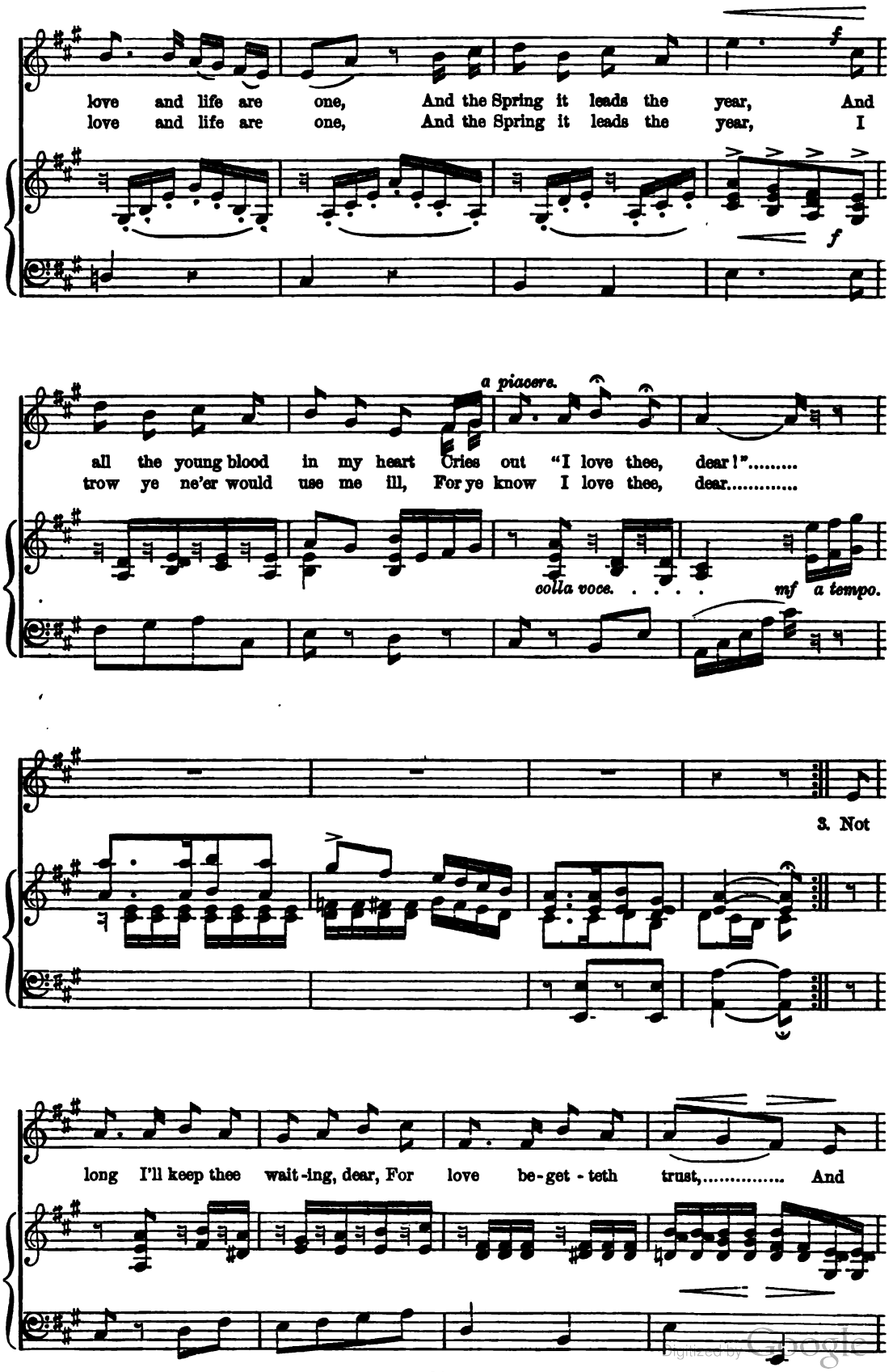
f
love and life are one, And the Spring it leads the year, And
love and life are one, And the Spring it leads the year, I
f
a piacere.
all the young blood in my heart Cries out "I love thee, dear!".....
trow ye ne'er would use me ill, For ye know I love thee, dear.....
colla voce. . . . .
mf a tempo.
3. Not
long I'll keep thee wait-ing, dear, For love be-get-teth trust,..... And

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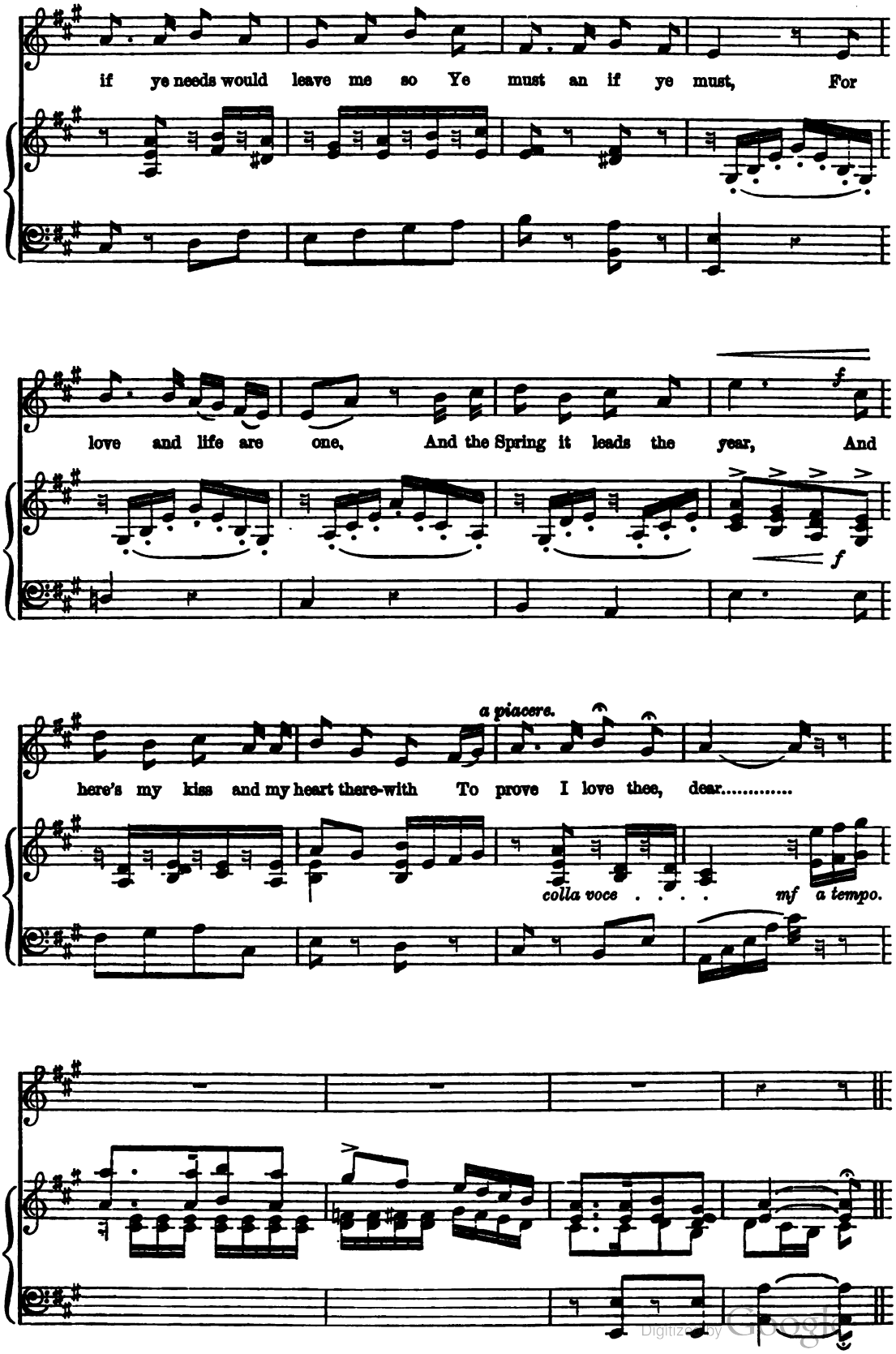
if ye needs would leave me so Ye must an if ye must, For
love and life are one, And the Spring it leads the year, And
a piacere.
here's my kiss and my heart there-with To prove I love thee, dear.....
colla voce . . . . .
mf a tempo.

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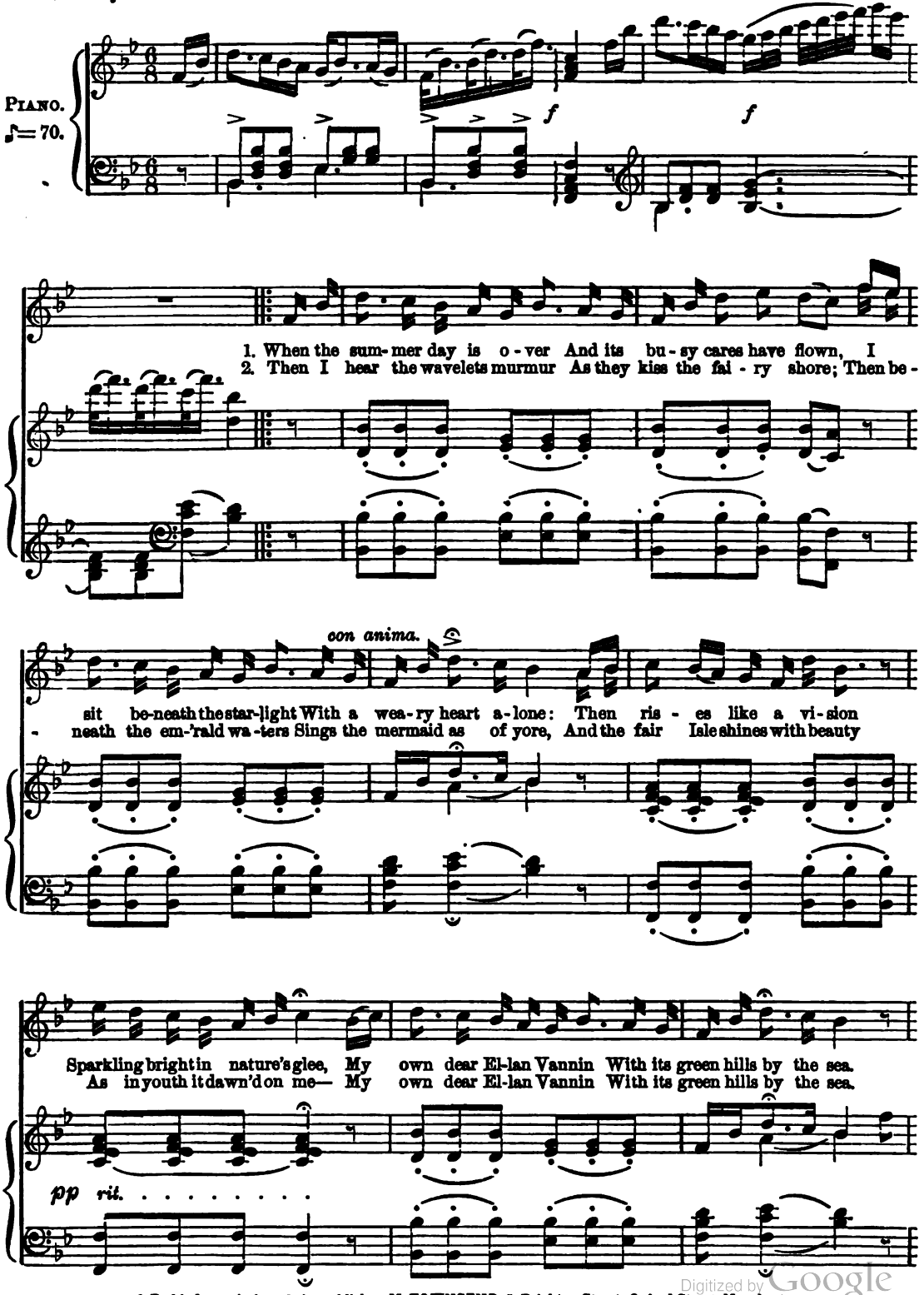
Ellan Vannin *

ISLE OF MANN.

Words by ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

Music by J. TOWNSEND.

PIANO.
♪= 70.
f
f
1. When the sum-mer day is o-ver And its bu-sy cares have flown, I
2. Then I hear the wavelets murmur As they kiss the fai-ry shore; Then be-
con anima.
sit be-neath the star-light With a wea-ry heart a-lone: Then ris-es like a vi-sion
-neath the em-'rald wa-ters Sings the mermaid as of yore, And the fair Isle shines with beauty
Sparkling bright in nature's glee, My own dear El-lan Vannin With its green hills by the sea.
As in youth it dawn'd on me— My own dear El-lan Vannin With its green hills by the sea.
pp rit.

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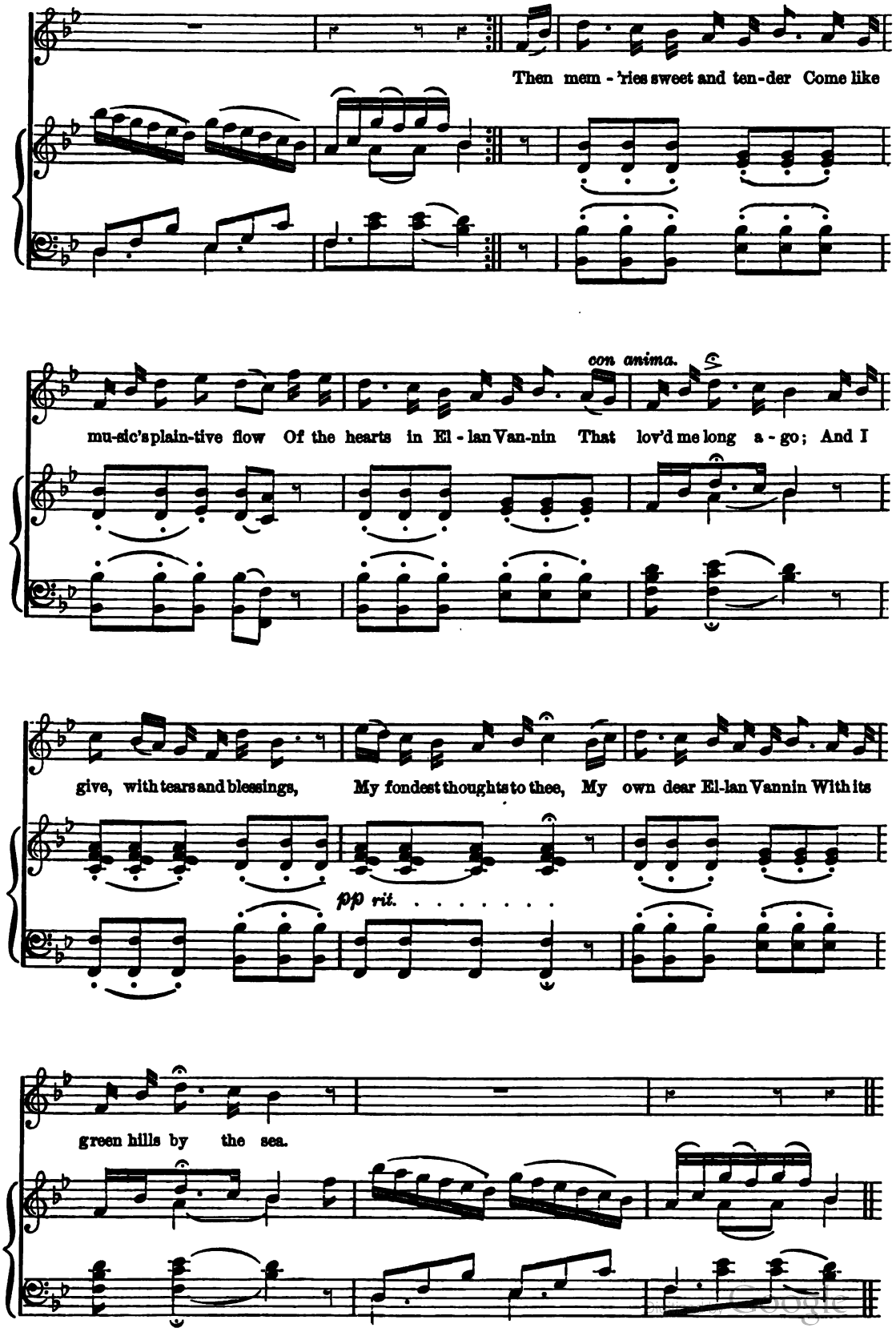
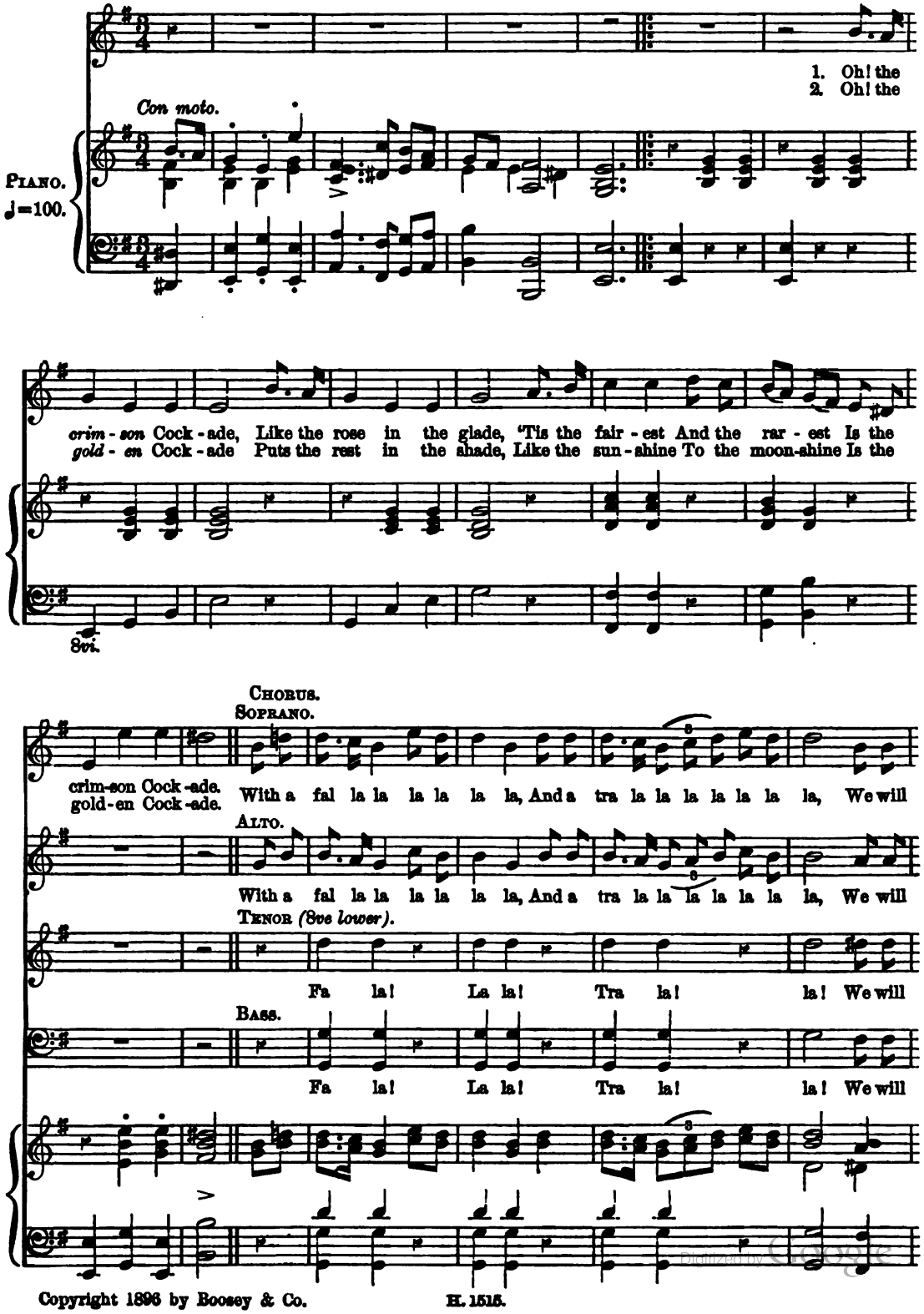

Then mem - 'ries sweet and ten-der Come like
con anima.
mu-sic's plain-tive flow Of the hearts in El - lan Van-nin That lov'd me long a - go; And I
give, with tears and blessings, My fondest thoughts to thee, My own dear El-lan Vannin With its
pp rit.
green hills by the sea.

The Rival Cockades

(Vocal Dance)

Words by W. H. Gill.

Air, "Tappaghyn Jiargey."
(Red Top-knots.)

1. Oh! the
2. Oh! the
Con moto.
Piano.
♩=100.
crim-son Cock-ade, Like the rose in the glade, 'Tis the fair-est And the rar-est Is the
gold-en Cock-ade Puts the rest in the shade, Like the sun-shine To the moon-shine Is the
8vi.
Chorus.
Soprano.
crim-son Cock-ade.
gold-en Cock-ade.
With a fal la la la la la la, And a tra la la la la la la, We will
Alto.
With a fal la la la la la la, And a tra la la la la la la, We will
Tenor (8ve lower).
Fa la! La la! Tra la! la! We will
Bass.
Fa la! La la! Tra la! la! We will

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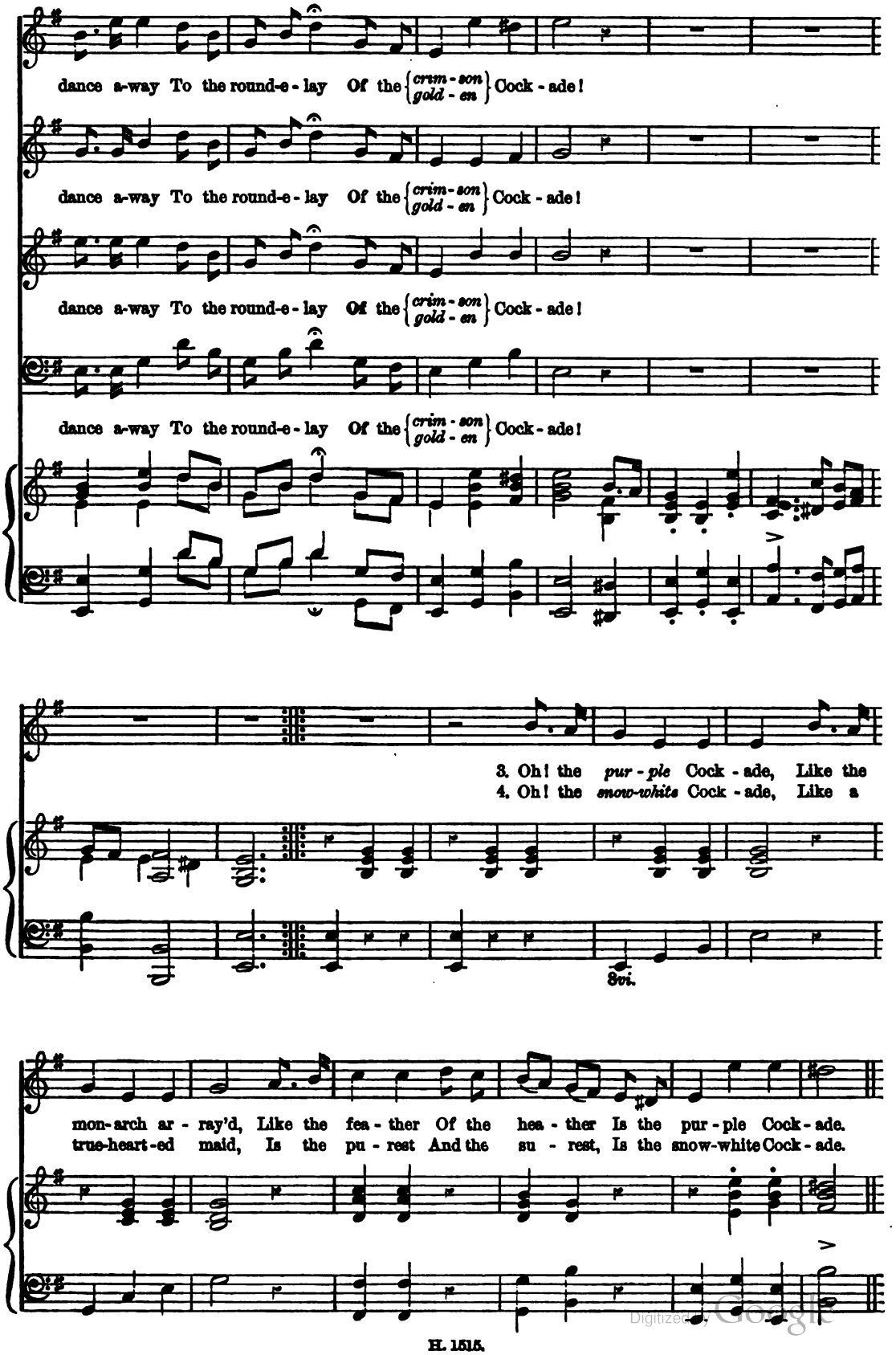
dance a-way To the round-e-lay Of the {crim-son / gold-en} Cock-ade!
dance a-way To the round-e-lay Of the {crim-son / gold-en} Cock-ade!
dance a-way To the round-e-lay Of the {crim-son / gold-en} Cock-ade!
dance a-way To the round-e-lay Of the {crim-son / gold-en} Cock-ade!
3. Oh! the pur-ple Cock-ade, Like the
4. Oh! the snow-white Cock-ade, Like a
8vi.
mon-arch ar-ray'd, Like the fea-ther Of the hea-ther Is the pur-ple Cock-ade.
true-heart-ed maid, Is the pu-rest And the su-rest, Is the snow-white Cock-ade.

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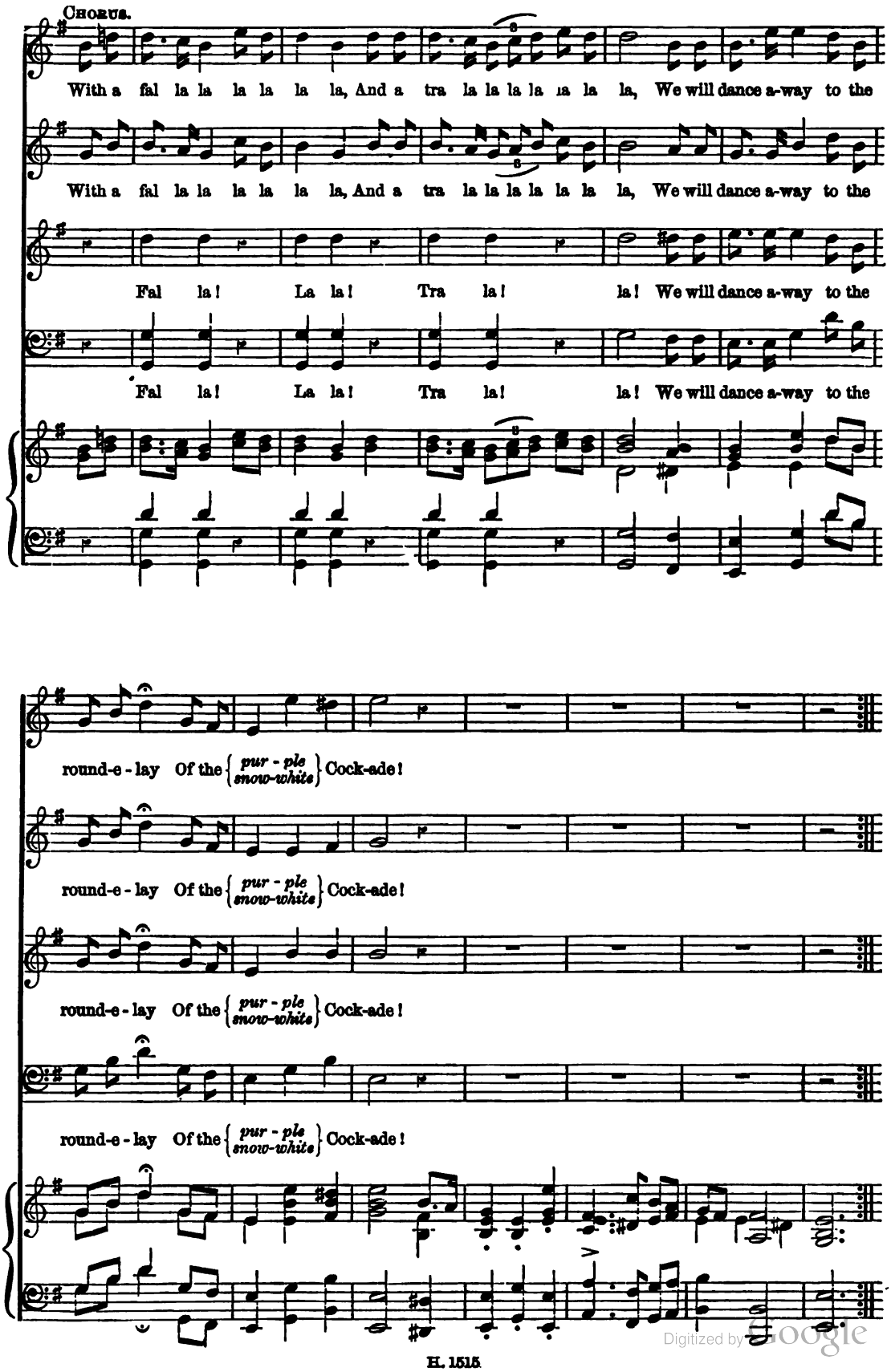
Chorus.
With a fal la la la la la la, And a tra la la la la la la la, We will dance a-way to the
With a fal la la la la la la, And a tra la la la la la la la, We will dance a-way to the
Fal la! La la! Tra la! la! We will dance a-way to the
Fal la! La la! Tra la! la! We will dance a-way to the
round-e-lay Of the {pur-ple / snow-white} Cock-ade!
round-e-lay Of the {pur-ple / snow-white} Cock-ade!
round-e-lay Of the {pur-ple / snow-white} Cock-ade!
round-e-lay Of the {pur-ple / snow-white} Cock-ade!

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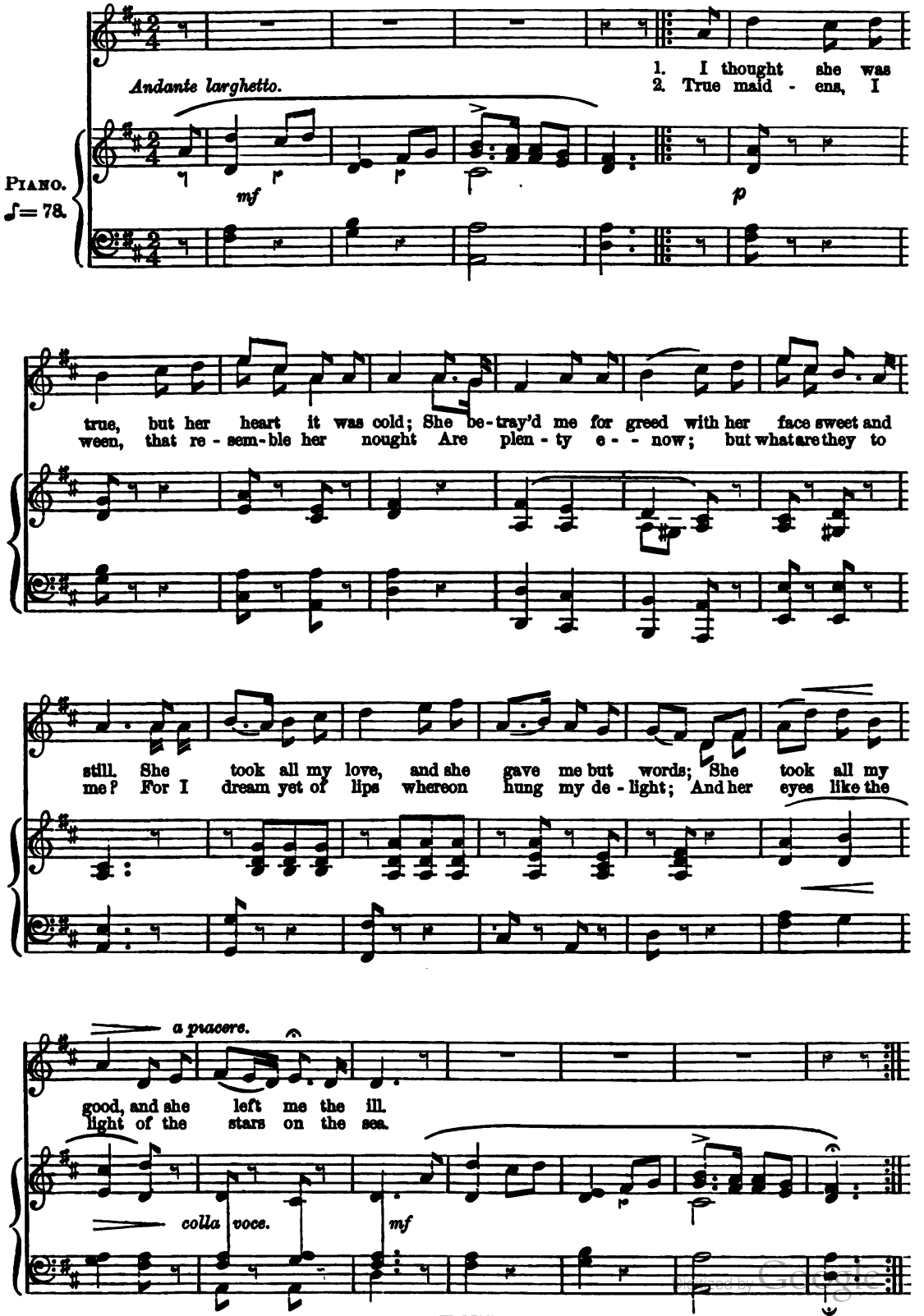
False Isabel.

Words by E. Crabb.

Air, "Isbal Foalsey."

Andante larghetto.
1. I thought she was
2. True maid - ens, I
Piano.
♩= 78.
mf
p
true, but her heart it was cold; She be-tray'd me for greed with her face sweet and
ween, that re - sem-ble her nought Are plen - ty e - - now; but what are they to
still. She took all my love, and she gave me but words; She took all my
me? For I dream yet of lips whereon hung my de - light; And her eyes like the
a piacere.
good, and she left me the ill.
light of the stars on the sea.
colla voce.
mf

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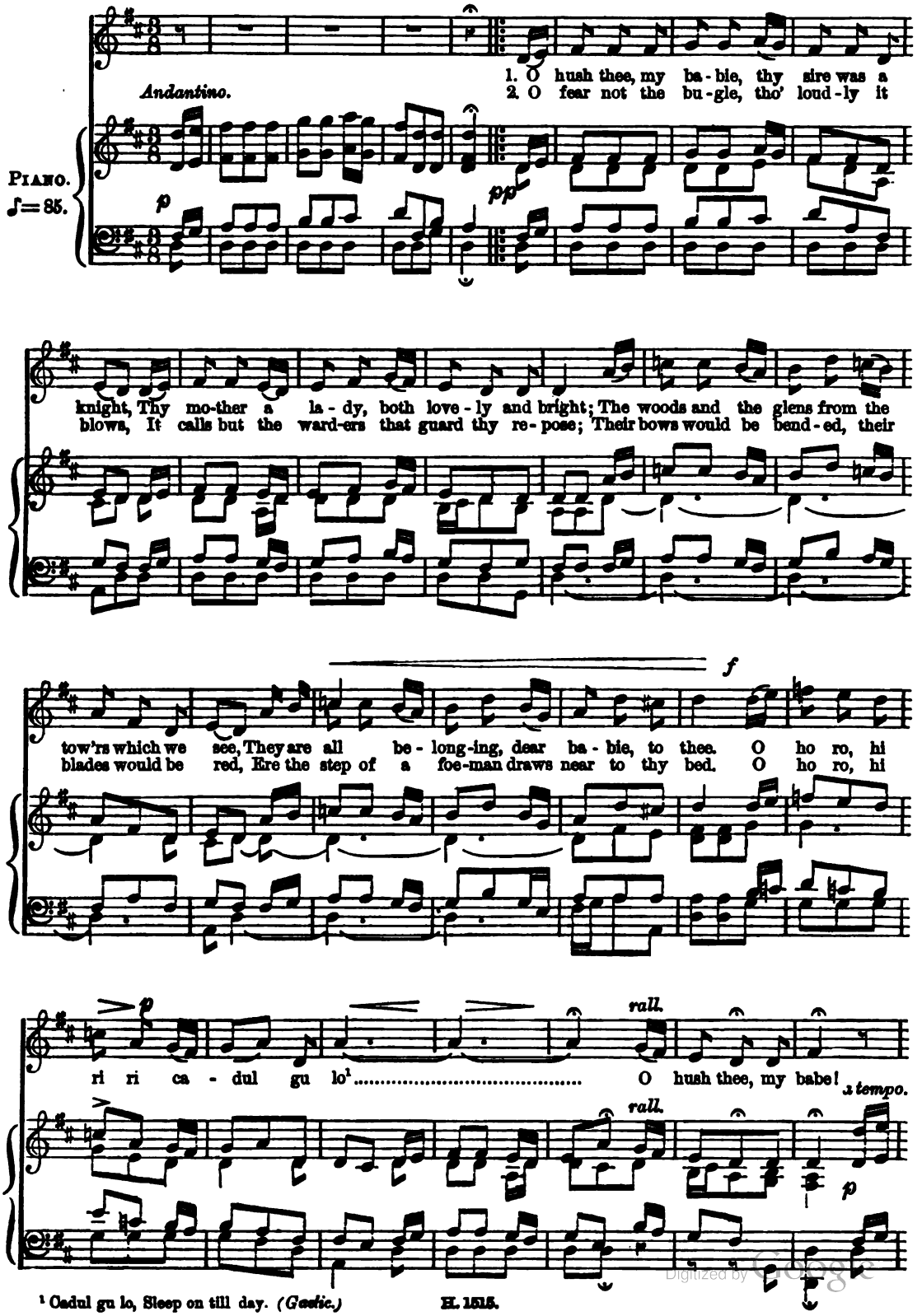
O hush thee, my Babie.

Words by Sir Walter Scott.

Arrane ny Clean.
(Cradle Song.)

Andantino.
1. O hush thee, my ba-bie, thy sire was a
2. O fear not the bu-gle, tho' loud-ly it
Piano.
♩= 85.
p
pp
knight, Thy mo-ther a la-dy, both love-ly and bright; The woods and the glens from the
blows, It calls but the ward-ers that guard thy re-pose; Their bows would be bend-ed, their
f
tow'rs which we see, They are all be-long-ing, dear ba-bie, to thee. O ho ro, hi
blades would be red, Ere the step of a foe-man draws near to thy bed. O ho ro, hi
p
rall.
ri ri ca-dul gu lo[1] ..... O hush thee, my babe!
a tempo.
rall.
p

[1] Cadul gu lo, Sleep on till day. *(Gaelic.)*

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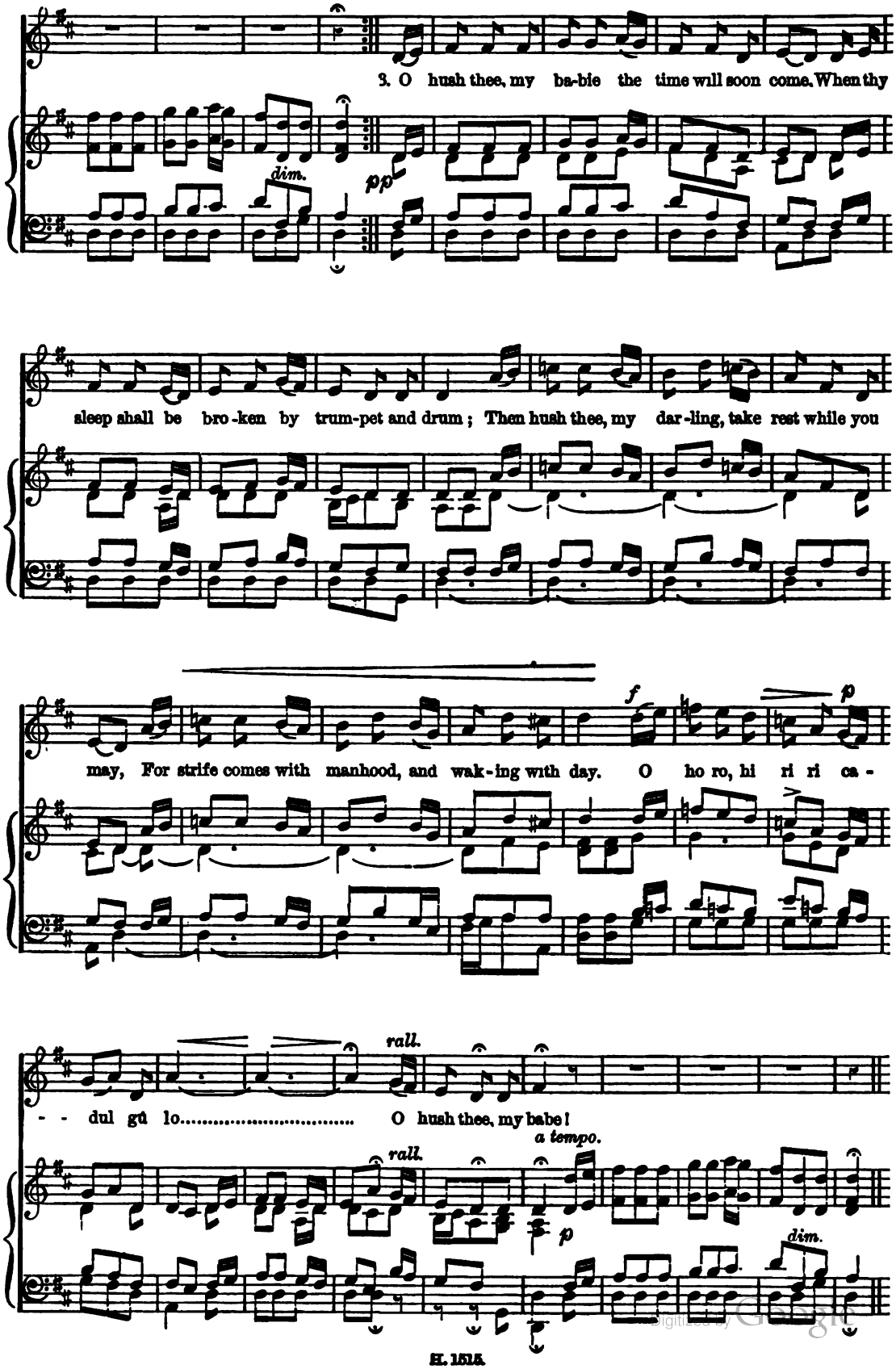
3. O hush thee, my ba-bie the time will soon come. When thy
dim.
pp
sleep shall be bro-ken by trum-pet and drum; Then hush thee, my dar-ling, take rest while you
f
p
may, For strife comes with manhood, and wak-ing with day. O ho ro, hi ri ri ca -
rall.
- - dul gú lo..... O hush thee, my babe!
rall.
a tempo.
p
dim.

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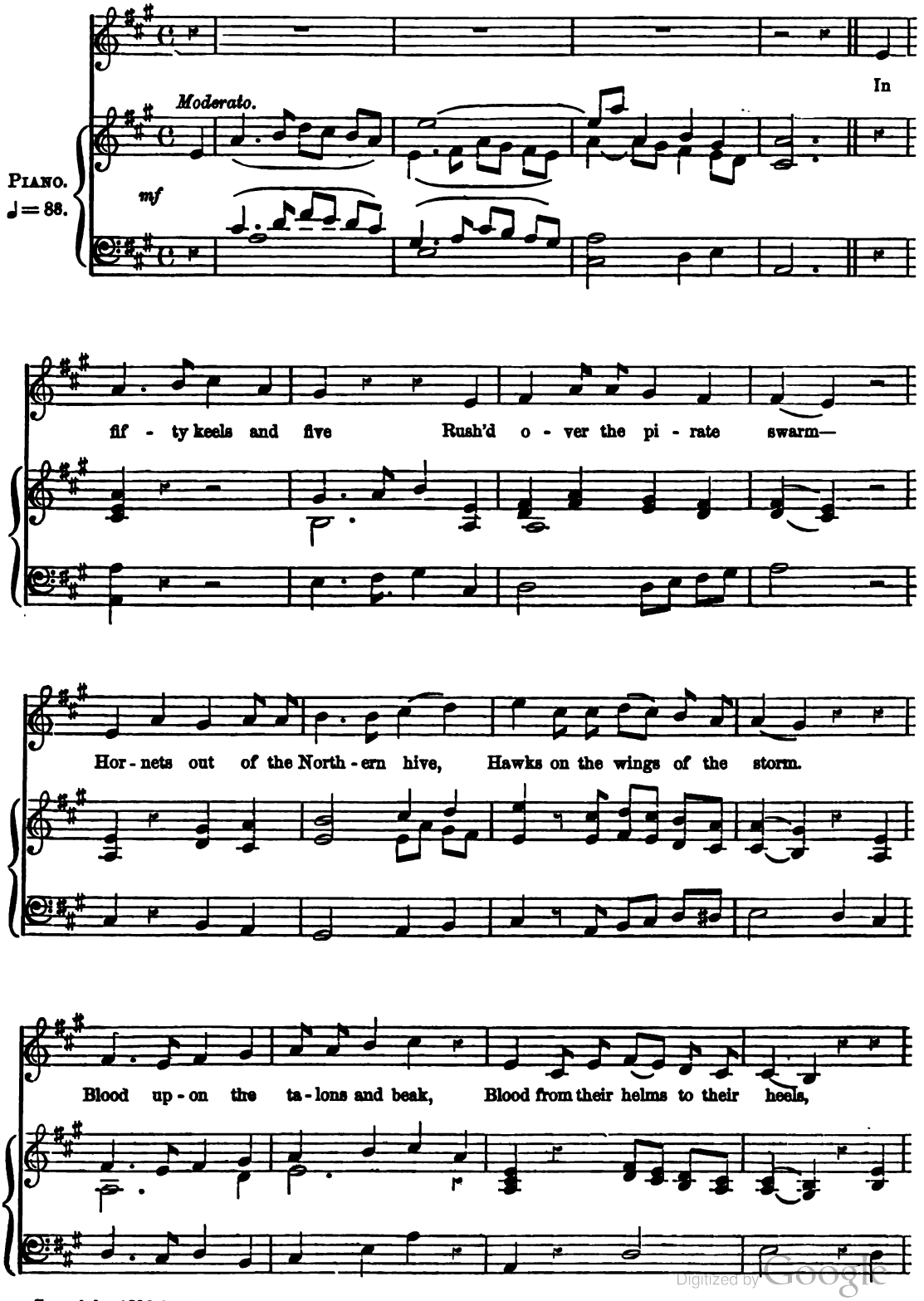
Orry the Dane.

Words by MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Air, "O Sheign Dooin."
(Oh! we must.)

In
Moderato.
PIANO.
♩= 88.
mf
fif - ty keels and five Rush'd o - ver the pi - rate swarm—
Hor - nets out of the North - ern hive, Hawks on the wings of the storm.
Blood up - on the ta - lons and beak, Blood from their helms to their heels,

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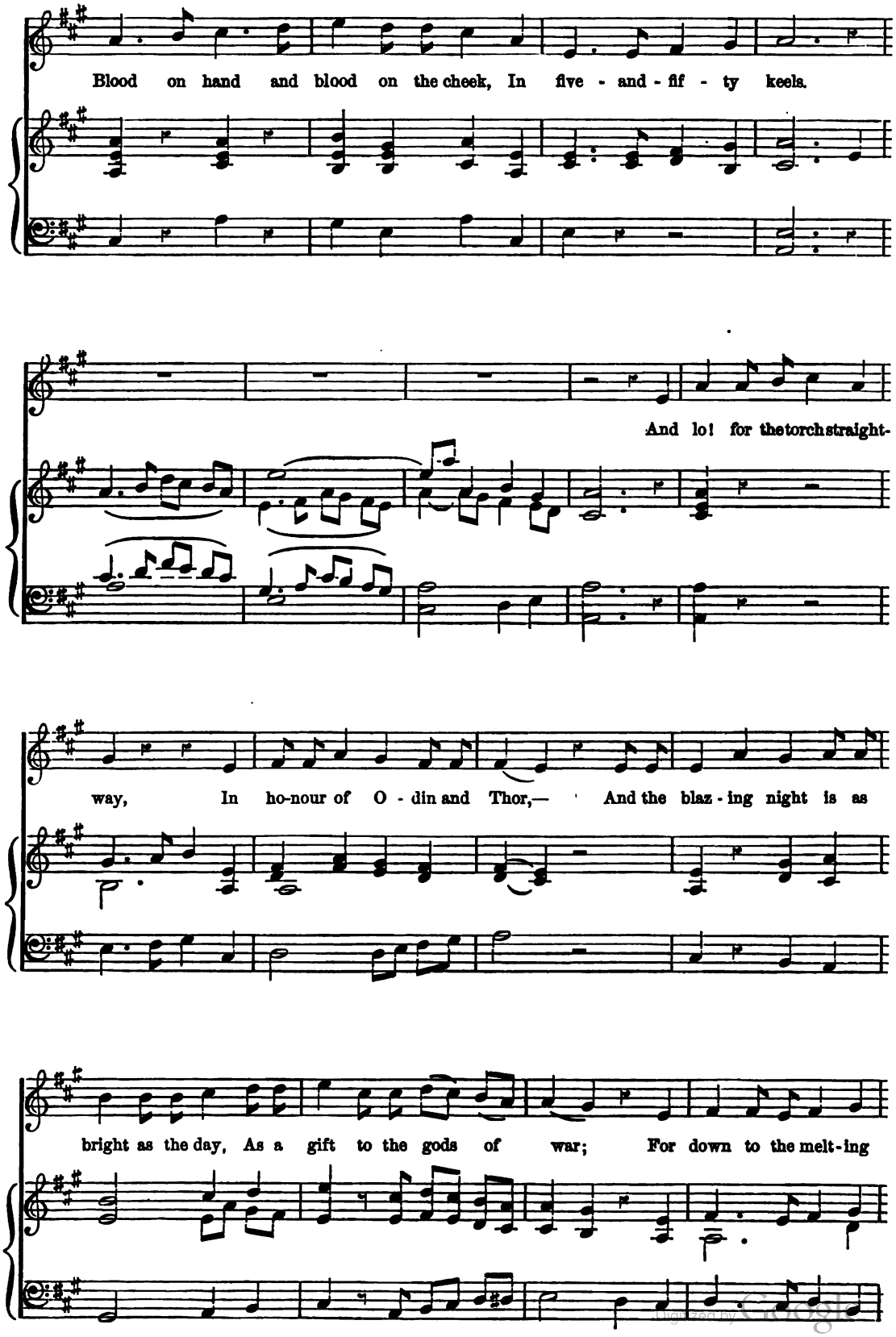
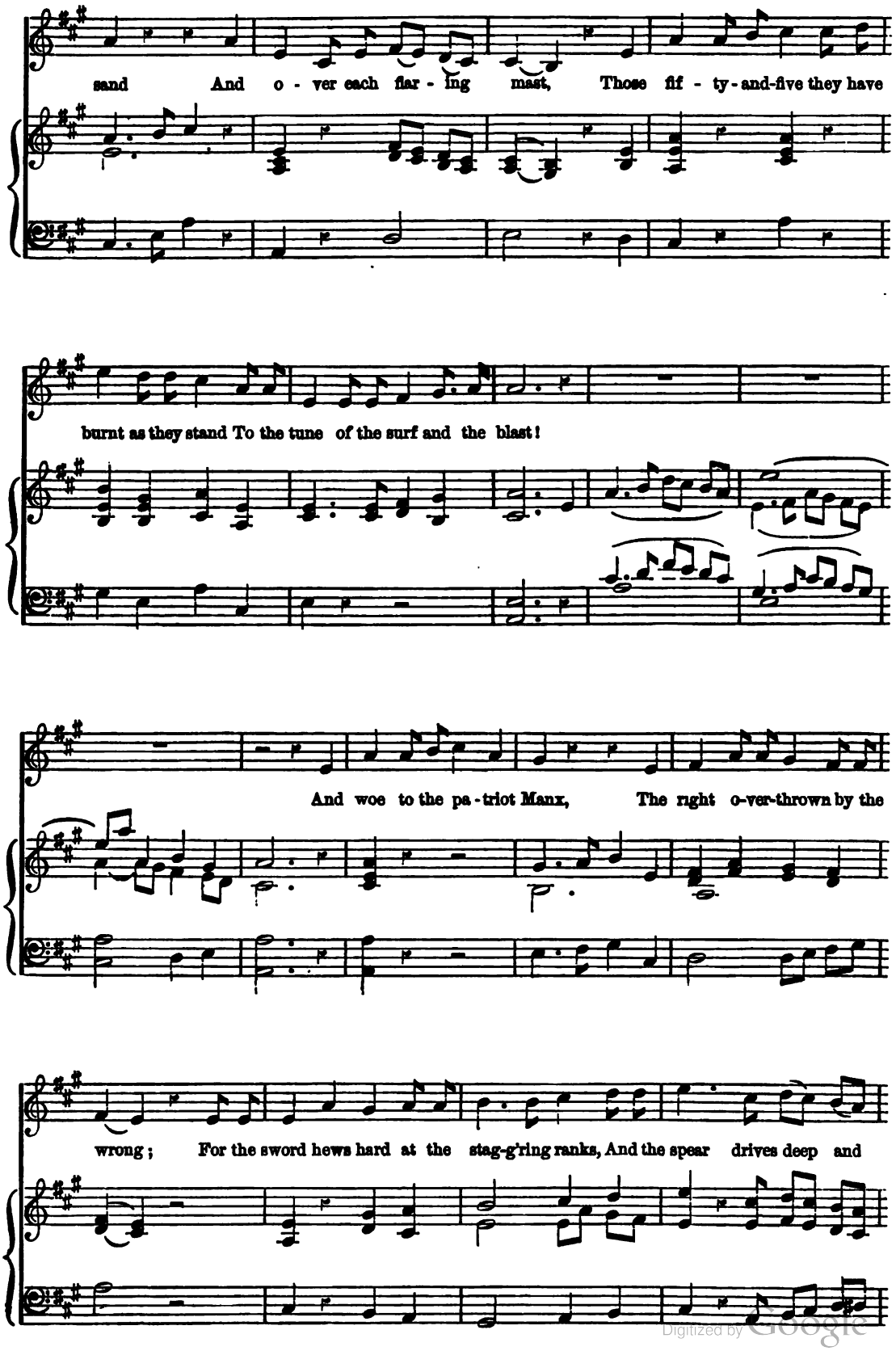

Blood on hand and blood on the cheek, In five - and - fif - ty keels.
And lo! for the torch straight-
way, In ho-nour of O - din and Thor,— And the blaz - ing night is as
bright as the day, As a gift to the gods of war; For down to the melt-ing

sand And o - ver each flar - ing mast, Those fif - ty-and-five they have
burnt as they stand To the tune of the surf and the blast!
And woe to the pa-triot Manx, The right o-ver-thrown by the
wrong; For the sword hews hard at the stag-g'ring ranks, And the spear drives deep and

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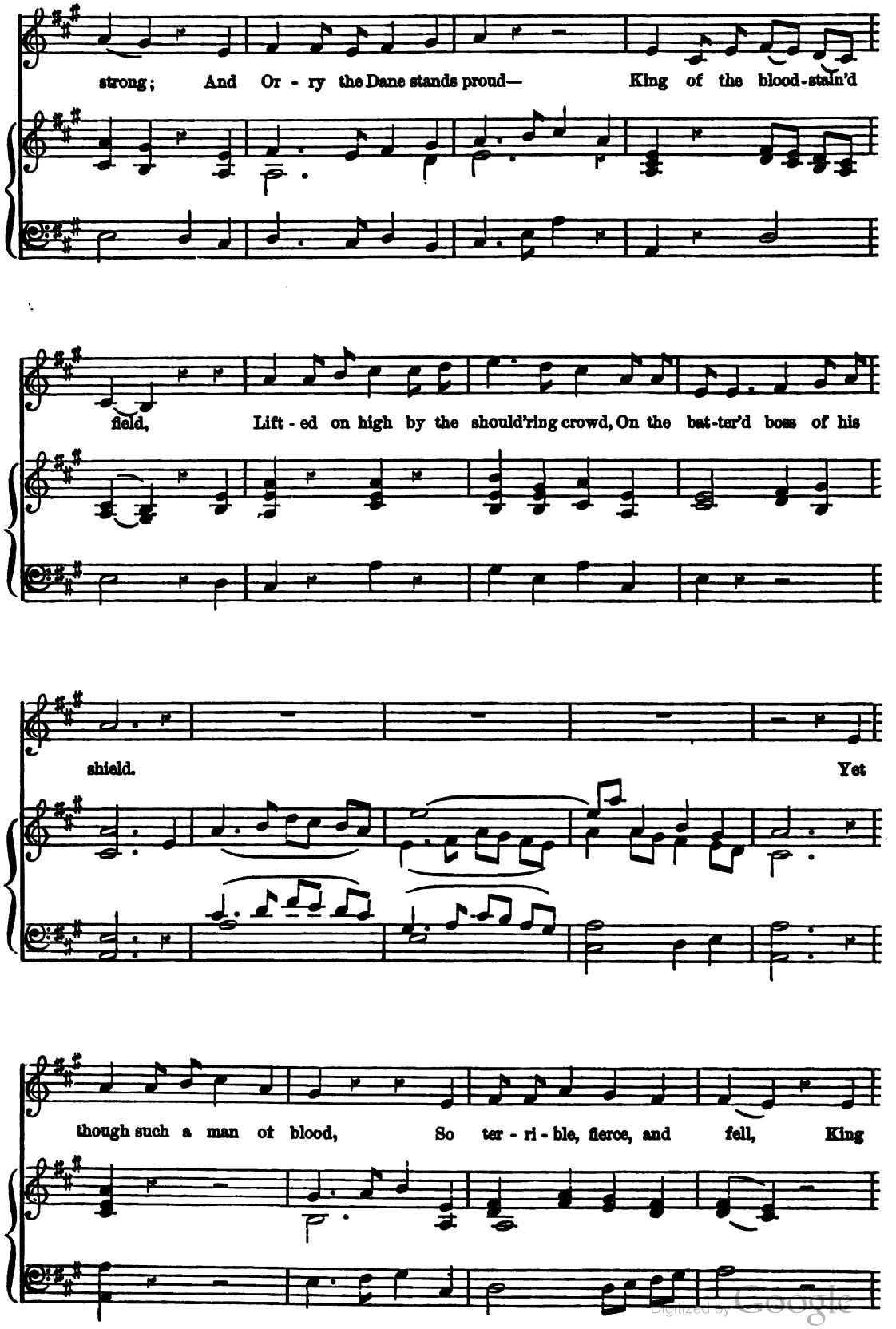
strong; And Or - ry the Dane stands proud— King of the blood-stain'd
field, Lift - ed on high by the should'ring crowd, On the bat-ter'd boss of his
shield. Yet
though such a man of blood, So ter - ri - ble, fierce, and fell, King

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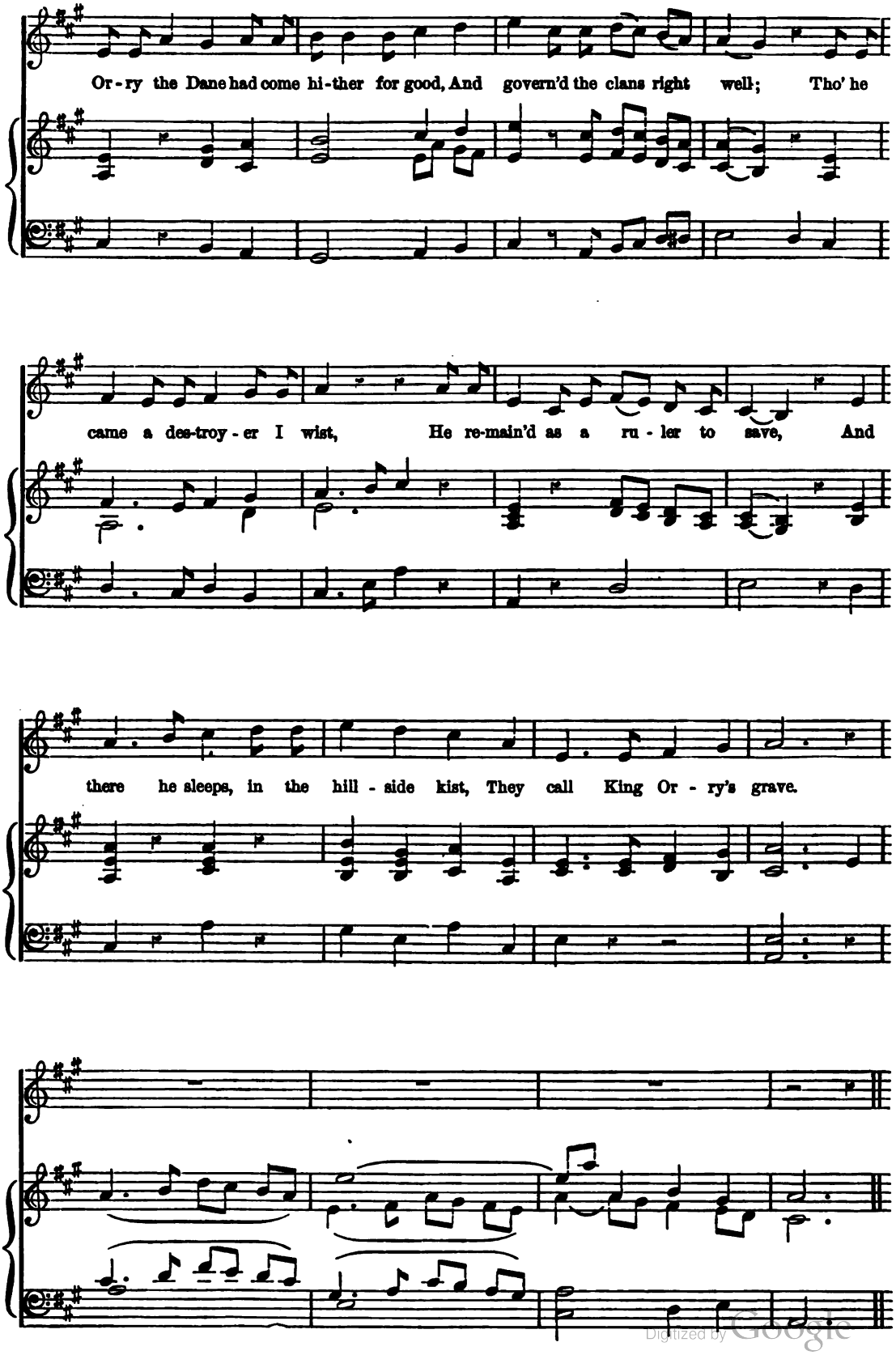
Or-ry the Dane had come hi-ther for good, And govern'd the clans right well; Tho' he
came a des-troy-er I wist, He re-main'd as a ru-ler to save, And
there he sleeps, in the hill-side kist, They call King Or-ry's grave.

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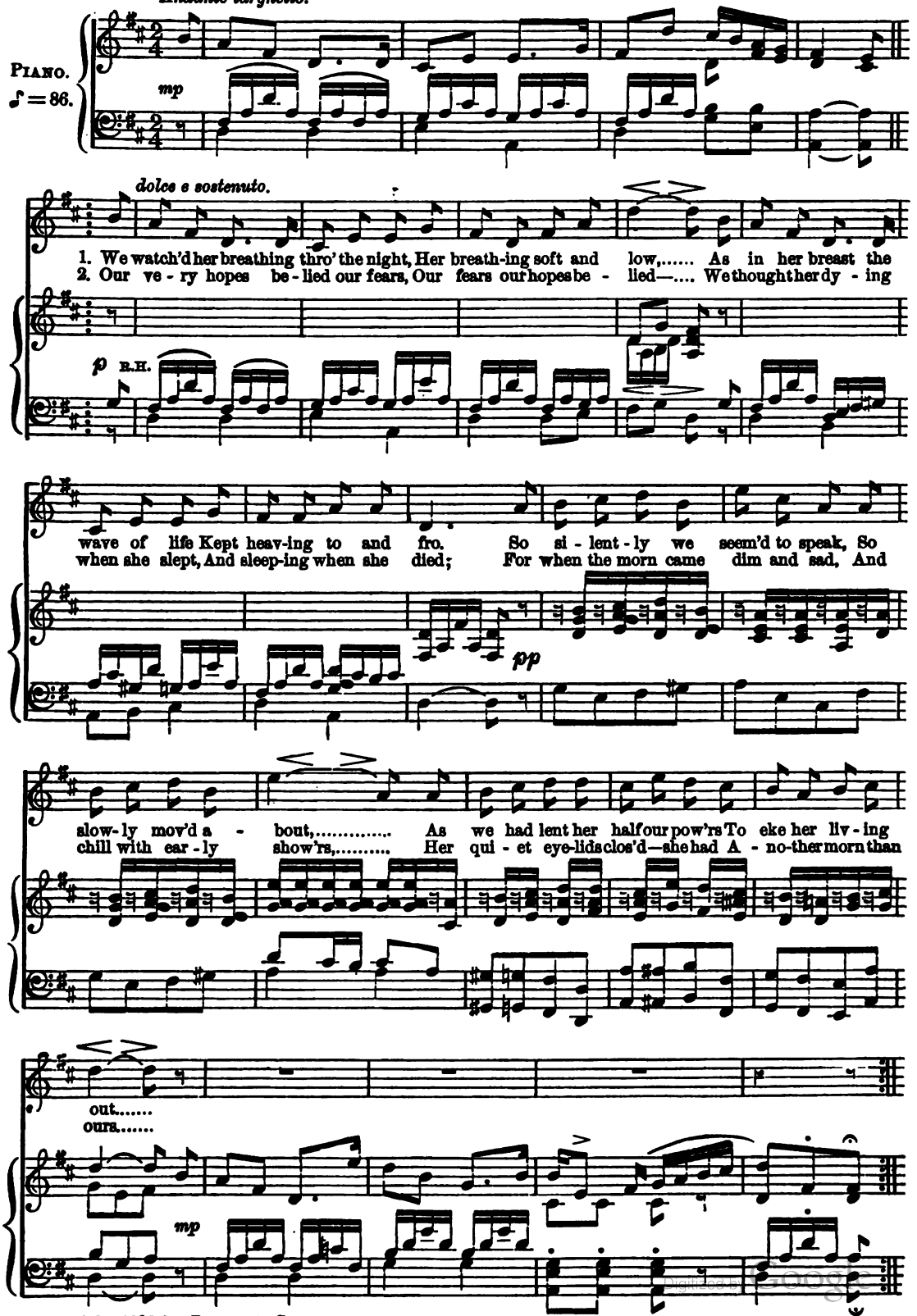
We watched her breathing through the night.

Words by Hood.

Andante larghetto.

Piano.
♪ = 86.
mp
dolce e sostenuto.
1. We watch'd her breathing thro' the night, Her breath-ing soft and low,..... As in her breast the
2. Our ve - ry hopes be - lied our fears, Our fears our hopes be - lied—.... We thought her dy - ing
p R.H.
wave of life Kept heav-ing to and fro. So si - lent - ly we seem'd to speak, So
when she slept, And sleep-ing when she died; For when the morn came dim and sad, And
pp
slow- ly mov'd a - bout,..... As we had lent her half our pow'rs To eke her liv - ing
chill with ear - ly show'rs,..... Her qui - et eye-lids clos'd—she had A - no-ther morn than
out.....
ours.....
mp

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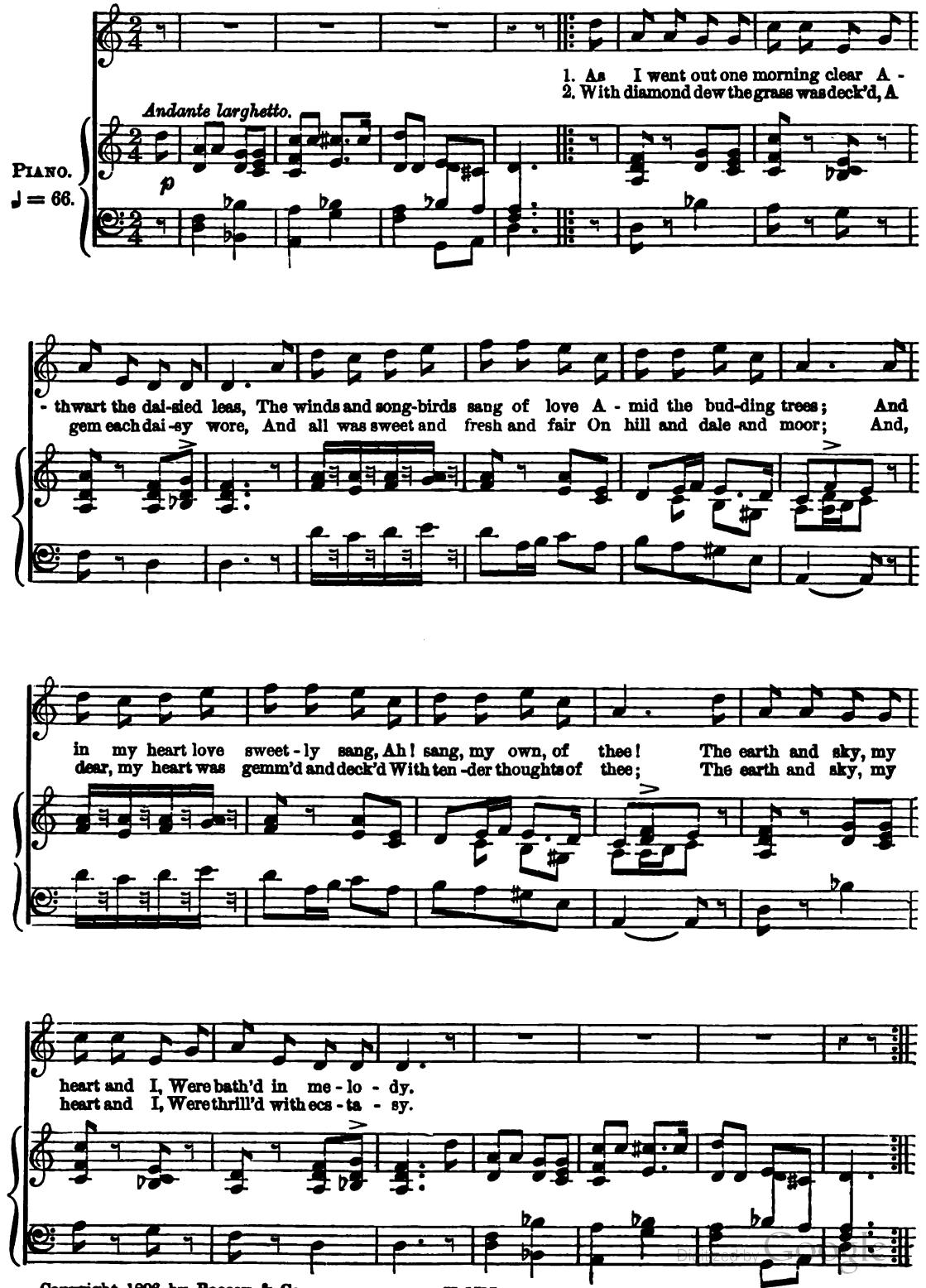
As I went out one morning clear.

Words by EMIL INGRAM. Air in the Dorian mode

1. As I went out one morning clear A -
2. With diamond dew the grass was deck'd, A
Andante larghetto.
PIANO.
♩ = 66.
p
- thwart the dai-sied leas, The winds and song-birds sang of love A - mid the bud-ding trees; And
gem each dai-sy wore, And all was sweet and fresh and fair On hill and dale and moor; And,
in my heart love sweet-ly sang, Ah! sang, my own, of thee! The earth and sky, my
dear, my heart was gemm'd and deck'd With ten-der thoughts of thee; The earth and sky, my
heart and I, Were bath'd in me-lo-dy.
heart and I, Were thrill'd with ecs-ta-sy.

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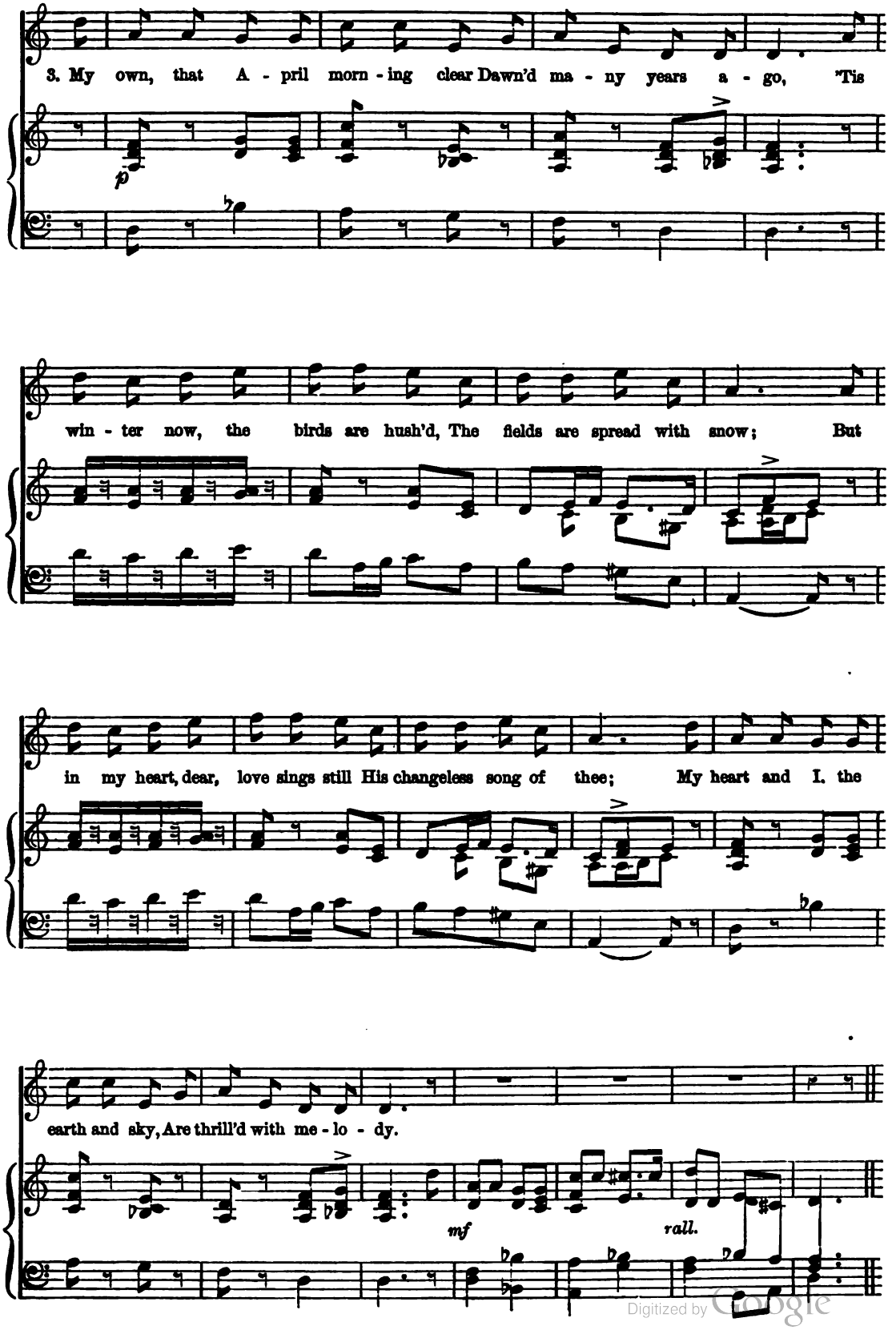
3. My own, that A - pril morn - ing clear Dawn'd ma - ny years a - go, 'Tis
p
win - ter now, the birds are hush'd, The fields are spread with snow; But
in my heart, dear, love sings still His changeless song of thee; My heart and I, the
earth and sky, Are thrill'd with me - lo - dy.
mf
rall.

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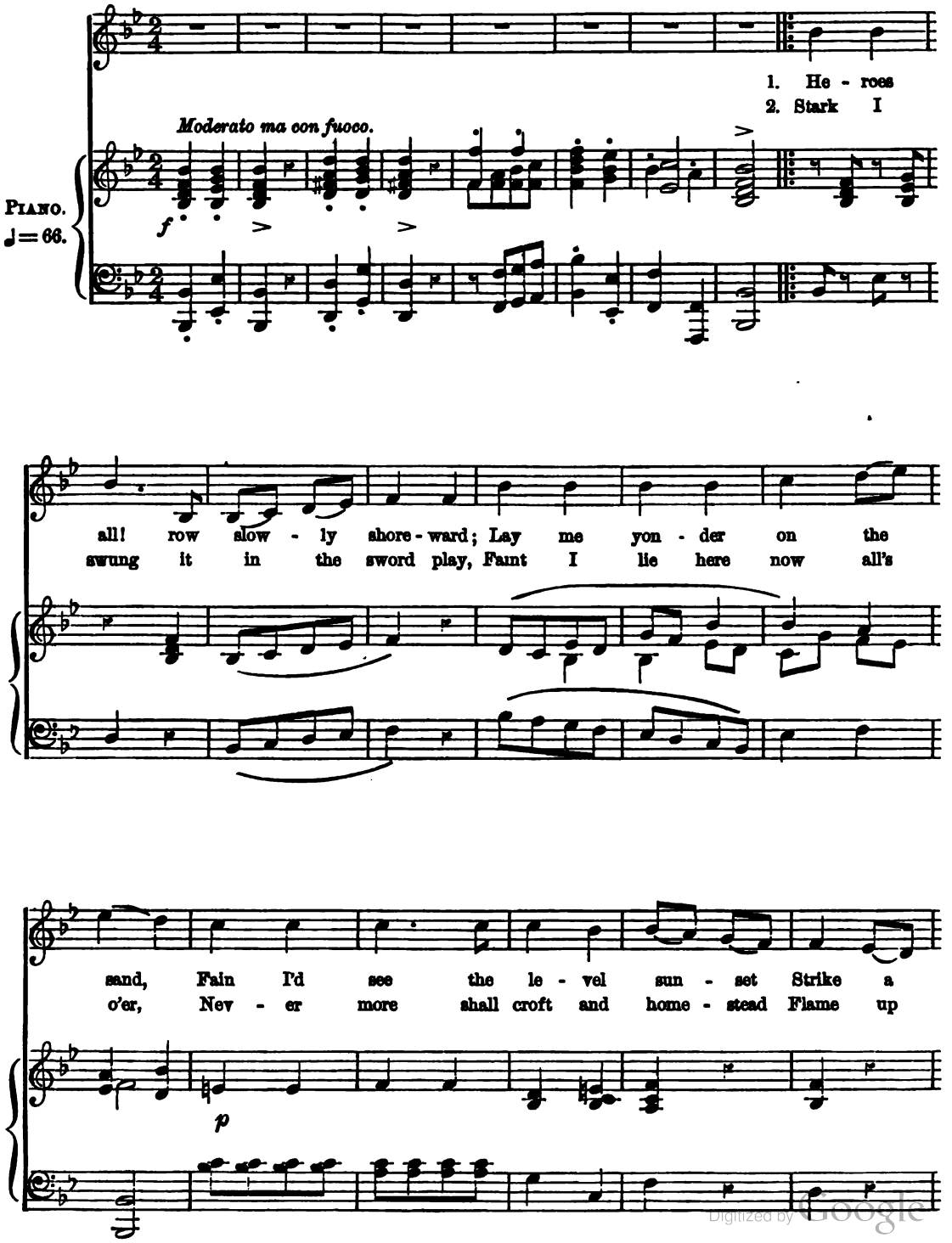
Heroes all! Row slowly shoreward.

Air, "My hene wooinney veen."
(My own dear man.)

Words by E. Crabb.

1. He - roes
2. Stark I
Moderato ma con fuoco.
Piano.
♩= 66.
f
all! row slow - ly shore - ward; Lay me yon - der on the
swung it in the sword play, Faint I lie here now all's
sand, Fain I'd see the le - vel sun - set Strike a
o'er, Nev - er more shall croft and home - stead Flame up
p

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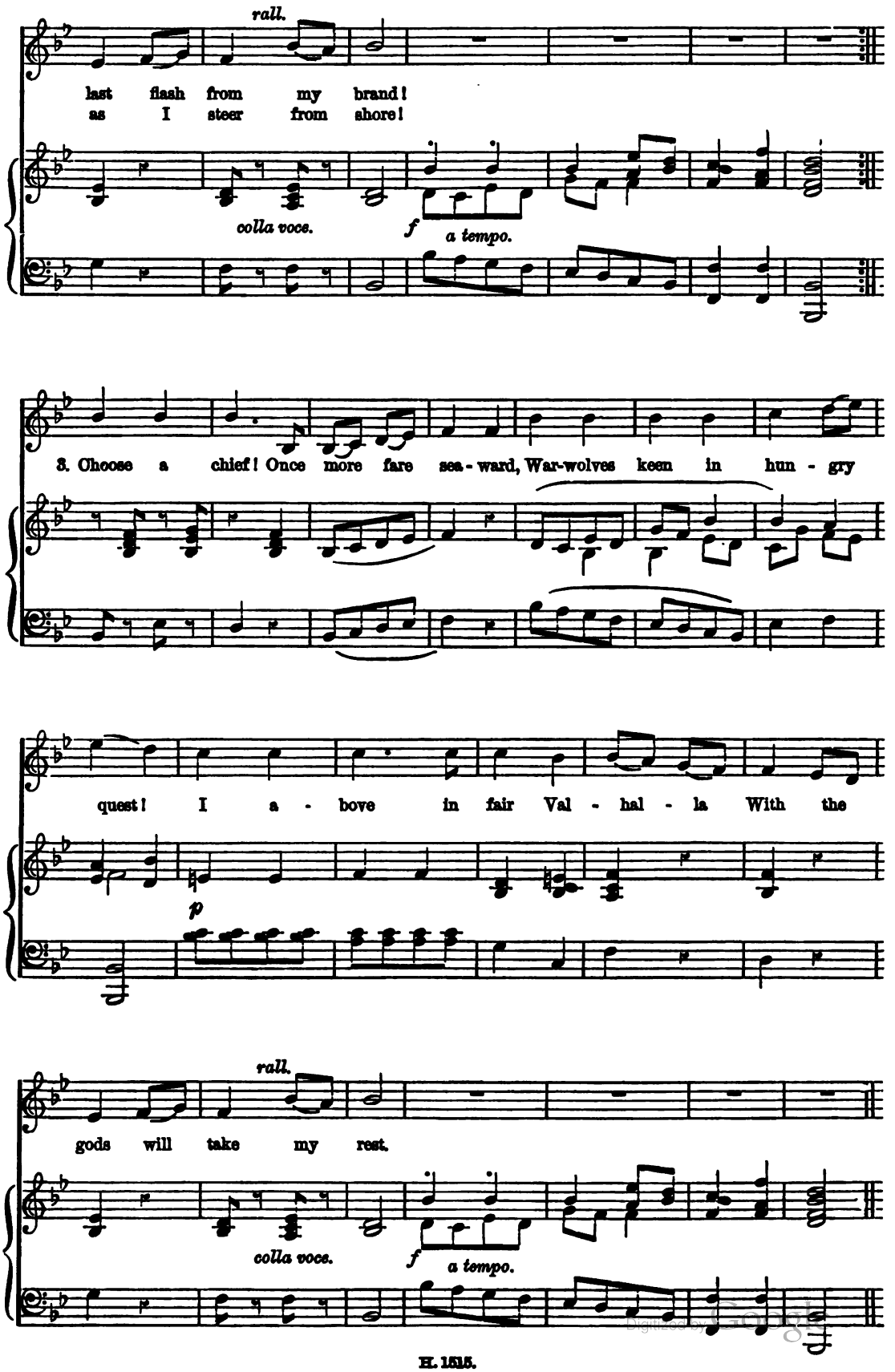
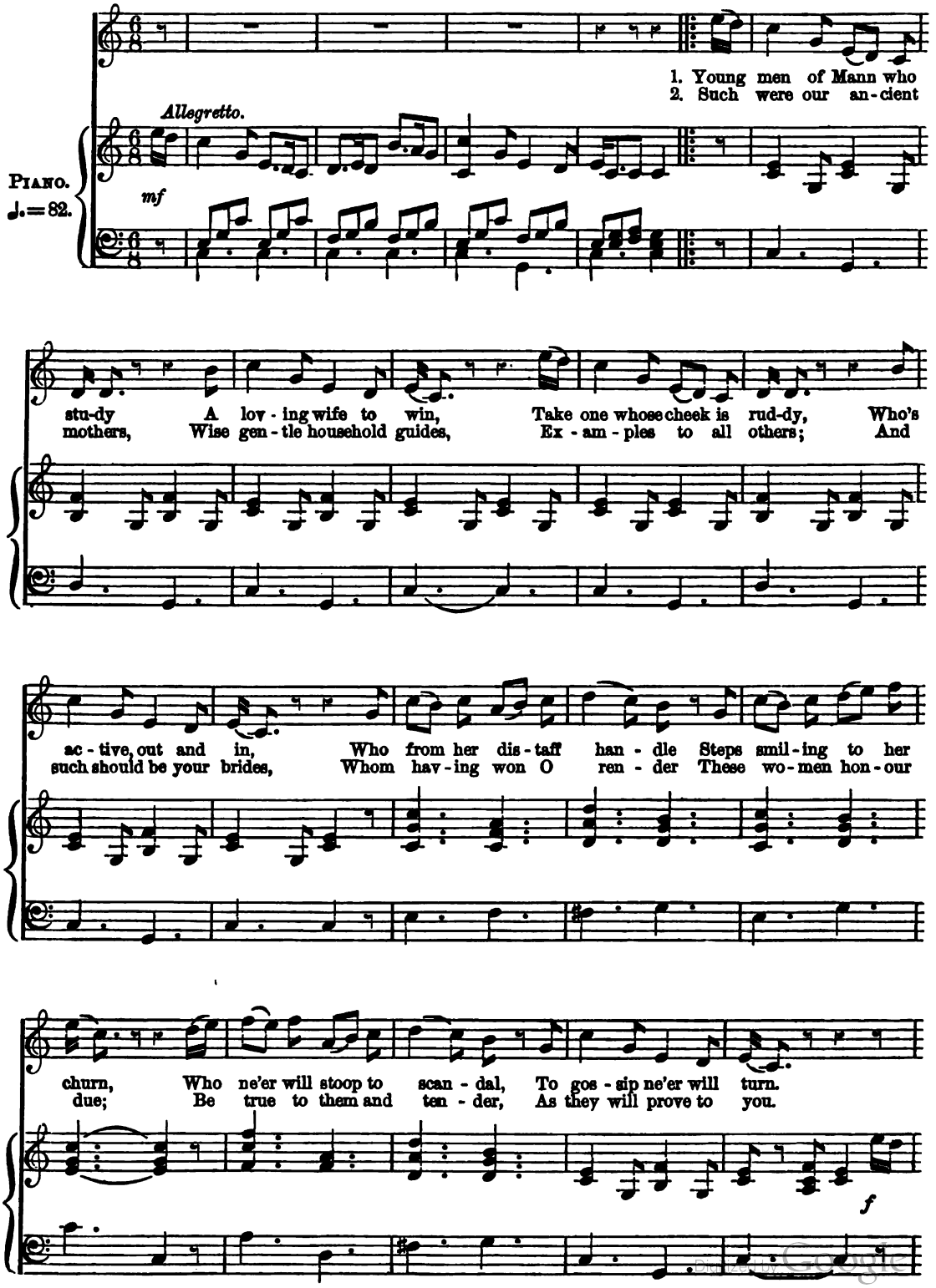

rall.
last flash from my brand!
as I steer from shore!
colla voce.
f
a tempo.
3. Choose a chief! Once more fare sea - ward, War-wolves keen in hun - gry
quest! I a - bove in fair Val - hal - la With the
p
rall.
gods will take my rest.
colla voce.
f
a tempo.

A Song on Farmers' Daughters.—No. 2.

Words translated from the Manx by J. Quirk
and adapted by A. P. Graves.
(Manx Society's Publications, Vol. XXI.)

Air, "Kiark Catriney marroo."
(Catherine's hen is dead.)

1. Young men of Mann who
2. Such were our an-cient
Allegretto.
Piano.
mf
♩.=82.
stu-dy A lov-ing wife to win, Take one whose cheek is rud-dy, Who's
mothers, Wise gen-tle household guides, Ex-am-ples to all others; And
ac-tive, out and in, Who from her dis-taff han-dle Steps smil-ing to her
such should be your brides, Whom hav-ing won O ren-der These wo-men hon-our
churn, Who ne'er will stoop to scan-dal, To gos-sip ne'er will turn.
due; Be true to them and ten-der, As they will prove to you.
f

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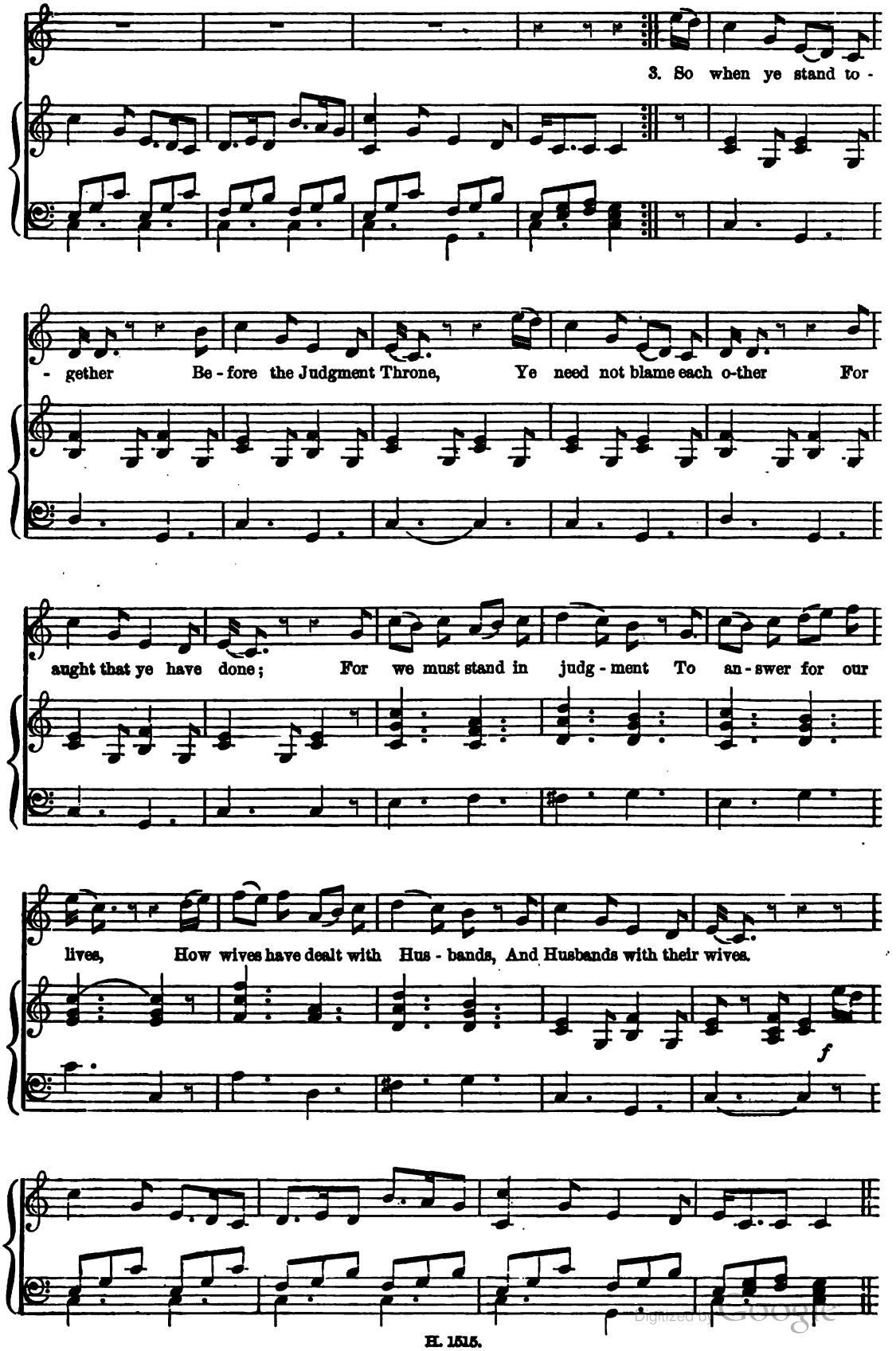
3. So when ye stand to -
- gether Be - fore the Judgment Throne, Ye need not blame each o-ther For
aught that ye have done; For we must stand in judg - ment To an - swer for our
lives, How wives have dealt with Hus - bands, And Husbands with their wives.
f

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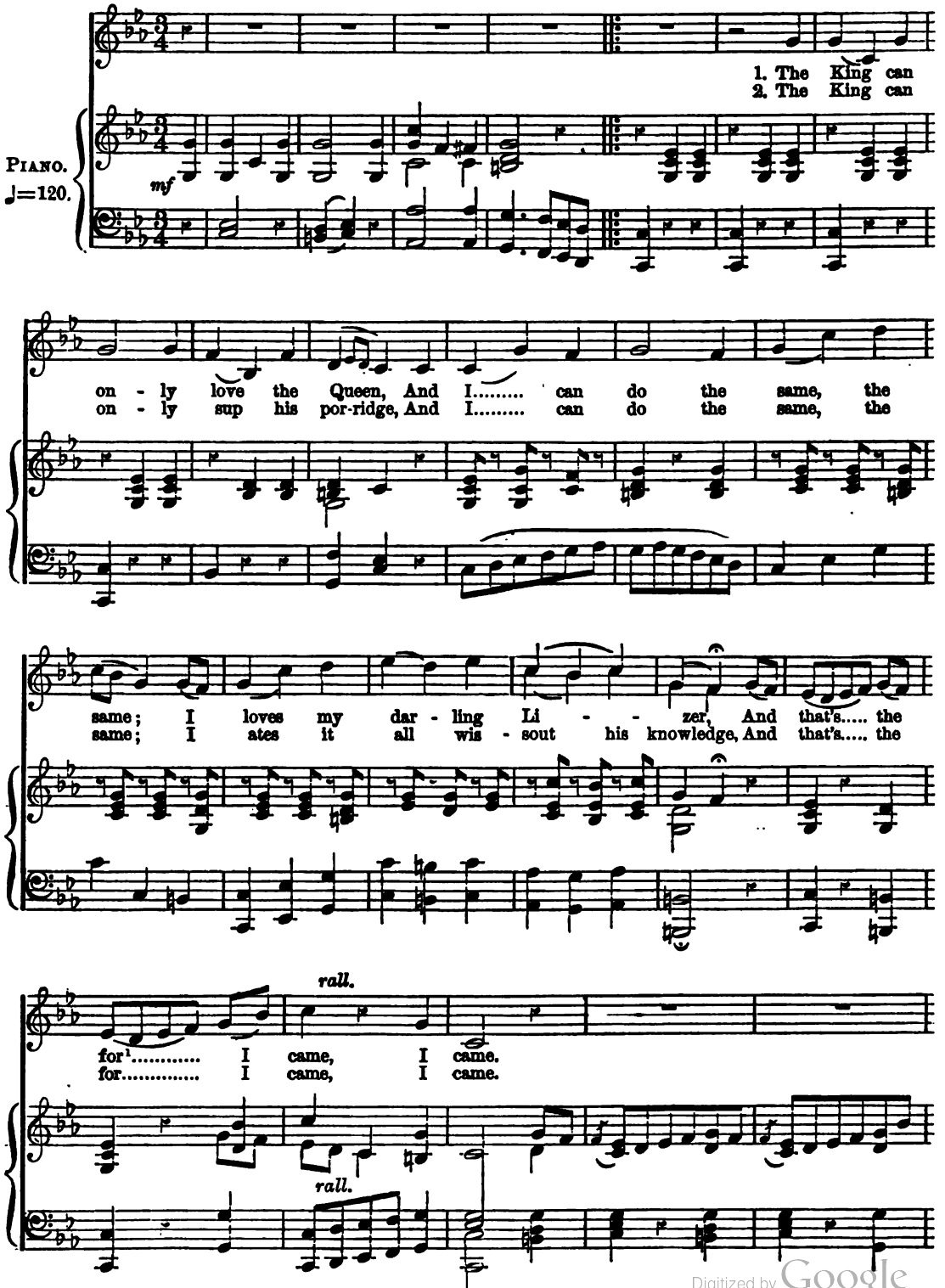
The Manxman and the King.

Ego et Rex.

Words by T. E. Brown

1. The King can
2. The King can
Piano.
♩=120.
mf
on - ly love the Queen, And I..... can do the same, the
on - ly sup his por-ridge, And I..... can do the same, the
same; I loves my dar - ling Li - - zer, And that's..... the
same; I ates it all wis - sout his knowledge, And that's..... the
rall.
for[1]..... I came, I came.
for..... I came, I came.
rall.

[1] The for, the reason why

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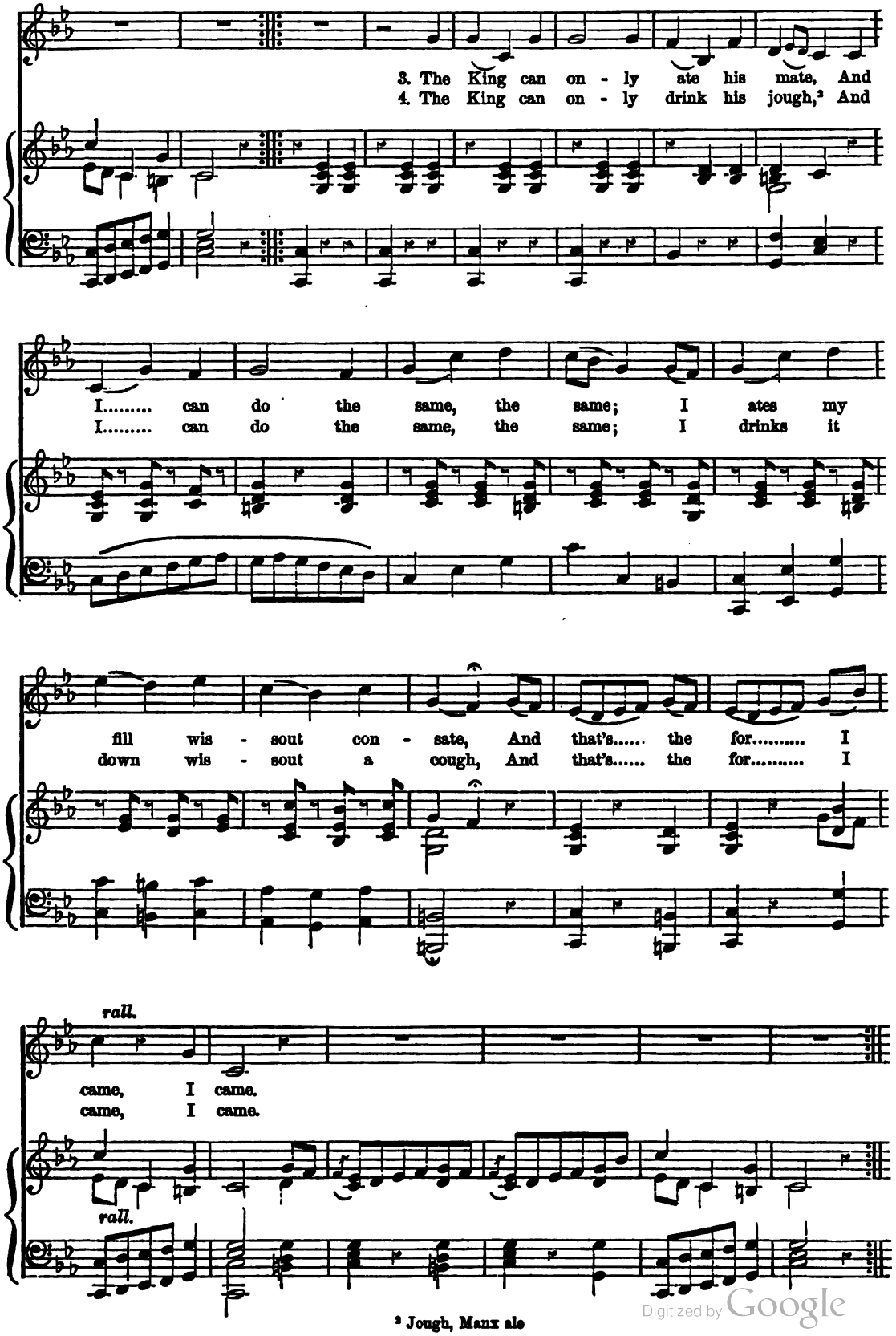
3. The King can on - ly ate his mate, And
4. The King can on - ly drink his jough,[2] And
I..... can do the same, the same; I ates my
I..... can do the same, the same; I drinks it
fill wis - sout con - sate, And that's..... the for..... I
down wis - sout a cough, And that's..... the for..... I
rall.
came, I came.
came, I came.
rall.

[2] Jough, Manx ale

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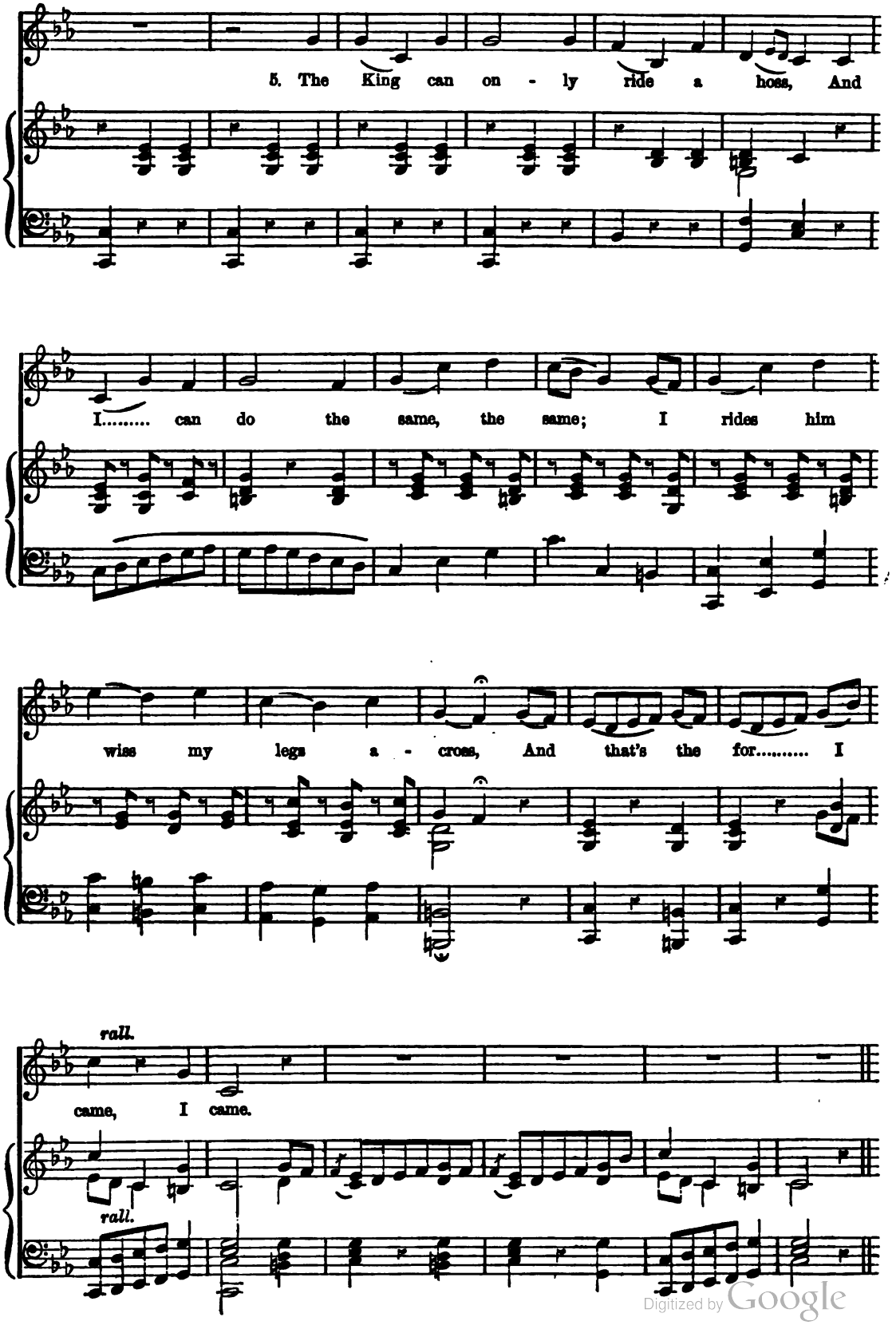
5. The King can on - ly ride a hoss, And
I..... can do the same, the same; I rides him
wiss my legs a - cross, And that's the for..... I
rall.
came, I came.
rall.

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Ramsey Town.

Words by E. Crabb. Arranged by W. H. Gill.

Allegro Moderato. (Baritone.)

1. 'Twas once I loved a lass,..... I
2. Her hair was like the gold,..... Her

Piano. ♩=120.

f *mf*

swore I loved her true,..... And that did I so long as we Held Ram-sey still in
eyes, like cloud, were gray;..... We sailed a-way for the blaz-ing South All on a sum-mer

view, And that did I so long as we Held Ram-sey still in view.
day, We sail'd a-way for the blaz-ing South All on a sum-mer's day.

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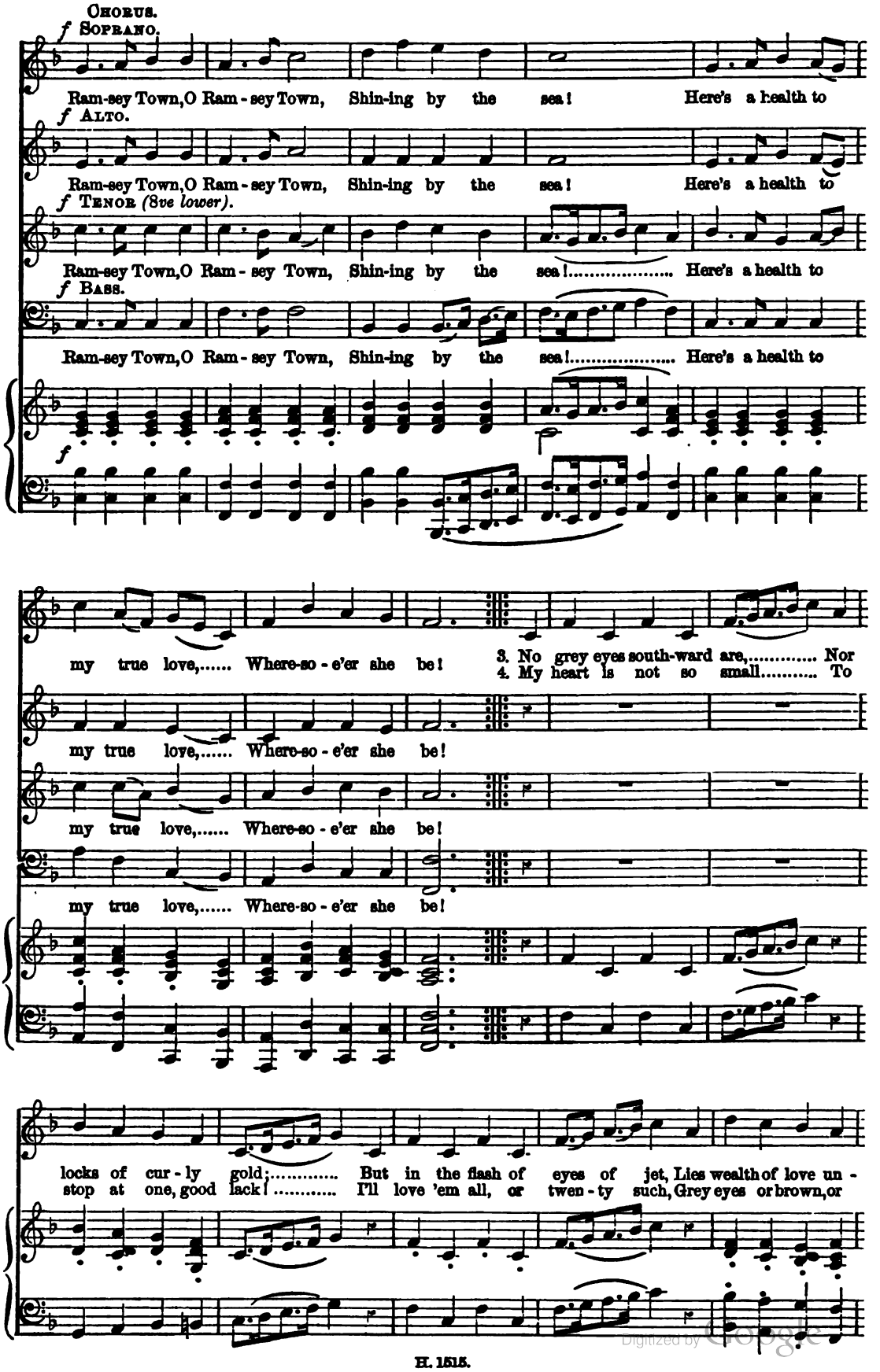
Chorus.
f Soprano.
Ram-sey Town, O Ram-sey Town, Shin-ing by the sea! Here's a health to
f Alto.
Ram-sey Town, O Ram-sey Town, Shin-ing by the sea! Here's a health to
f Tenor (8ve lower).
Ram-sey Town, O Ram-sey Town, Shin-ing by the sea!..... Here's a health to
f Bass.
Ram-sey Town, O Ram-sey Town, Shin-ing by the sea!..... Here's a health to
f
my true love,..... Where-so-e'er she be!
3. No grey eyes south-ward are,..... Nor
4. My heart is not so small..... To
my true love,..... Where-so-e'er she be!
my true love,..... Where-so-e'er she be!
my true love,..... Where-so-e'er she be!
locks of cur-ly gold;..... But in the flash of eyes of jet, Lies wealth of love un-
stop at one, good lack!..... I'll love 'em all, or twen-ty such, Grey eyes or brown, or

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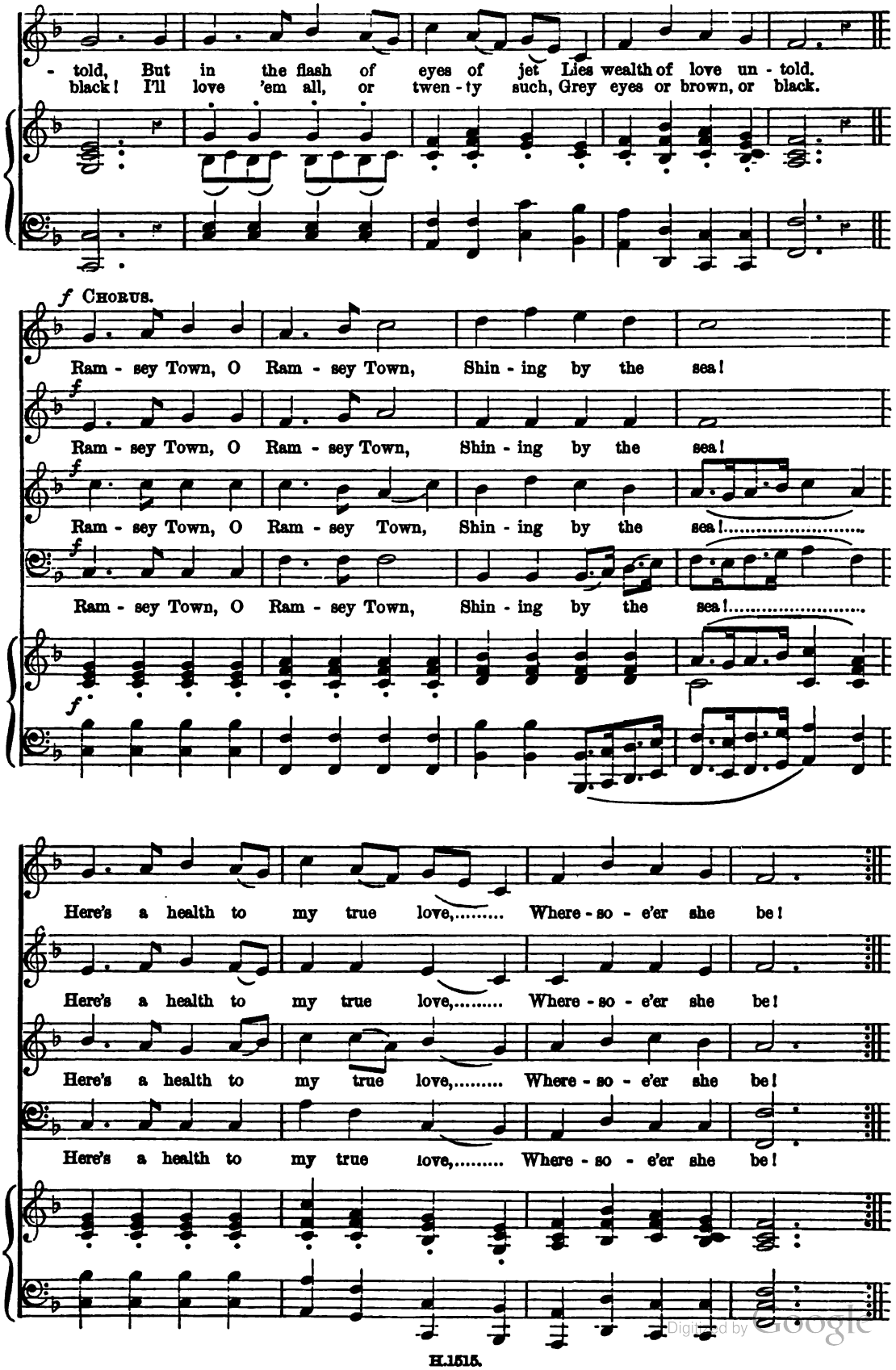
told, But in the flash of eyes of jet Lies wealth of love un - told.
black! I'll love 'em all, or twen - ty such, Grey eyes or brown, or black.
f CHORUS.
Ram - sey Town, O Ram - sey Town, Shin - ing by the sea!
Ram - sey Town, O Ram - sey Town, Shin - ing by the sea!
Ram - sey Town, O Ram - sey Town, Shin - ing by the sea!.....
Ram - sey Town, O Ram - sey Town, Shin - ing by the sea!.....
Here's a health to my true love,..... Where - so - e'er she be!
Here's a health to my true love,..... Where - so - e'er she be!
Here's a health to my true love,..... Where - so - e'er she be!
Here's a health to my true love,..... Where - so - e'er she be!

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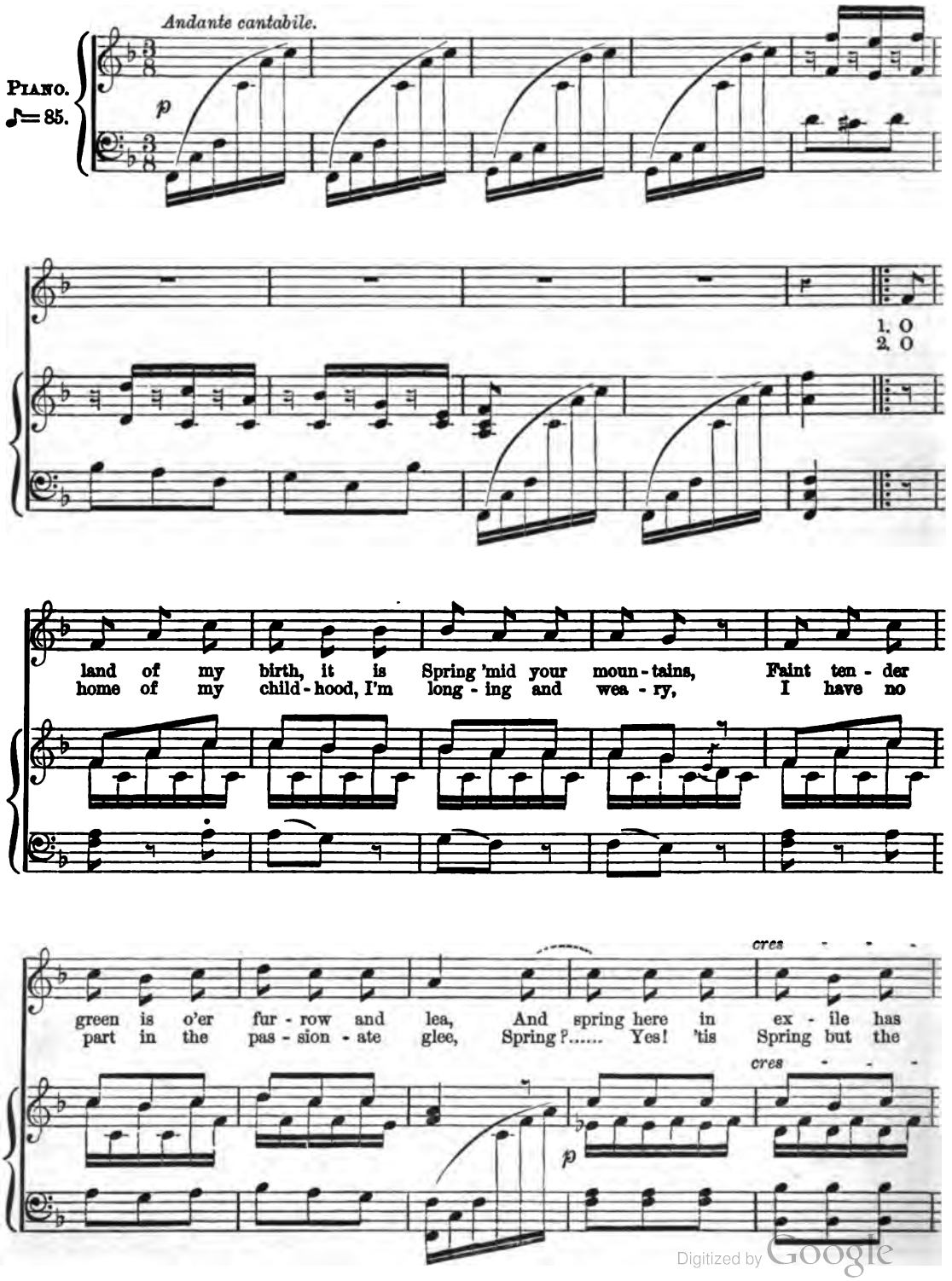
Home.

Words by Emil Ingram.

Air, "Moghrey laa Boaldyn."
(The morning of May Day.)

Andante cantabile.
Piano.
♩= 85.
p
1. O
2. O
land of my birth, it is Spring 'mid your moun-tains, Faint ten-der
home of my child-hood, I'm long-ing and wea-ry, I have no
cres
green is o'er fur-row and lea, And spring here in ex-ile has
part in the pas-sion-ate glee, Spring?..... Yes! 'tis Spring but the
cres
p

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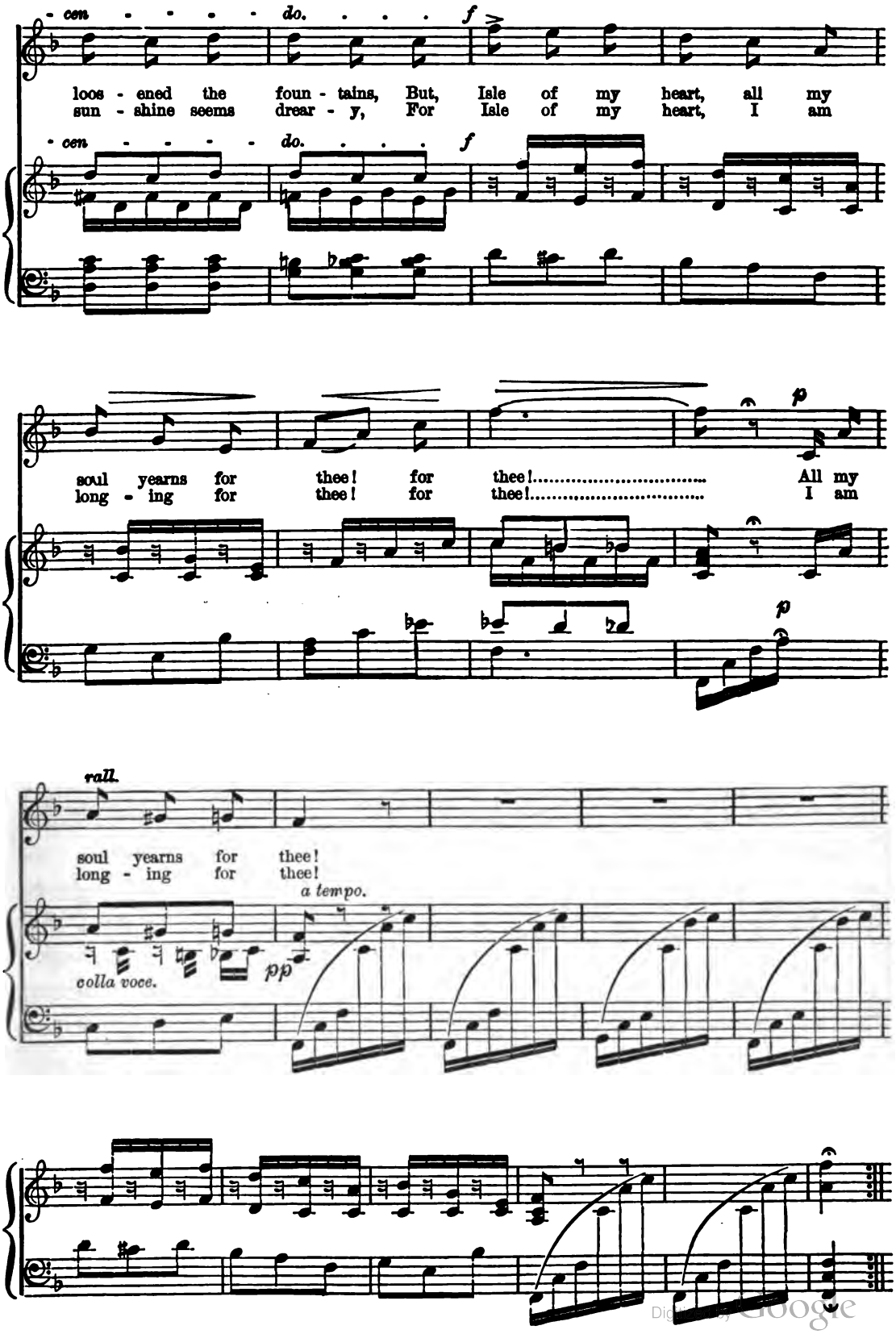
- cen - - - - - do. - - - - f
loos - ened the foun - tains, But, Isle of my heart, all my
sun - shine seems drear - y, For Isle of my heart, I am
- cen - - - - - do. - - - - f
soul yearns for thee! for thee!..... All my
long - ing for thee! for thee!..... I am
p
rall.
soul yearns for thee!
long - ing for thee!
a tempo.
colla voce.
pp
p

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The Maid of Port y Shee.[1]

Words by W. H. Gill.

Air, "Yn Colbagh Breck er sthrap."
(The Speckled Heifer).

Allegretto.

Piano.
♩.= 90.

f *p*

She was

Kit, and he was Ju-an, And they liv'd at Port y Shee; Him she call'd her own King Or-ry, Her he

tranquillo. *rall.*

call'd his Ben My Cree[2] As they walk'd a-long the meadows Of the peace-ful Port y Shee.

p *colla voce.* *f a tempo.*

Meno mosso.

p

[1] Port y Shee, Harbour of Peace.

[2] Ben my Cree, Maid of my Heart.

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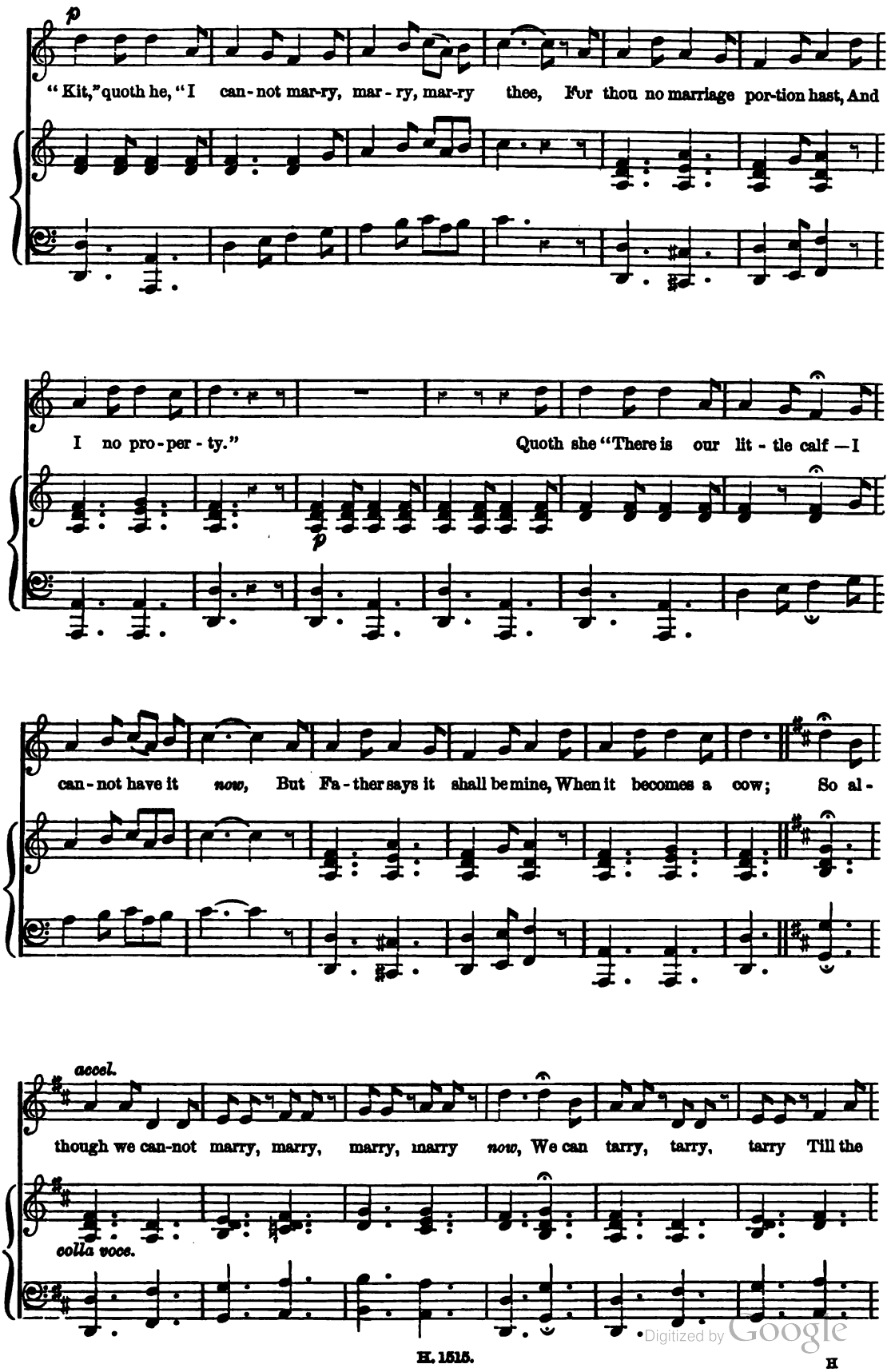
p
"Kit," quoth he, "I can-not mar-ry, mar-ry, mar-ry thee, For thou no marriage por-tion hast, And
I no pro-per-ty." Quoth she "There is our lit-tle calf — I
p
can-not have it now, But Fa-ther says it shall be mine, When it becomes a cow; So al-
accel.
though we can-not marry, marry, marry, marry now, We can tarry, tarry, tarry Till the
colla voce.

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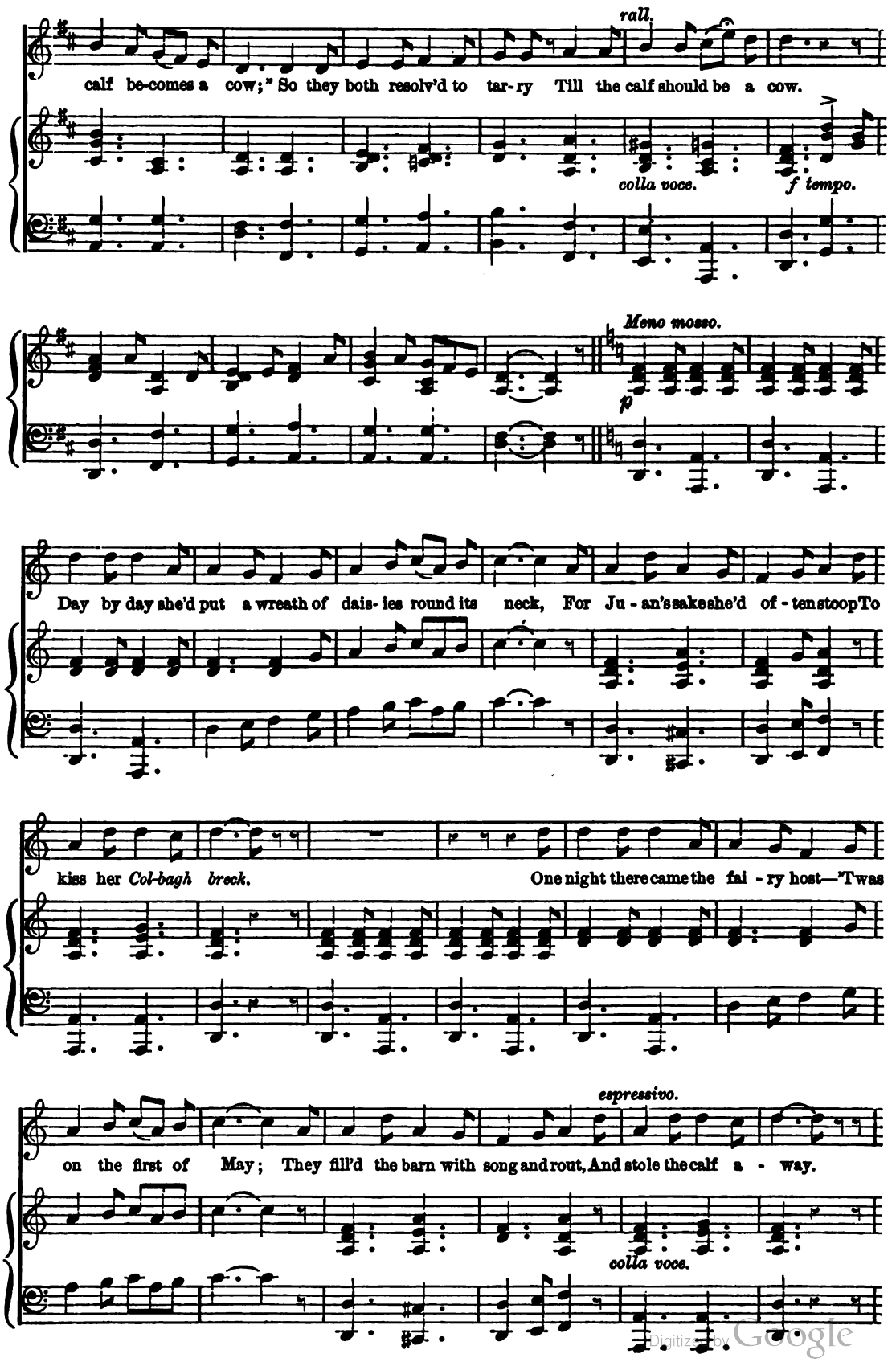
rall.
calf be-comes a cow;" So they both resolv'd to tar-ry Till the calf should be a cow.
colla voce.
f tempo.
Meno mosso.
p
Day by day she'd put a wreath of dais-ies round its neck, For Ju-an's sake she'd of-ten stoop To
kiss her Col-bagh breck. One night there came the fai-ry host—'Twas
espressivo.
on the first of May; They fill'd the barn with song and rout, And stole the calf a-way.
colla voce.

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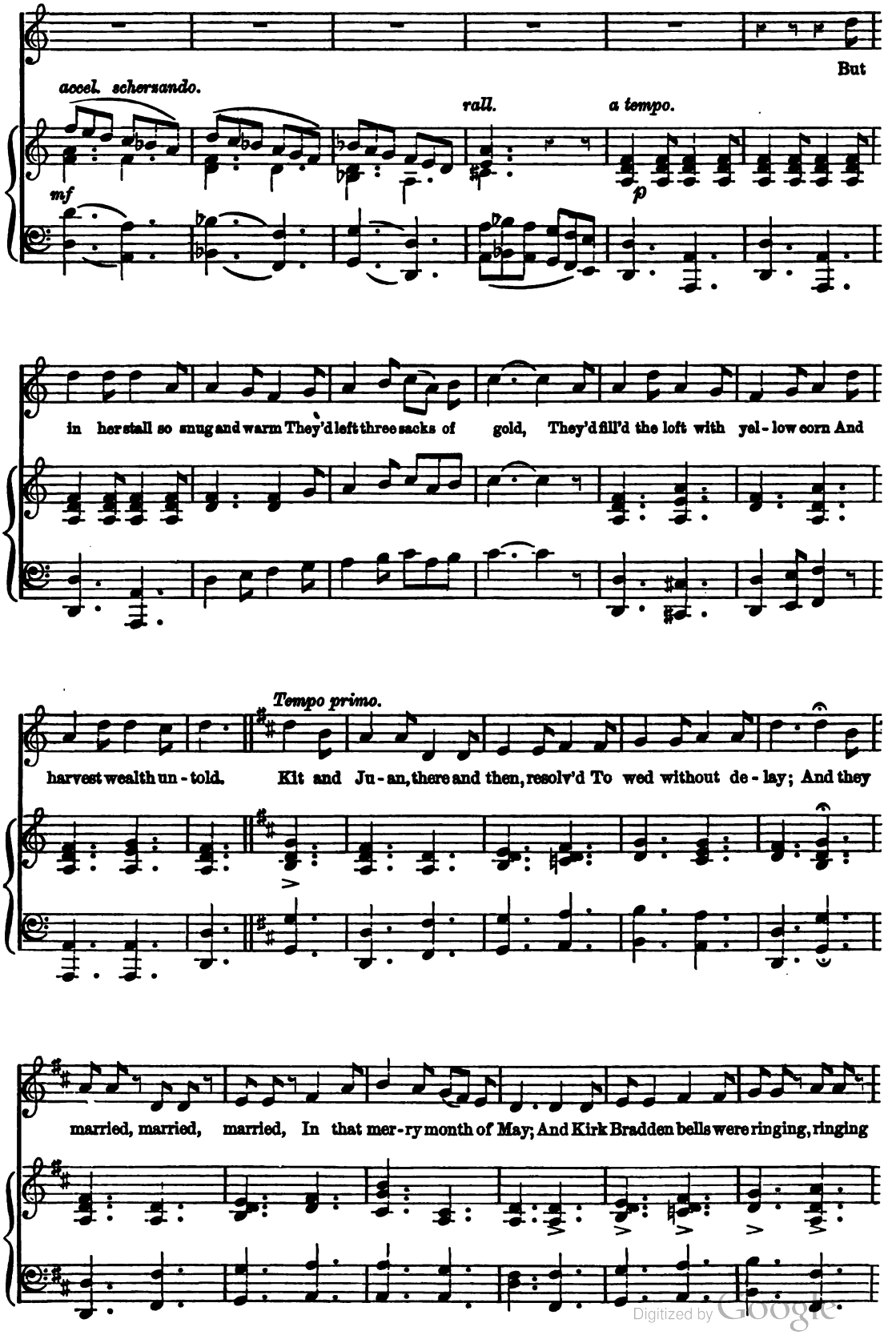
But
accel. scherzando.
rall.
a tempo.
mf
p
in her stall so snug and warm They'd left three sacks of gold, They'd fill'd the loft with yel - low corn And
Tempo primo.
harvest wealth un - told. Kit and Ju - an, there and then, resolv'd To wed without de - lay; And they
married, married, married, In that mer - ry month of May; And Kirk Bradden bells were ringing, ringing

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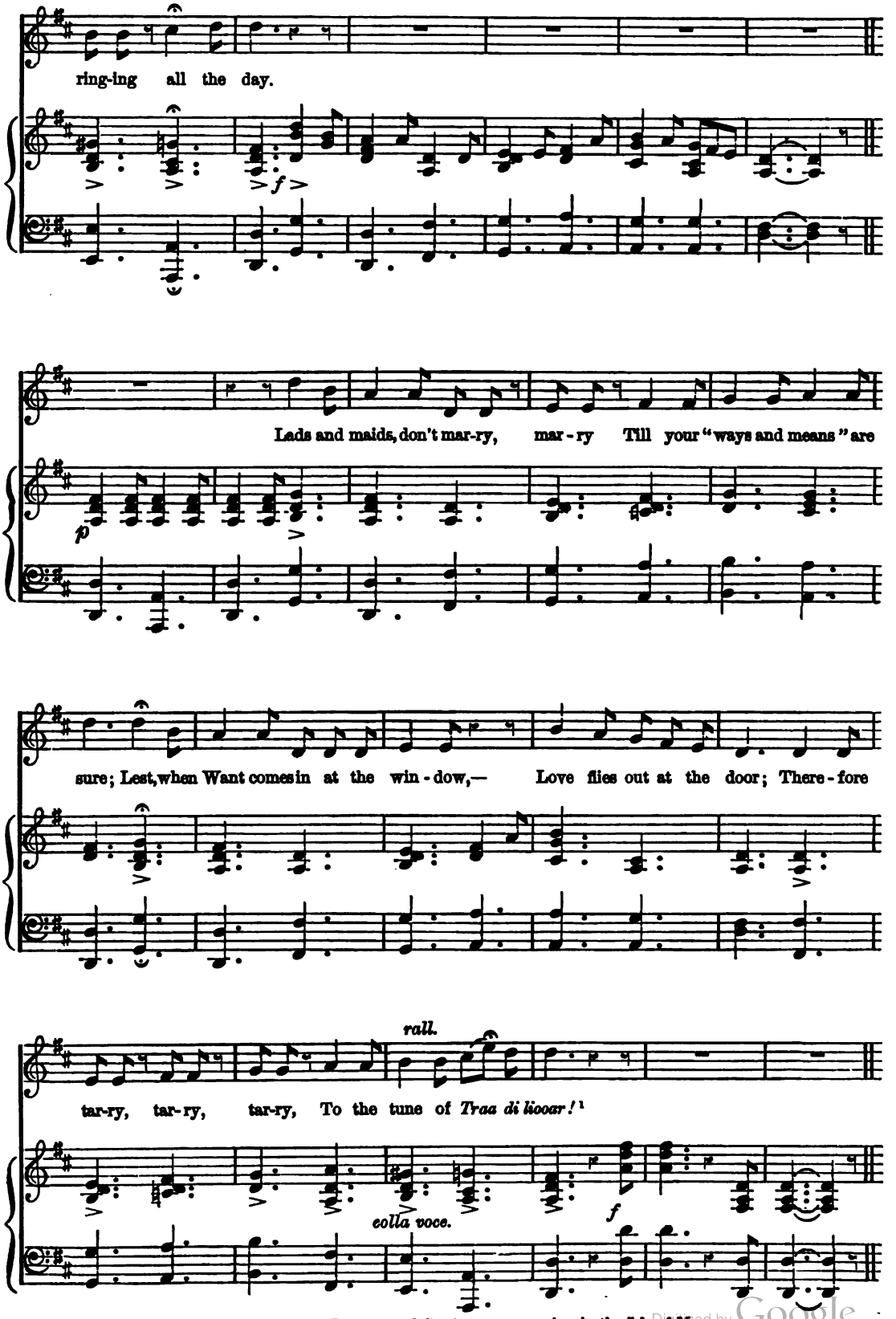
ring-ing all the day.
Lads and maids, don't mar-ry, mar-ry Till your "ways and means" are
sure; Lest, when Want comes in at the win-dow,— Love flies out at the door; There-fore
rall.
tar-ry, tar-ry, tar-ry, To the tune of Traa di liooar! [1]
colla voce.

[1] Traa dy liooar, "Time enough,"—A common saying in the Isle of Man.

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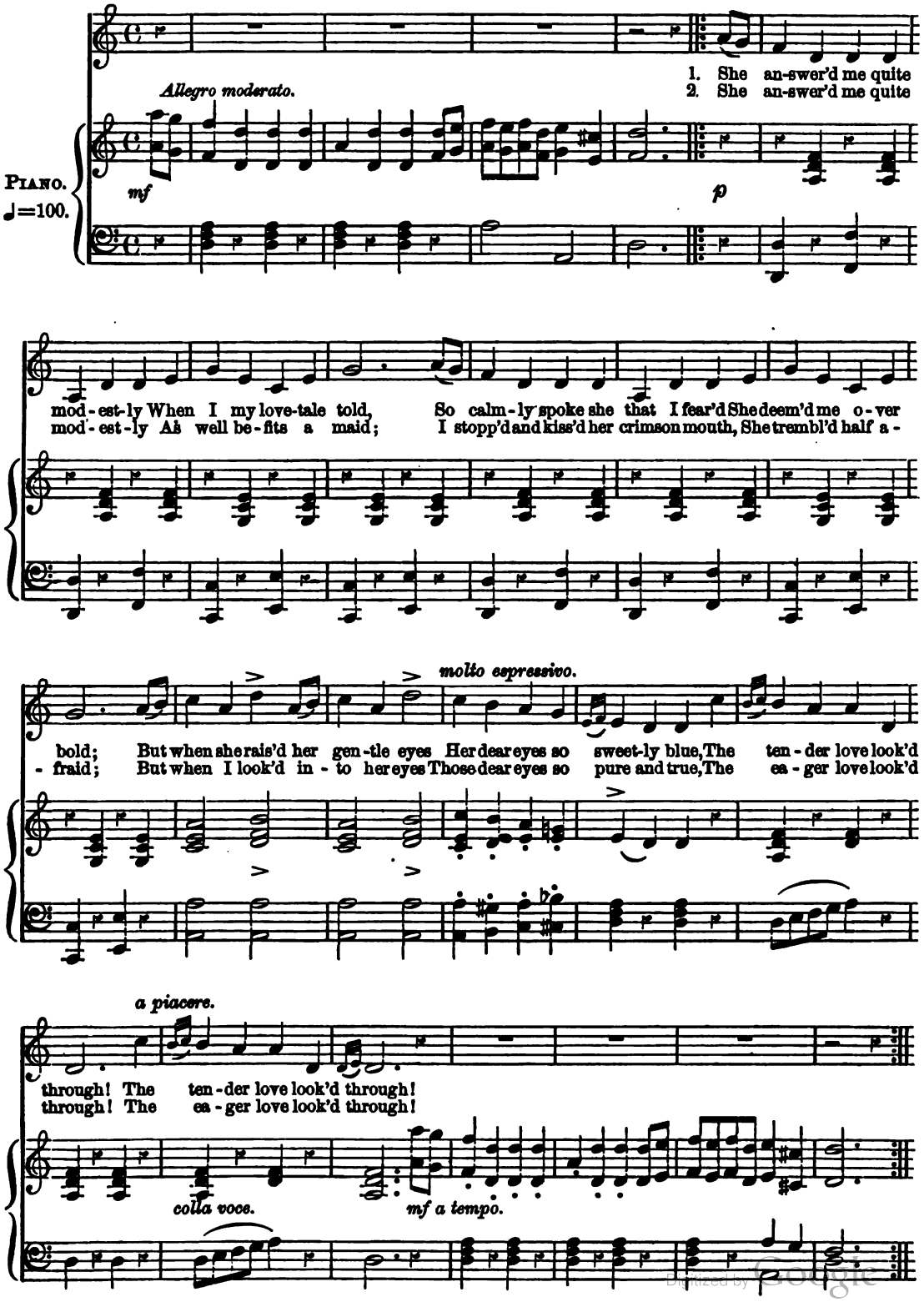
She answered me quite modestly.

Words by EMIL INGRAM.

Air in the Dorian mode.

1. She an-swer'd me quite
2. She an-swer'd me quite
Allegro moderato.
mf
p
PIANO.
♩=100.
mod-est-ly When I my love-tale told, So calm-ly spoke she that I fear'd She deem'd me o-ver
mod-est-ly As well be-fits a maid; I stopp'd and kiss'd her crimson mouth, She trembl'd half a-
molto espressivo.
bold; But when she rais'd her gen-tle eyes Her dear eyes so sweet-ly blue, The ten-der love look'd
-fraid; But when I look'd in-to her eyes Those dear eyes so pure and true, The ea-ger love look'd
a piacere.
through! The ten-der love look'd through!
through! The ea-ger love look'd through!
colla voce.
mf a tempo.

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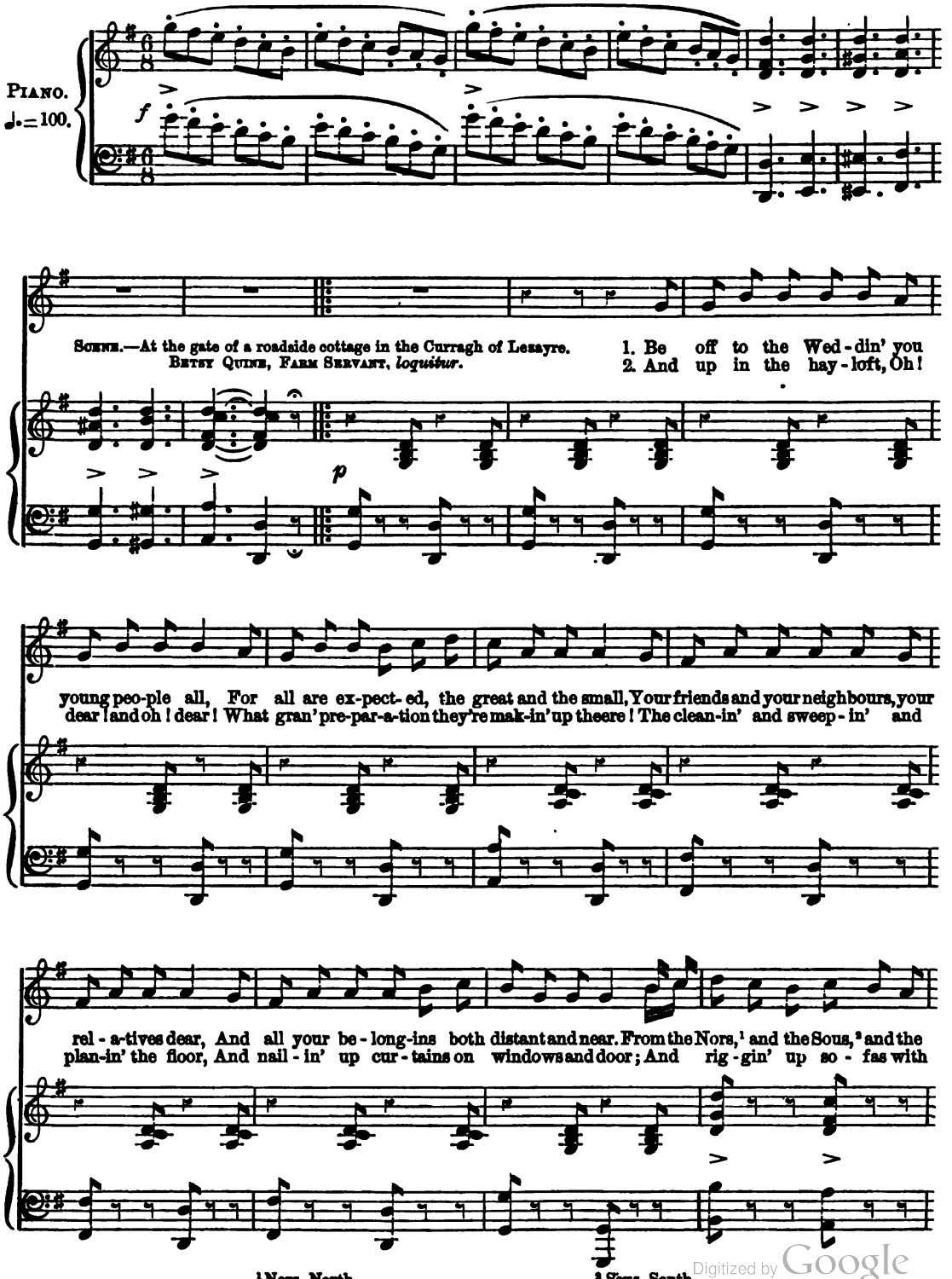
A Manx Wedding.

Words (Anglo Manx) by W. H. Gill.

Air, "Car y Phoosee.
(Song of the Wedding.)

Allegro Vivace.


Piano.
♩.=100.
f
p
Scene.—At the gate of a roadside cottage in the Curragh of Lesayre.
Betsy Quine, Farm Servant, *loquitur.*
1. Be off to the Wed-din' you
2. And up in the hay-loft, Oh!
young peo-ple all, For all are ex-pect-ed, the great and the small, Your friends and your neighbours, your
dear! and oh! dear! What gran' pre-par-a-tion they're mak-in' up theere! The clean-in' and sweep-in' and
rel-a-tives dear, And all your be-long-ins both distant and near. From the Nors,[1] and the Sous,[2] and the
plan-in' the floor, And nail-in' up cur-tains on windows and door; And rig-gin' up so-fas with

[1] Nors, North.

[2] Sous, South.

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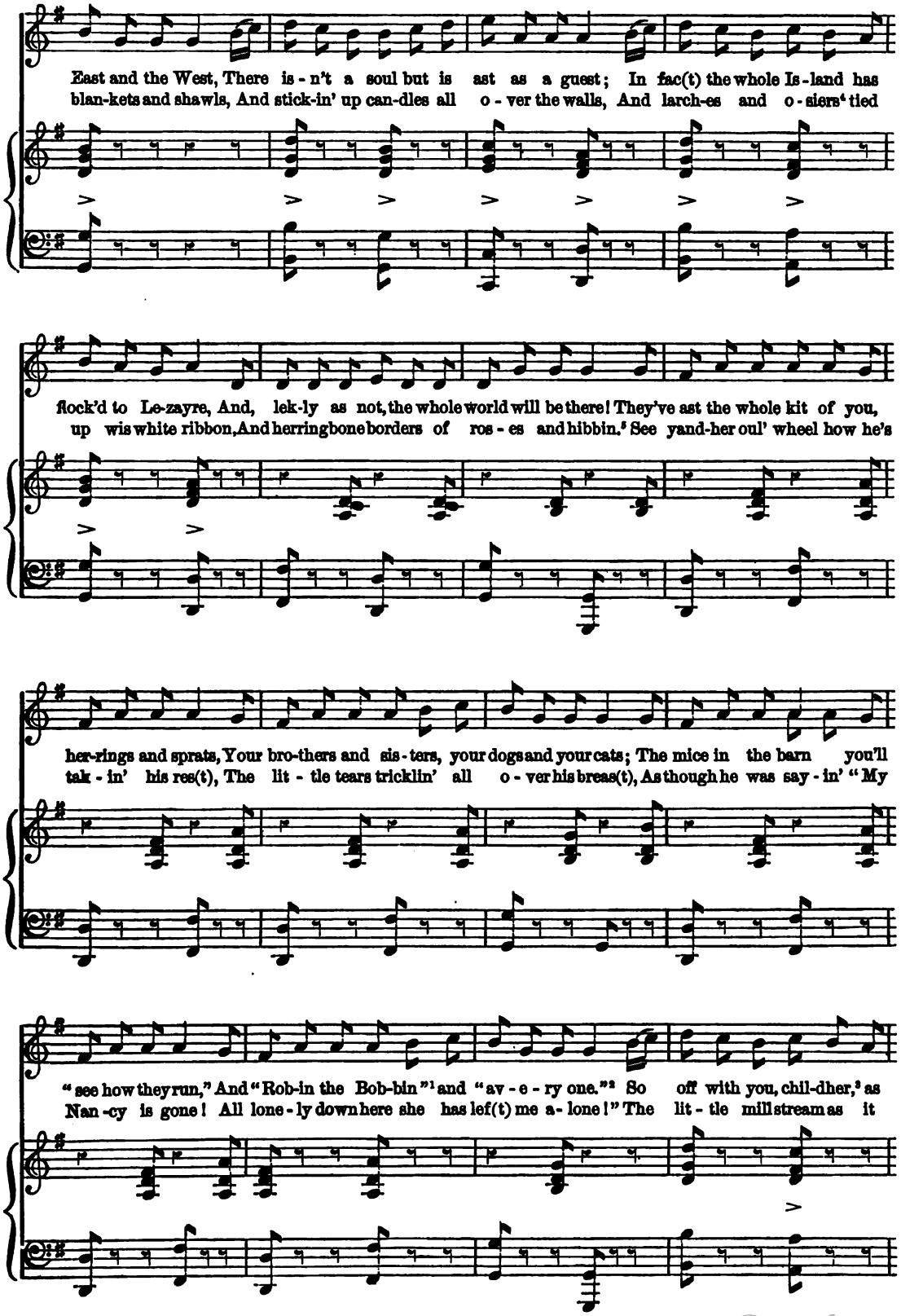
East and the West, There is-n't a soul but is ast as a guest; In fac(t) the whole Is-land has
blan-kets and shawls, And stick-in' up can-dles all o-ver the walls, And larch-es and o-siers[4] tied
flock'd to Le-zayre, And, lek-ly as not, the whole world will be there! They've ast the whole kit of you,
up wis white ribbon, And herringbone borders of ros-es and hibbin.[5] See yand-her oul' wheel how he's
her-rings and sprats, Your bro-thers and sis-ters, your dogs and your cats; The mice in the barn you'll
tak-in' his res(t), The lit-tle tears tricklin' all o-ver his breas(t), As though he was say-in' "My
"see how they run," And "Rob-in the Bob-bin"[1] and "av-e-ry one."[2] So off with you, chil-dher,[3] as
Nan-cy is gone! All lone-ly down here she has lef(t) me a-lone!" The lit-tle mill stream as it

[1] and [2], Quotations from a popular Song "Hunt the Wren."
[3] Childher, children.
[4] Osiers, willows.
[5] Hibbin, Ivy

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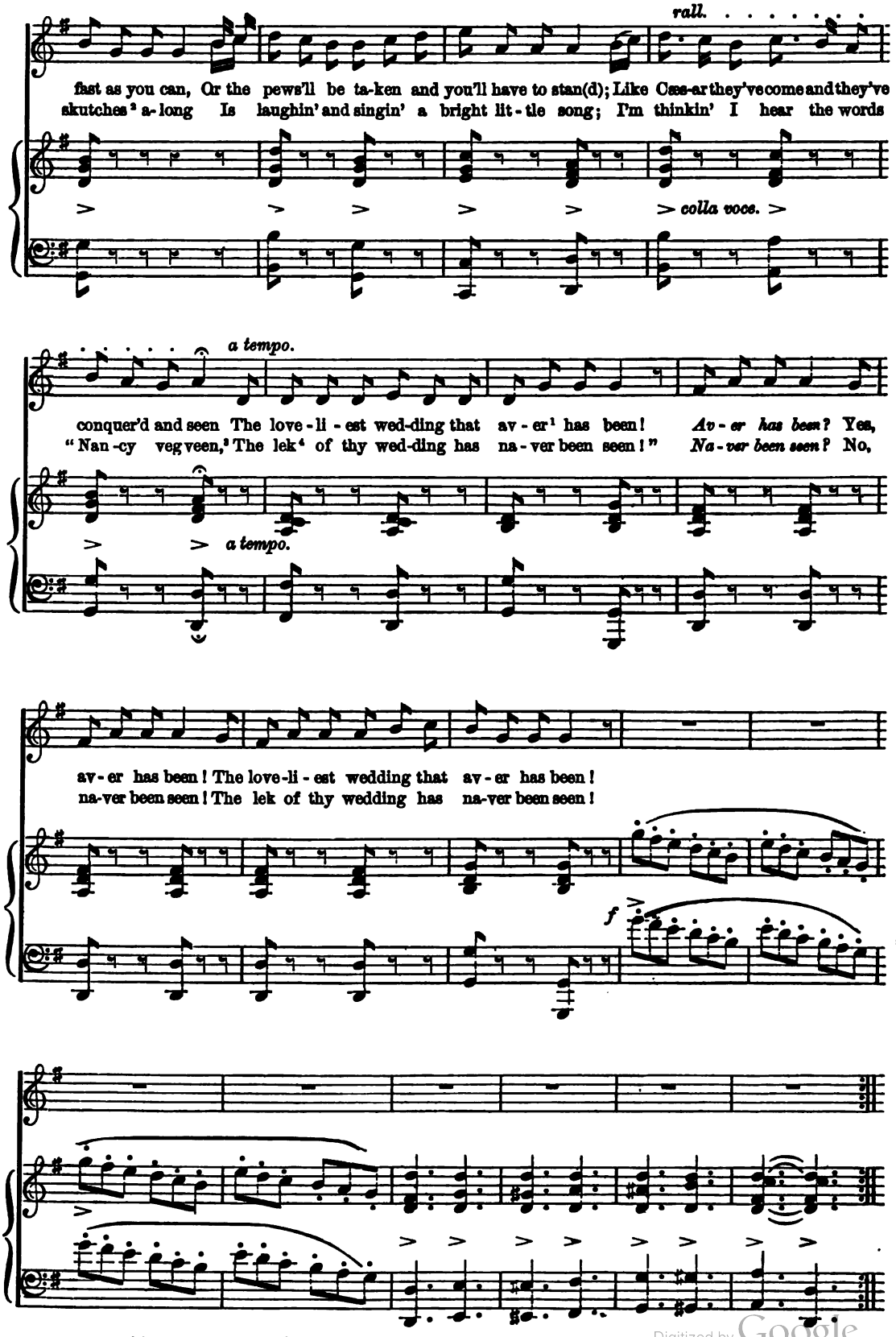
rall.
fast as you can, Or the pews'll be ta-ken and you'll have to stan(d); Like Cæs-ar they've come and they've
skutches[2] a-long Is laughin' and singin' a bright lit-tle song; I'm thinkin' I hear the words
colla voce.
a tempo.
conquer'd and seen The love-li-est wed-ding that av-er[1] has been! Av-er has been? Yes,
"Nan-cy veg veen,[3] The lek[4] of thy wed-ding has na-ver been seen!" Na-ver been seen? No,
a tempo.
av-er has been! The love-li-est wedding that av-er has been!
na-ver been seen! The lek of thy wedding has na-ver been seen!
f

[1] Aver, ever [2] Skutches, runs. [3] Veg veen, little dear. [4] Lek, like

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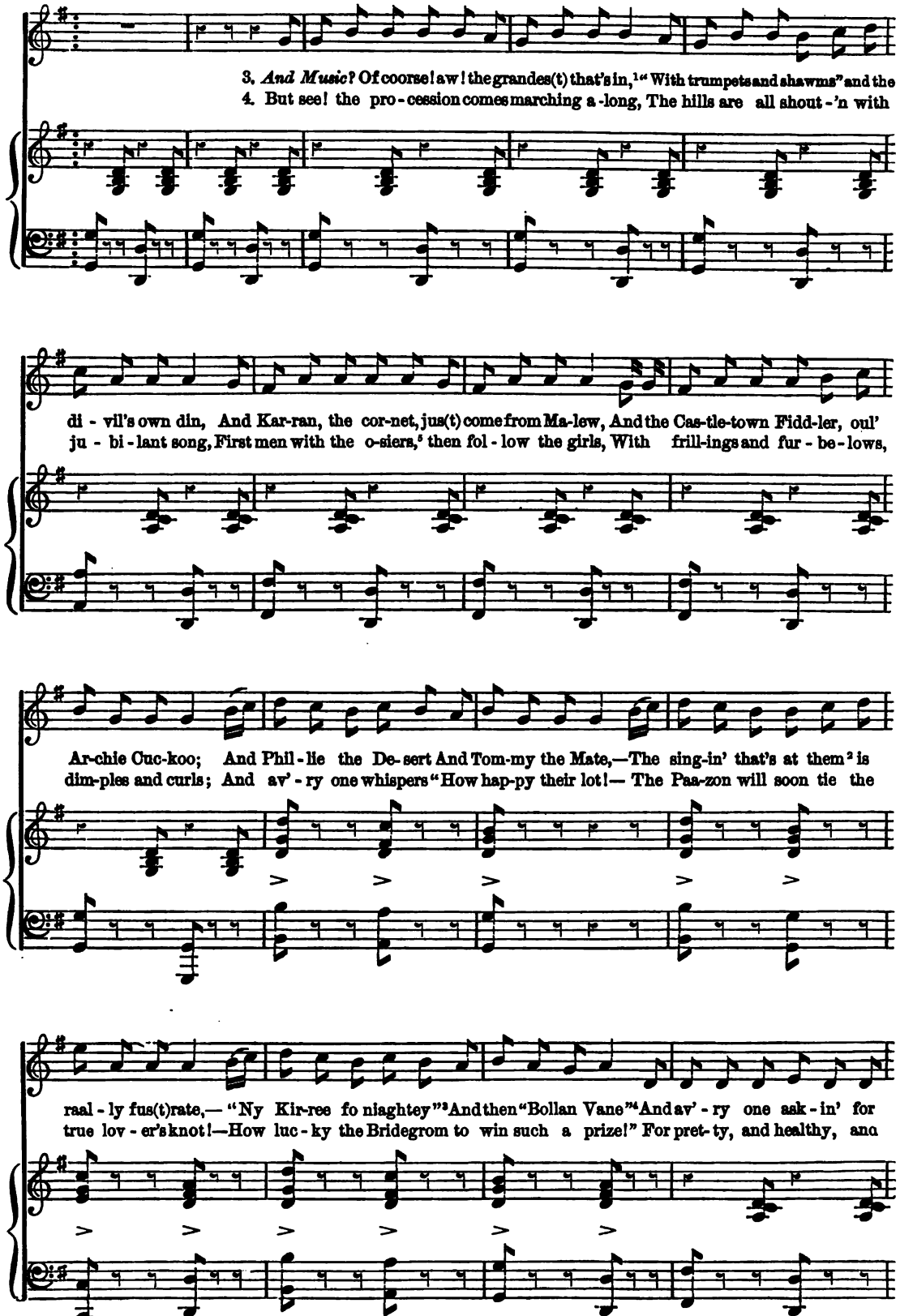
3. *And Music?* Of coorse! aw! the grandes(t) that's in,[1] "With trumpets and shawms" and the
4. But see! the pro-cession comes marching a-long, The hills are all shout-'n with
di-vil's own din, And Kar-ran, the cor-net, jus(t) come from Ma-lew, And the Cas-tle-town Fidd-ler, oul'
ju-bi-lant song, First men with the o-siers,[5] then fol-low the girls, With frill-ings and fur-be-lows,
Ar-chie Cuc-koo; And Phil-lie the De-sert And Tom-my the Mate,—The sing-in' that's at them[2] is
dim-ples and curls; And av'-ry one whispers "How hap-py their lot!— The Paa-zon will soon tie the
raal-ly fus(t)rate,— "Ny Kir-ree fo niaghtey"[3] And then "Bollan Vane"[4] And av'-ry one ask-in' for
true lov-er's knot!—How luc-ky the Bridegrom to win such a prize!" For pret-ty, and healthy, and

[1] That's in, that is to be had. [2] The singing that's at them, their singing
[3] and [4] "Kirree fo niaghtey," (The sheep under the snow.) and "Bollan Vane," popular songs of the day. [5] Osiers, willows

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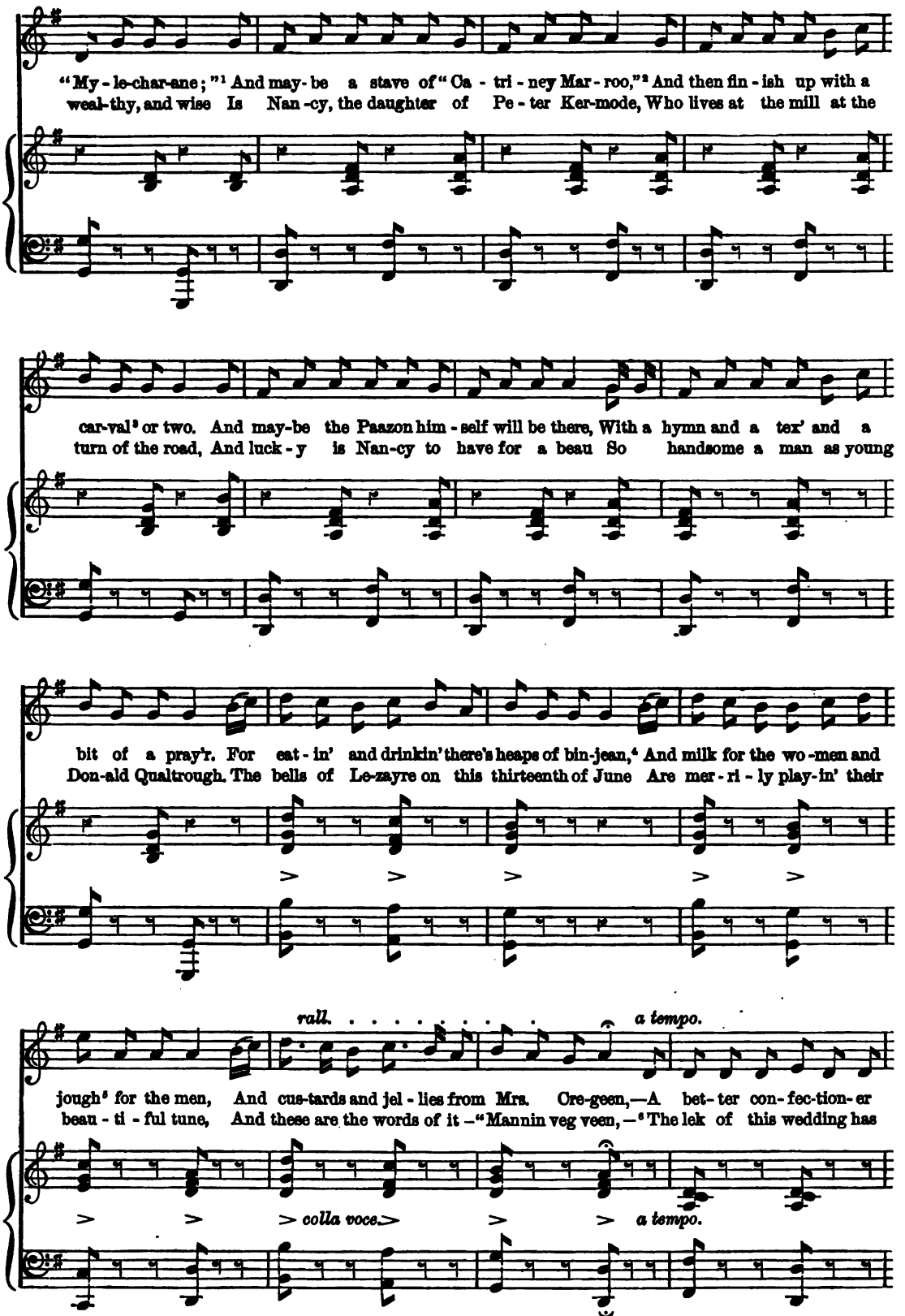
"My-le-char-ane;"[1] And may-be a stave of "Ca-tri-ney Mar-roo,"[2] And then fin-ish up with a
weal-thy, and wise Is Nan-cy, the daughter of Pe-ter Ker-mode, Who lives at the mill at the
car-val[3] or two. And may-be the Paazon him-self will be there, With a hymn and a ter' and a
turn of the road, And luck-y is Nan-cy to have for a beau So handsome a man as young
bit of a pray'r. For eat-in' and drinkin' there's heaps of bin-jean,[4] And milk for the wo-men and
Don-ald Qualtrough. The bells of Le-zayre on this thirteenth of June Are mer-ri-ly play-in' their
rall.
a tempo.
jough[5] for the men, And cus-tards and jel-lies from Mrs. Cre-geen,—A bet-ter con-fec-tion-er
beau-ti-ful tune, And these are the words of it—"Mannin veg veen,—[6] The lek of this wedding has
colla voce.
a tempo.

[1] and [2] Popular songs of the day. [3] Carval, carol. [4] Binjean (pronounced Binjane), Manx junket
[5] Jough Manx ale [6] Mannin veg veen, Dear little Isle of Mann.

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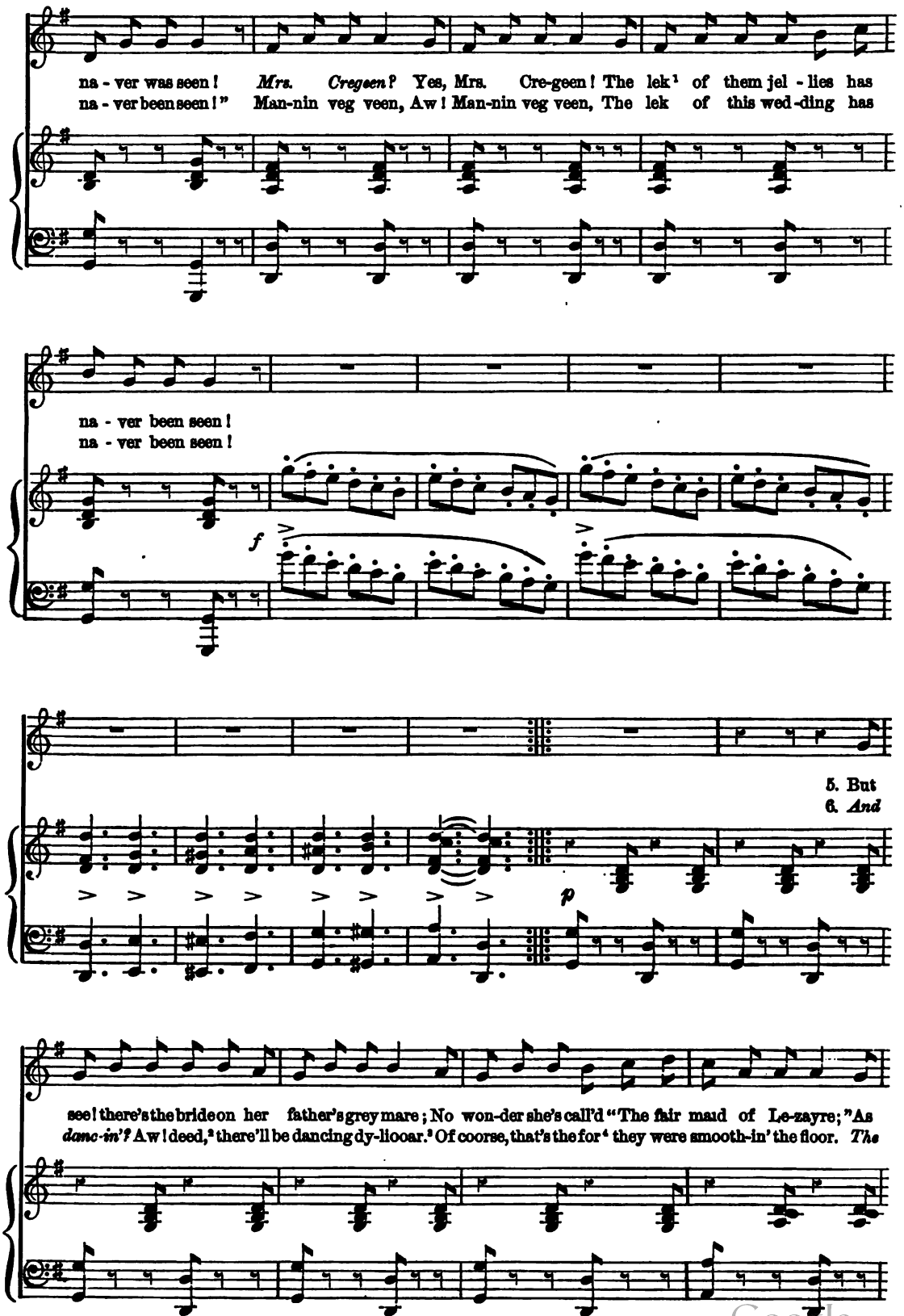
na - ver was seen! Mrs. Cregeen? Yes, Mrs. Cre-geen! The lek[1] of them jel - lies has
na - ver been seen!" Man-nin veg veen, Aw! Man-nin veg veen, The lek of this wed-ding has
na - ver been seen!
na - ver been seen!
f
5. But
6. And
p
see! there's the bride on her father's grey mare; No won-der she's call'd "The fair maid of Le-zayre;" As
danc-in'? Aw! deed,[2] there'll be dancing dy-liooar.[3] Of coorse, that's the for[4] they were smooth-in' the floor. The

[1] Lek, like. [2] Deed, indeed [3] Dy-liooar, enough. [4] The for, the reason.

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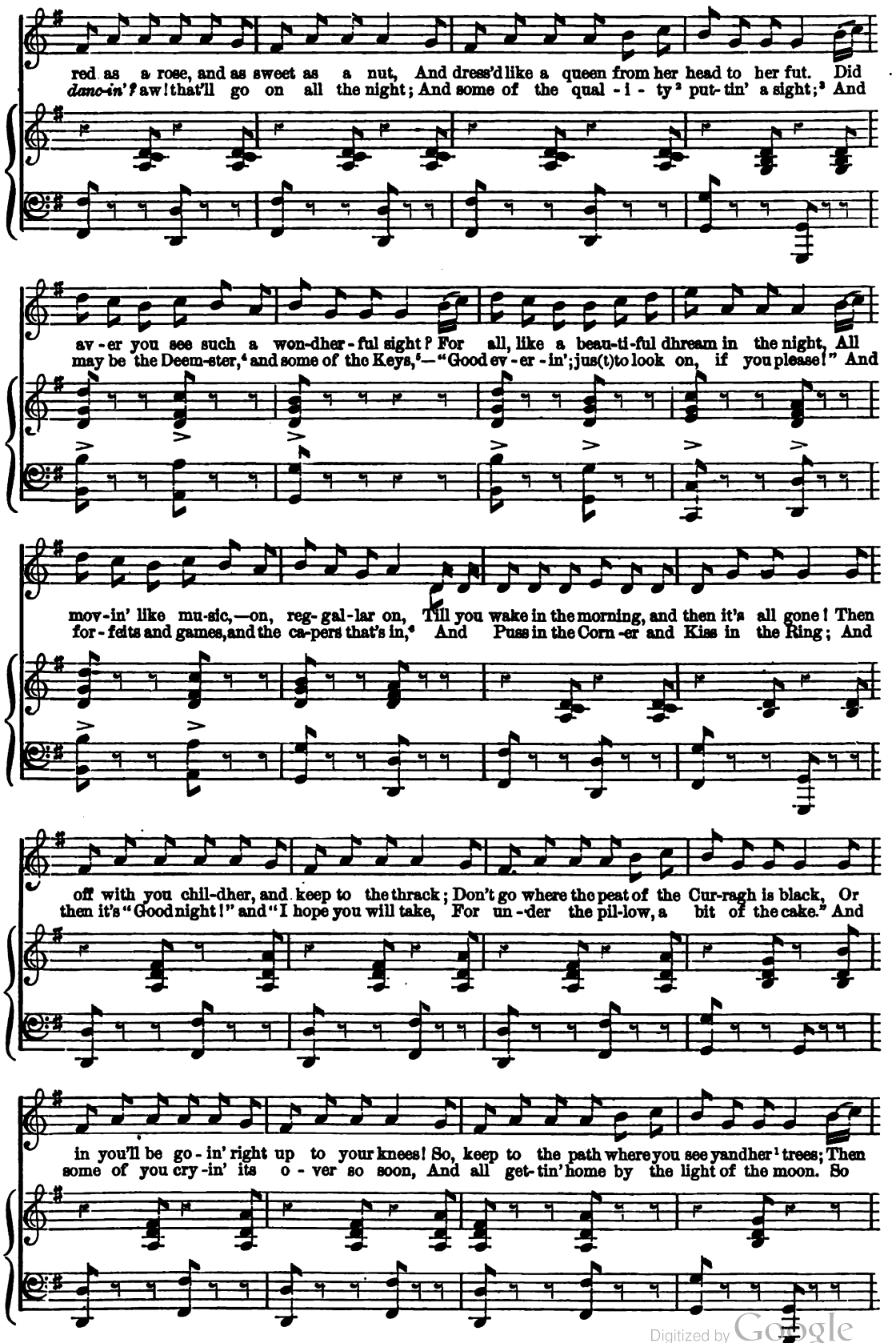
red as a rose, and as sweet as a nut, And dress'd like a queen from her head to her fut. Did
dance-in'? aw! that'll go on all the night; And some of the qual-i-ty[2] put-tin' a sight;[3] And
av-er you see such a won-dher-ful sight? For all, like a beau-ti-ful dhream in the night, All
may be the Deem-ster,[4] and some of the Keys,[5]—"Good ev-er-in'; jus(t)to look on, if you please!" And
mov-in' like mu-sic,—on, reg-gal-lar on, Till you wake in the morning, and then it's all gone! Then
for-feits and games, and the ca-pers that's in,[6] And Puss in the Corn-er and Kiss in the Ring; And
off with you chil-dher, and keep to the thrack; Don't go where the peat of the Cur-ragh is black, Or
then it's "Good night!" and "I hope you will take, For un-der the pil-low, a bit of the cake." And
in you'll be go-in' right up to your knees! So, keep to the path where you see yandher[1] trees; Then
some of you cry-in' its o-ver so soon, And all get-tin' home by the light of the moon. So

[1] Yandher, yonder [2] The quality, the gentry. [3] Puttin' a sight, visiting [4] Deemster, Judge.
[5] Keys, members of the House of Keys. [6] The capers that's in, the fun they are having.

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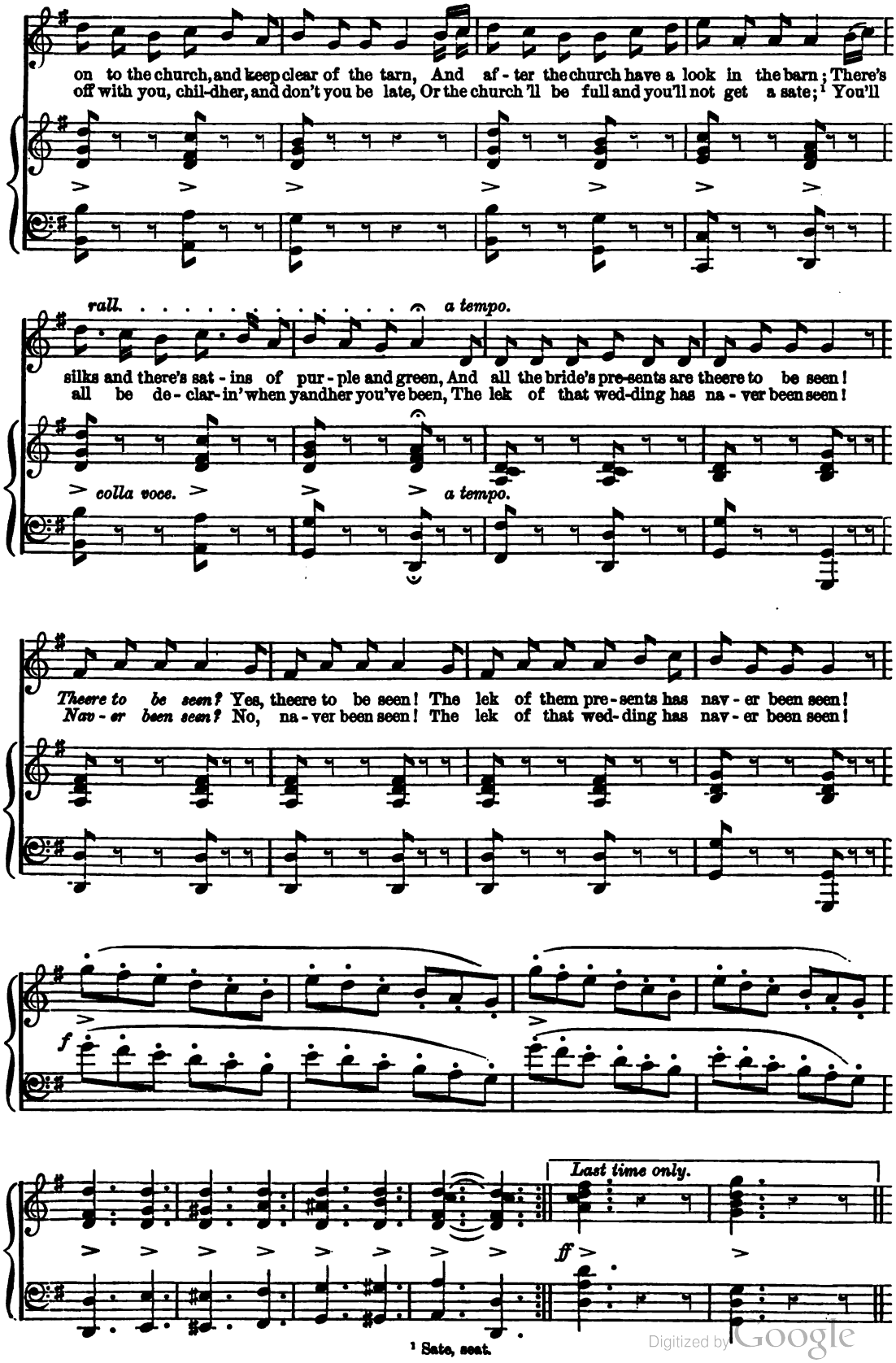
on to the church, and keep clear of the tarn, And af - ter the church have a look in the barn; There's
off with you, chil-dher, and don't you be late, Or the church 'll be full and you'll not get a sate;[1] You'll
rall.
a tempo.
silks and there's sat - ins of pur - ple and green, And all the bride's pre-sents are theere to be seen!
all be de - clar-in' when yandher you've been, The lek of that wed-ding has na - ver been seen!
colla voce.
a tempo.
Theere to be seen? Yes, theere to be seen! The lek of them pre-sents has nav - er been seen!
Nav - er been seen? No, na - ver been seen! The lek of that wed-ding has nav - er been seen!
f
Last time only.
ff

[1] Sate, seat.

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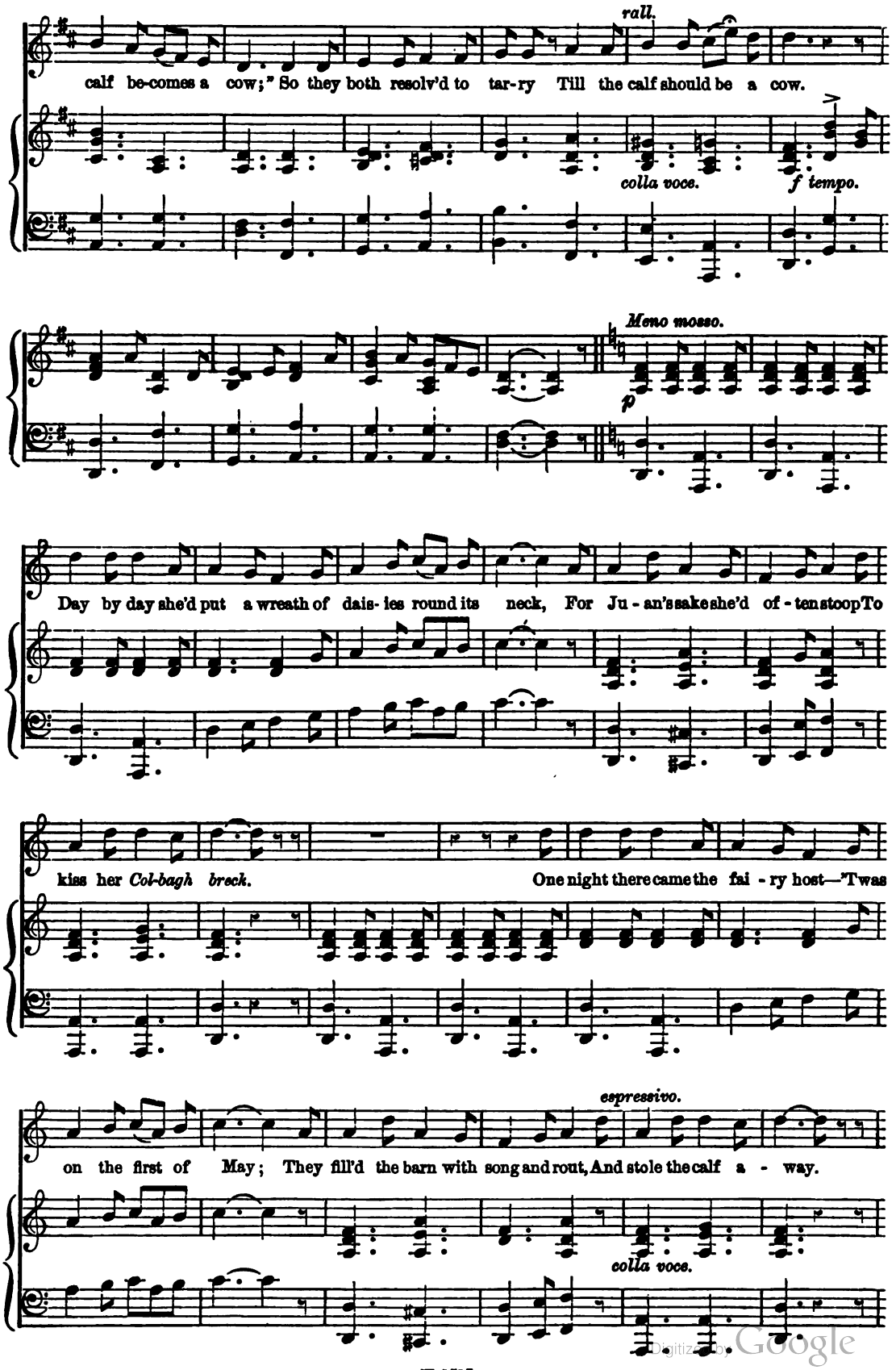
rall.
calf be-comes a cow;" So they both resolv'd to tar-ry Till the calf should be a cow.
colla voce.
f tempo.
Meno mosso.
p
Day by day she'd put a wreath of dais-ies round its neck, For Ju-an's sake she'd of-ten stoop To
kiss her Col-bagh breck.
One night there came the fai-ry host—'Twas
espressivo.
on the first of May; They fill'd the barn with song and rout, And stole the calf a-way.
colla voce.

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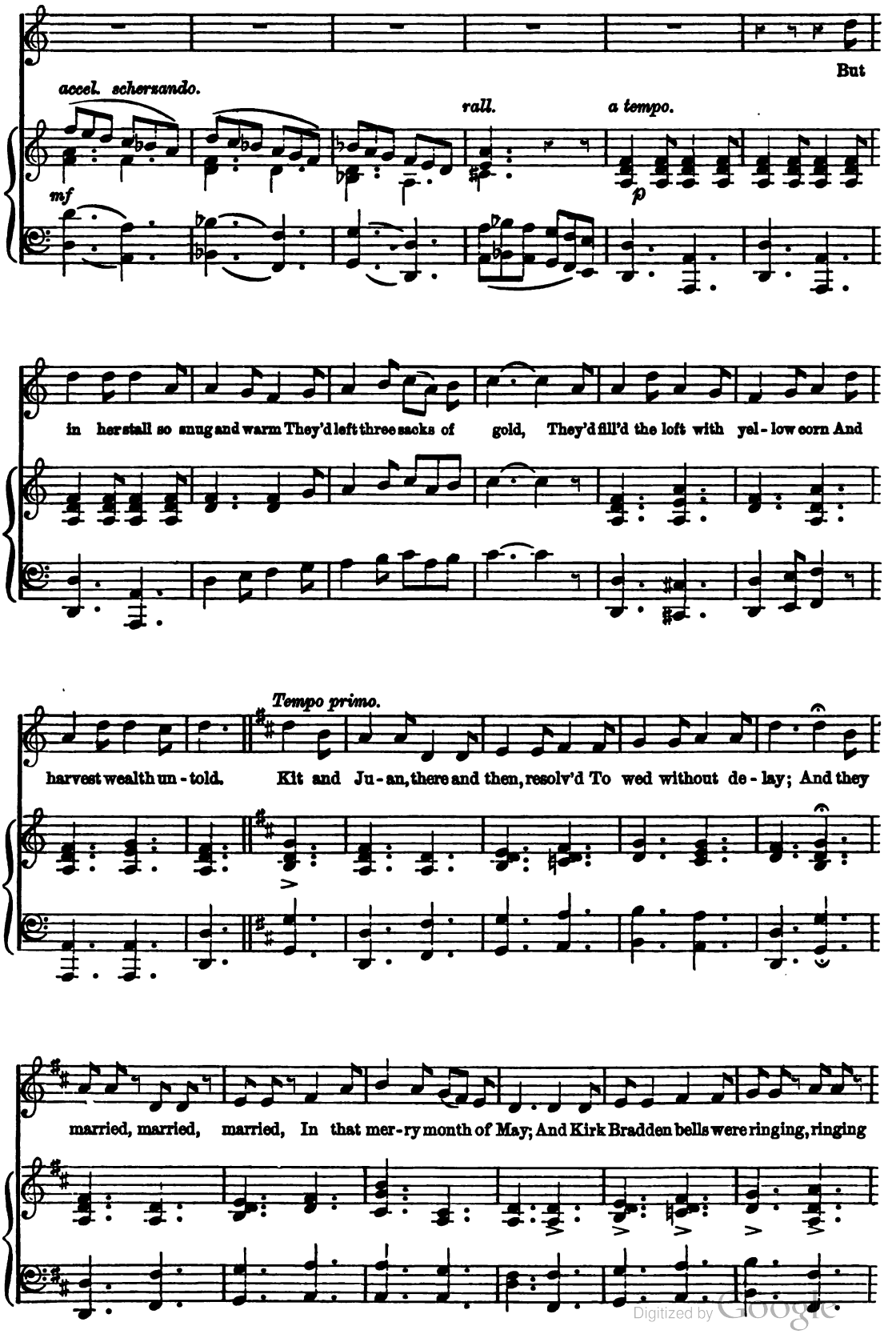
But
accel. scherzando.
rall.
a tempo.
mf
p
in her stall so snug and warm They'd left three sacks of gold, They'd fill'd the loft with yel - low corn And
Tempo primo.
harvest wealth un - told. Kit and Ju - an, there and then, resolv'd To wed without de - lay; And they
married, married, married, In that mer - ry month of May; And Kirk Bradden bells were ringing, ringing

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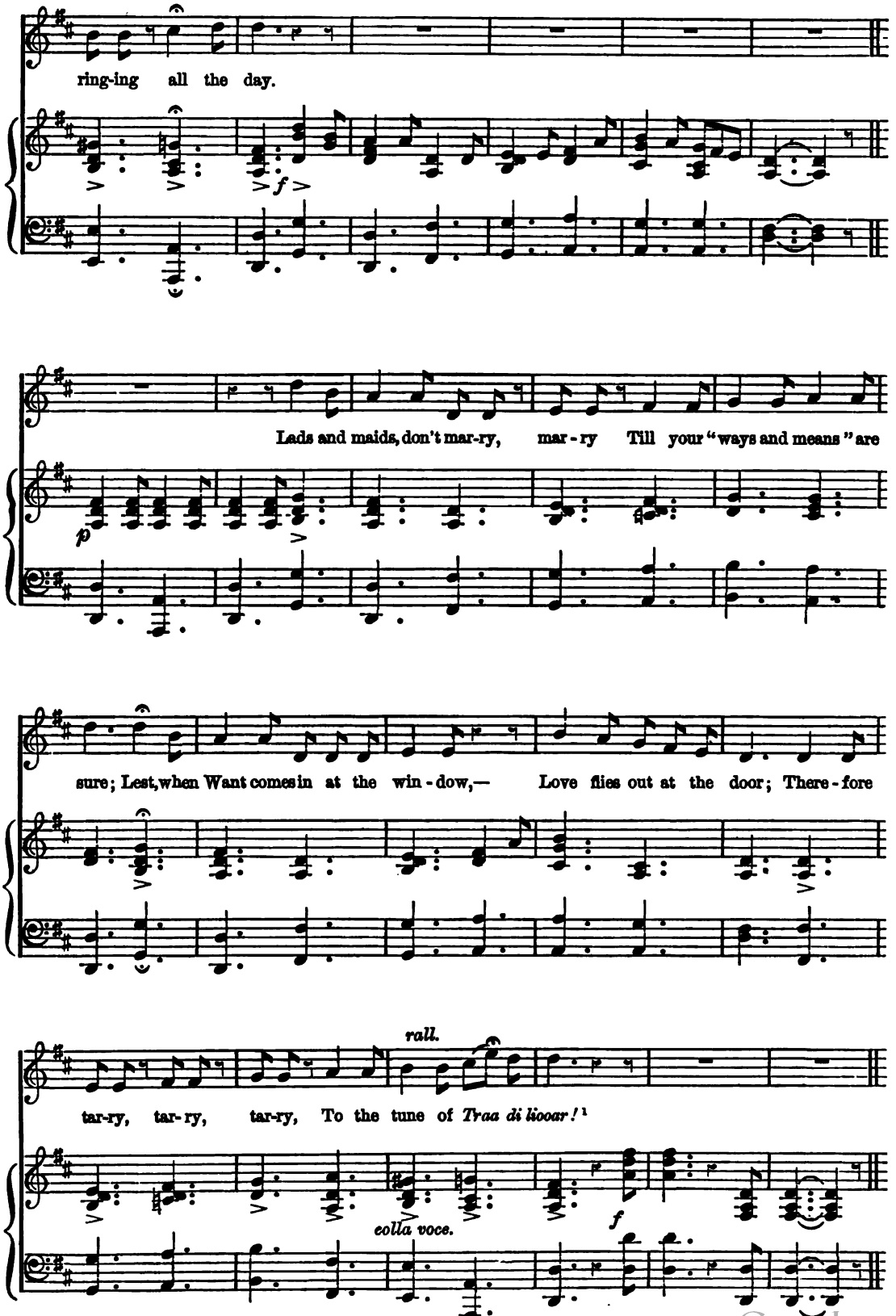
ring-ing all the day.
Lads and maids, don't mar-ry, mar-ry Till your "ways and means" are
sure; Lest, when Want comes in at the win-dow,— Love flies out at the door; There-fore
rall.
tar-ry, tar-ry, tar-ry, To the tune of *Traa di liooar!*[1]
colla voce.

[1] Traa dy liooar, "Time enough,"—A common saying in the Isle of Man.

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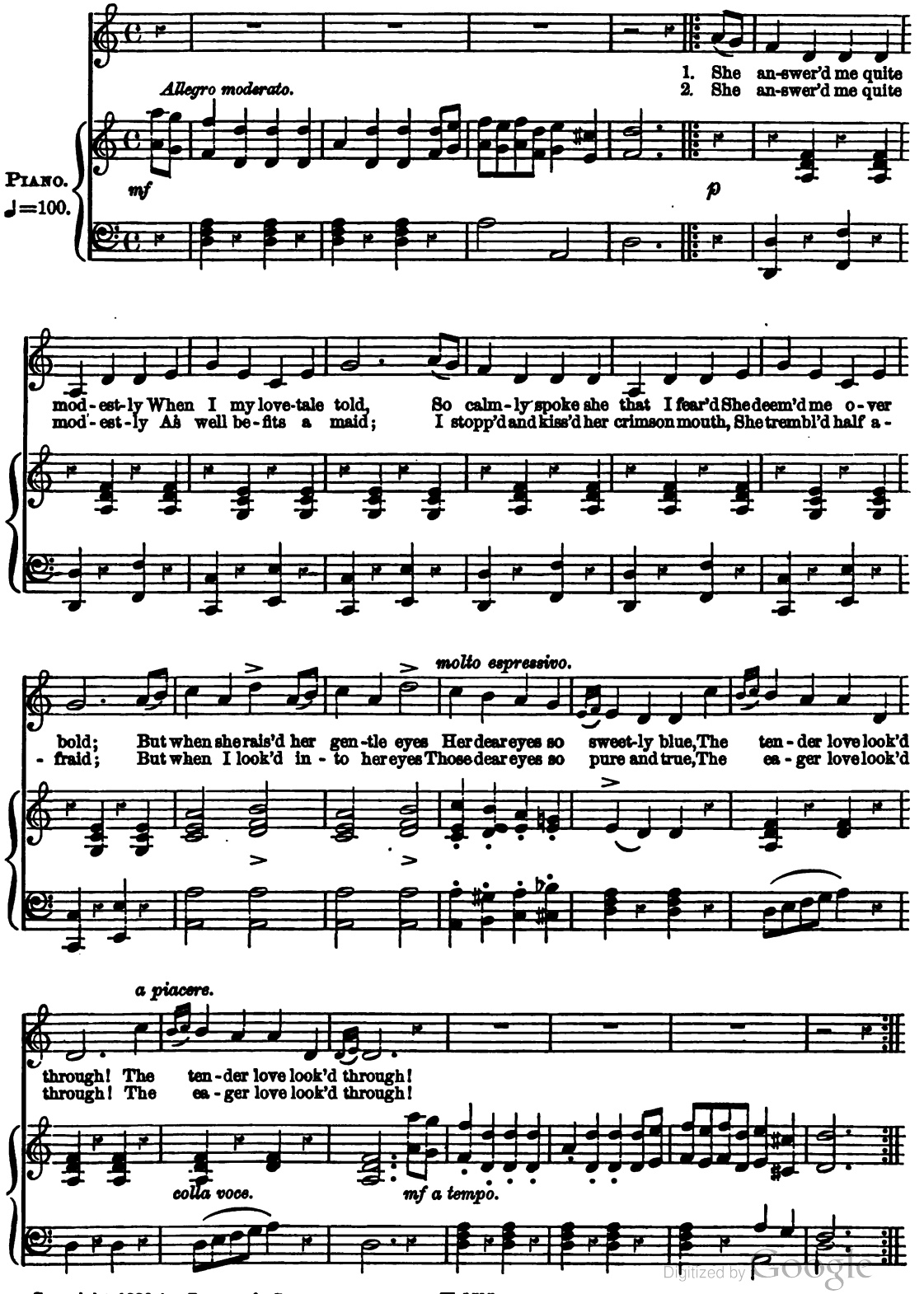
She answered me quite modestly.

Words by Emil Ingram.

Air in the Dorian mode.

Allegro moderato.
1. She an-swer'd me quite
2. She an-swer'd me quite
Piano.
♩=100.
mf
p
mod-est-ly When I my love-tale told,
So calm-ly spoke she that I fear'd She deem'd me o-ver
mod-est-ly As well be-fits a maid;
I stopp'd and kiss'd her crimson mouth, She trembl'd half a-
molto espressivo.
bold; But when she rais'd her gen-tle eyes Her dear eyes so sweet-ly blue, The ten-der love look'd
-fraid; But when I look'd in-to her eyes Those dear eyes so pure and true, The ea-ger love look'd
a piacere.
through! The ten-der love look'd through!
through! The ea-ger love look'd through!
colla voce.
mf a tempo.

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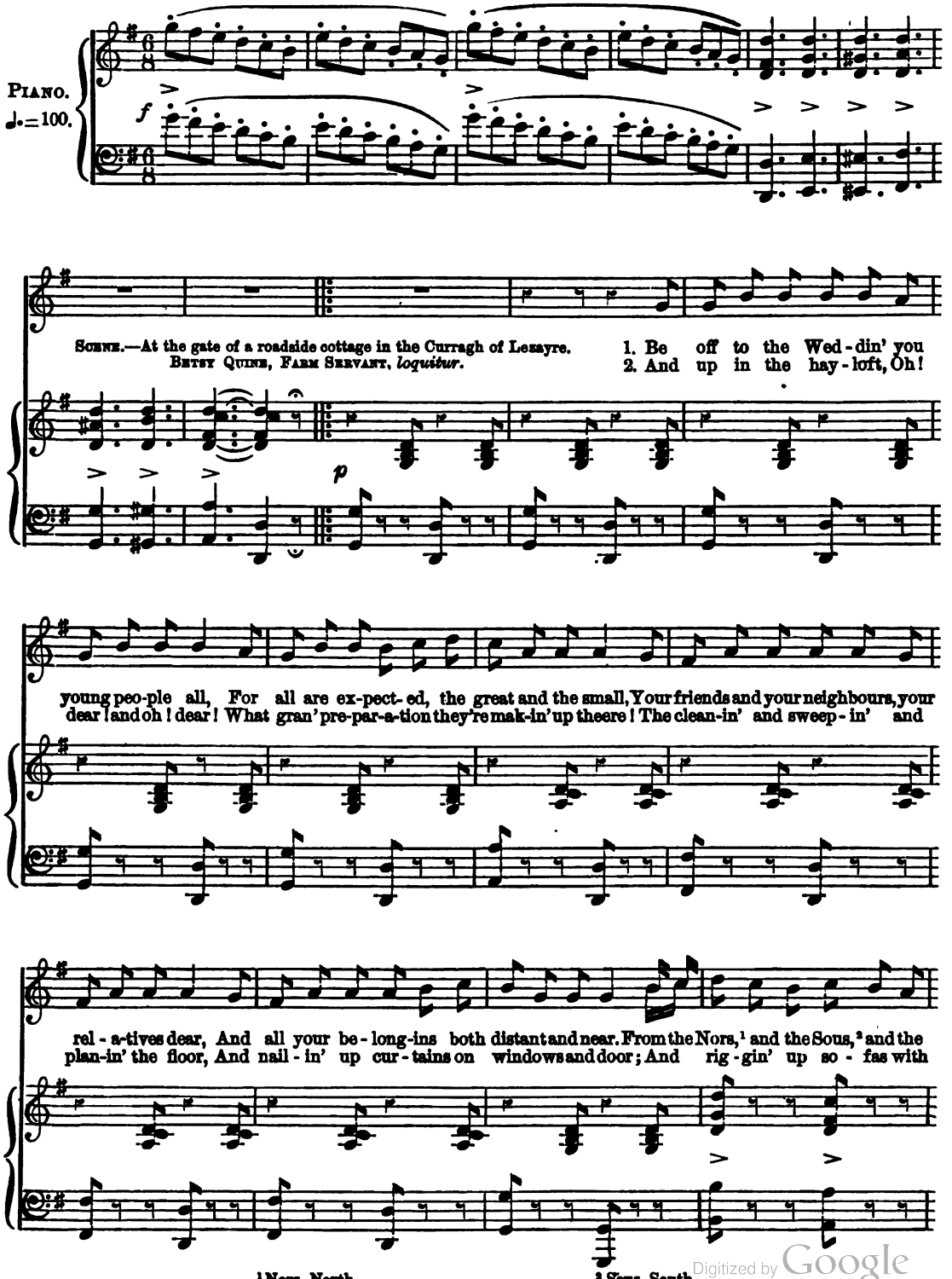
A Manx Wedding.

Words (Anglo Manx) by W. H. Gill.

Air, "Car y Phoosee.
(Song of the Wedding.)

Allegro Vivace.

Piano.
♩.=100.
f
p
Scene.—At the gate of a roadside cottage in the Curragh of Lesayre.
Betsy Quine, Farm Servant, *loquitur.*
1. Be off to the Wed-din' you
2. And up in the hay-loft, Oh!
young peo-ple all, For all are ex-pect-ed, the great and the small, Your friends and your neighbours, your
dear! and oh! dear! What gran' pre-par-a-tion they're mak-in' up theere! The clean-in' and sweep-in' and
rel-a-tives dear, And all your be-long-ins both distant and near. From the Nors,[1] and the Sous,[2] and the
plan-in' the floor, And nail-in' up cur-tains on windows and door; And rig-gin' up so-fas with

[1] Nors, North.

[2] Sous, South.

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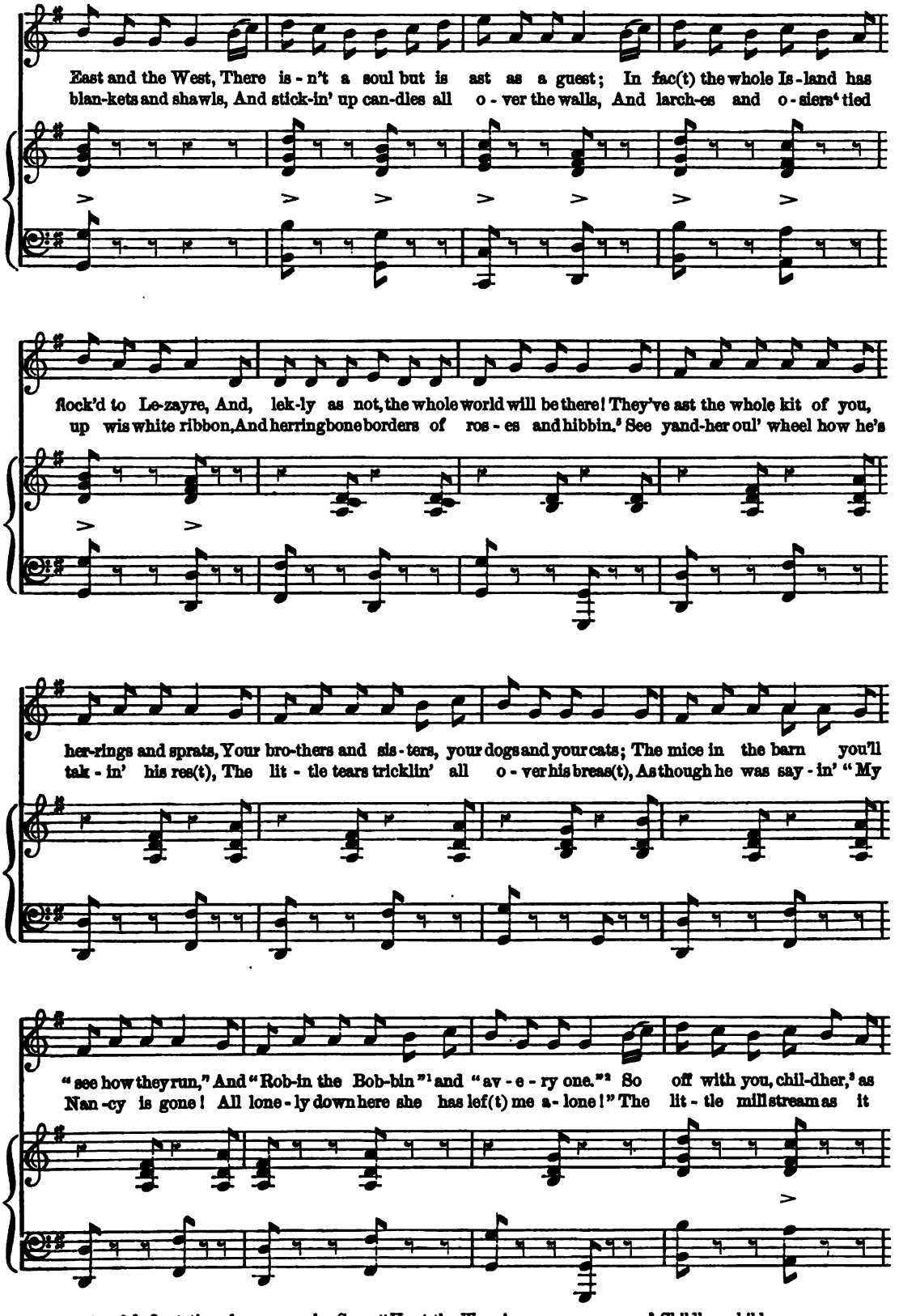
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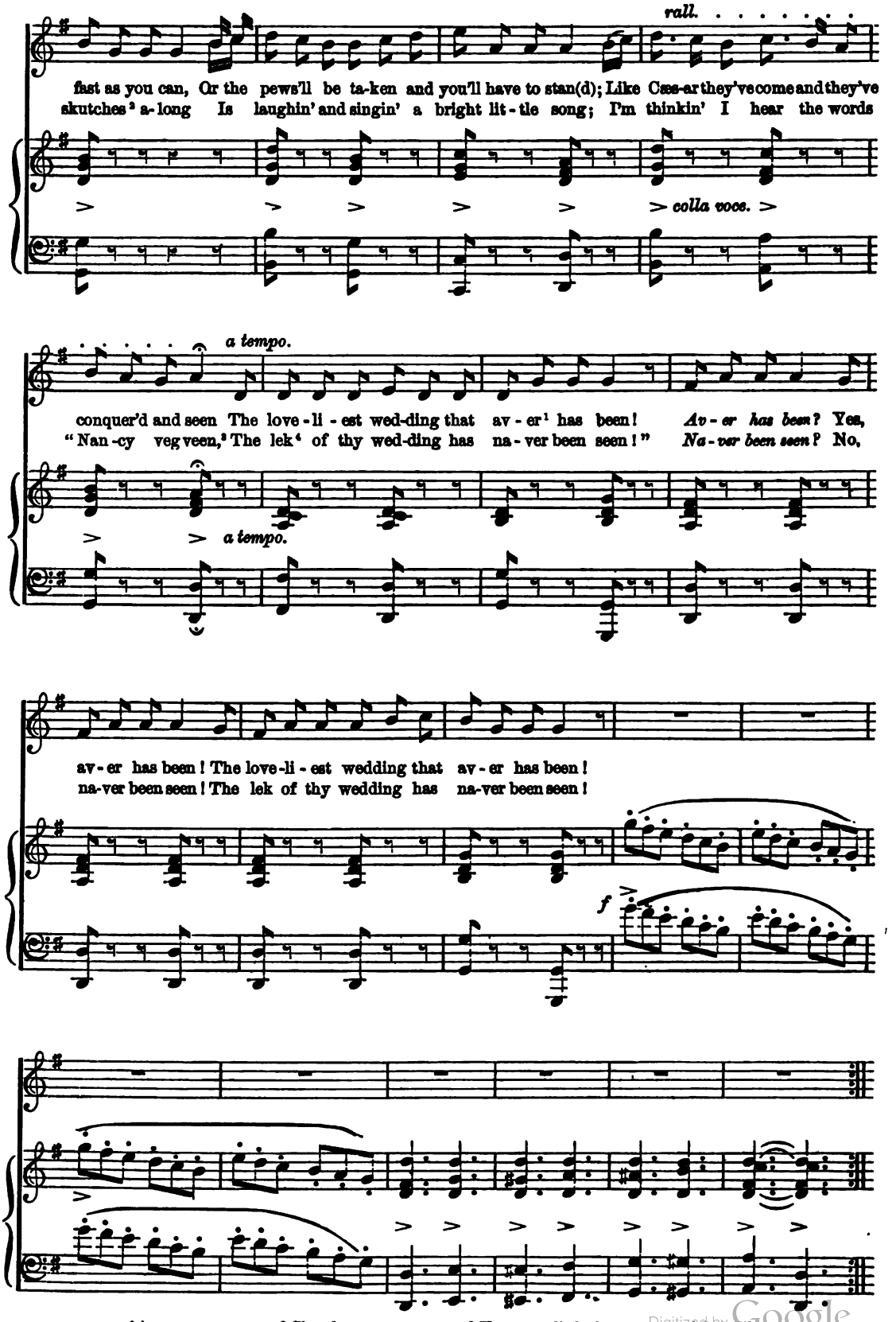
rall.
fast as you can, Or the pews'll be ta-ken and you'll have to stan(d); Like Cæs-ar they've come and they've
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colla voce.
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conquer'd and seen The love-li-est wed-ding that av-er[1] has been! Av-er has been? Yes,
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a tempo.
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[1] Aver, ever [2] Skutches, runs. [3] Veg veen, little dear. [4] Lek, like

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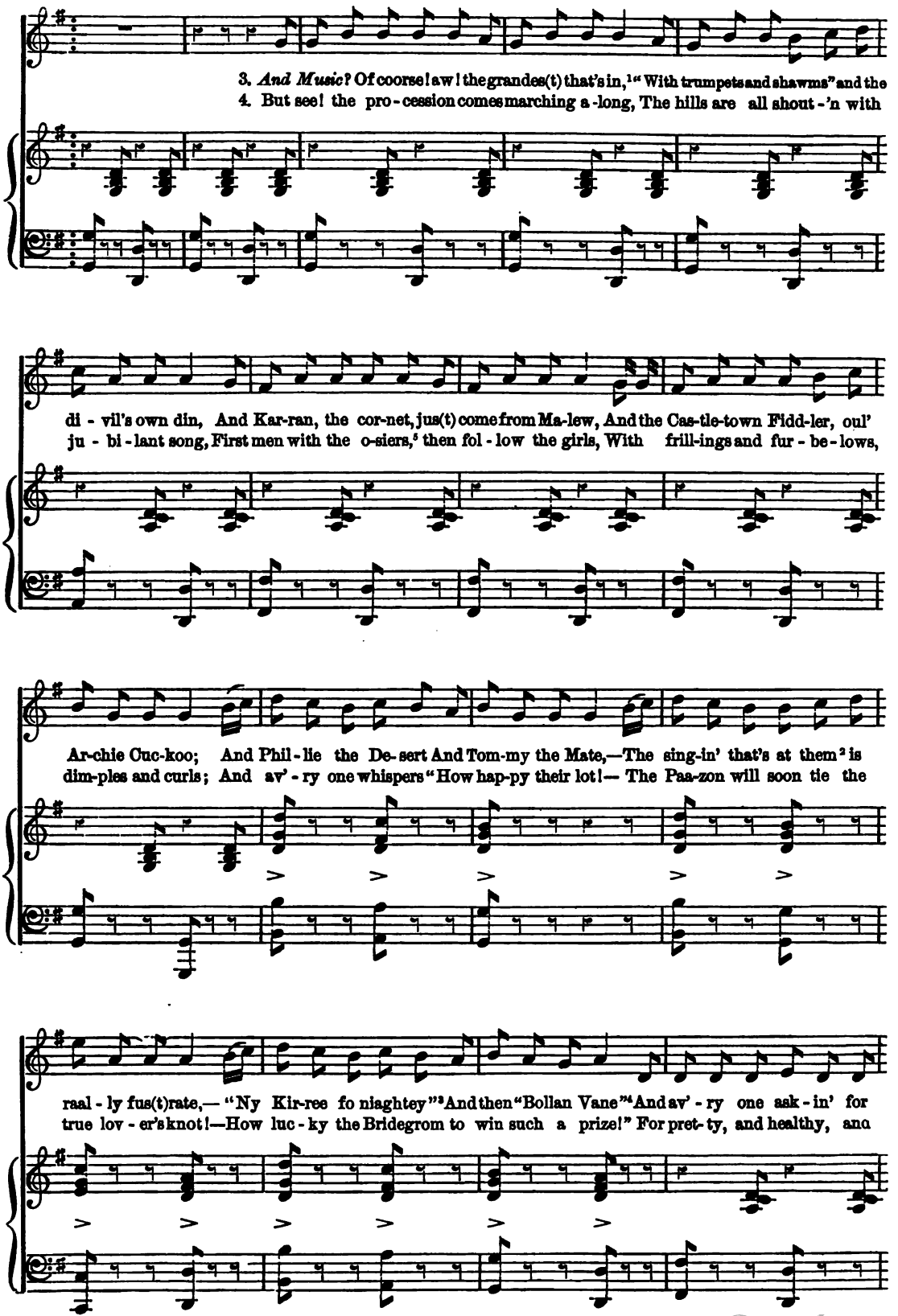
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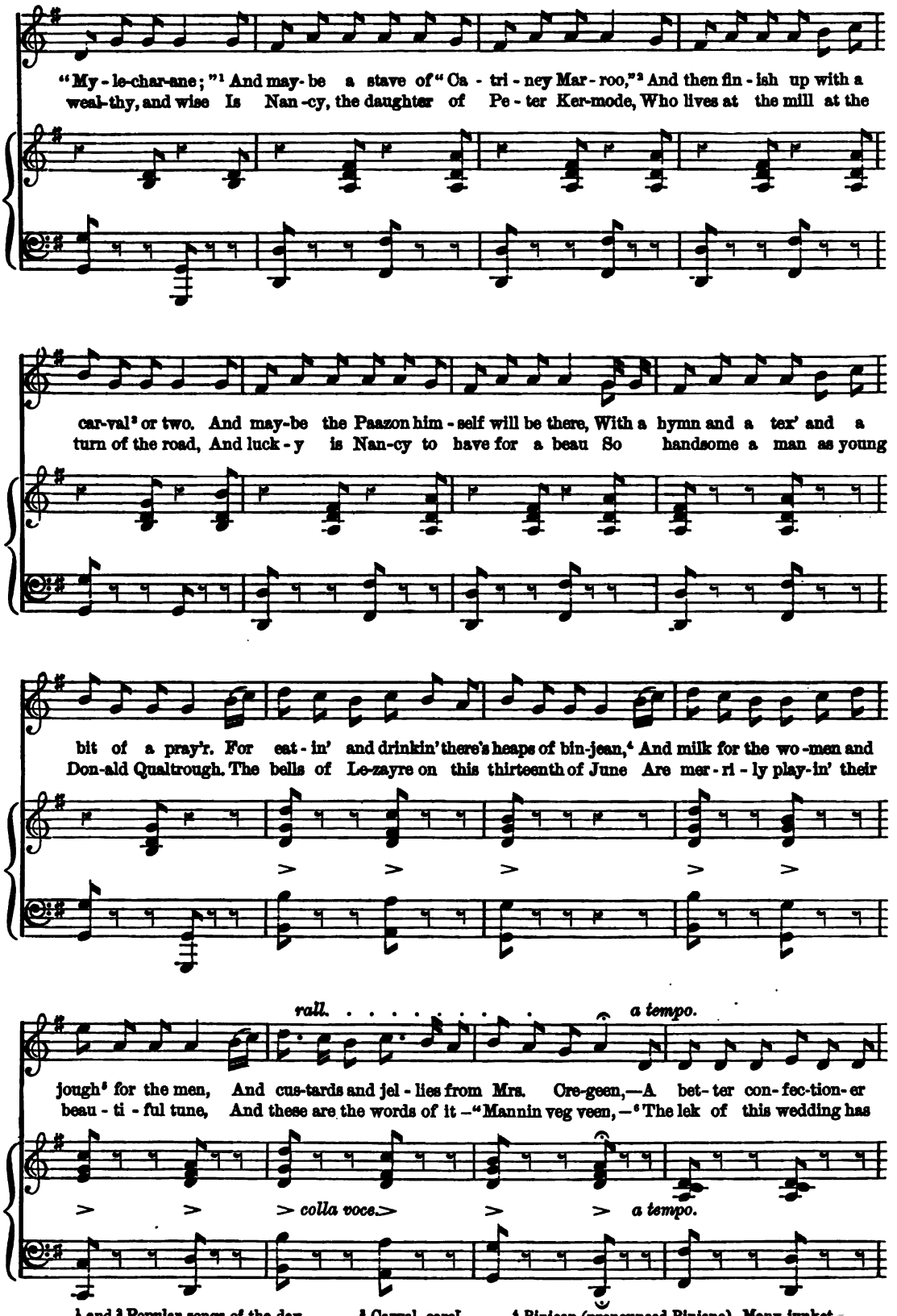
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[1] and [2] Popular songs of the day. [3] Carval, carol. [4] Binjean (pronounced Binjane), Manx junket
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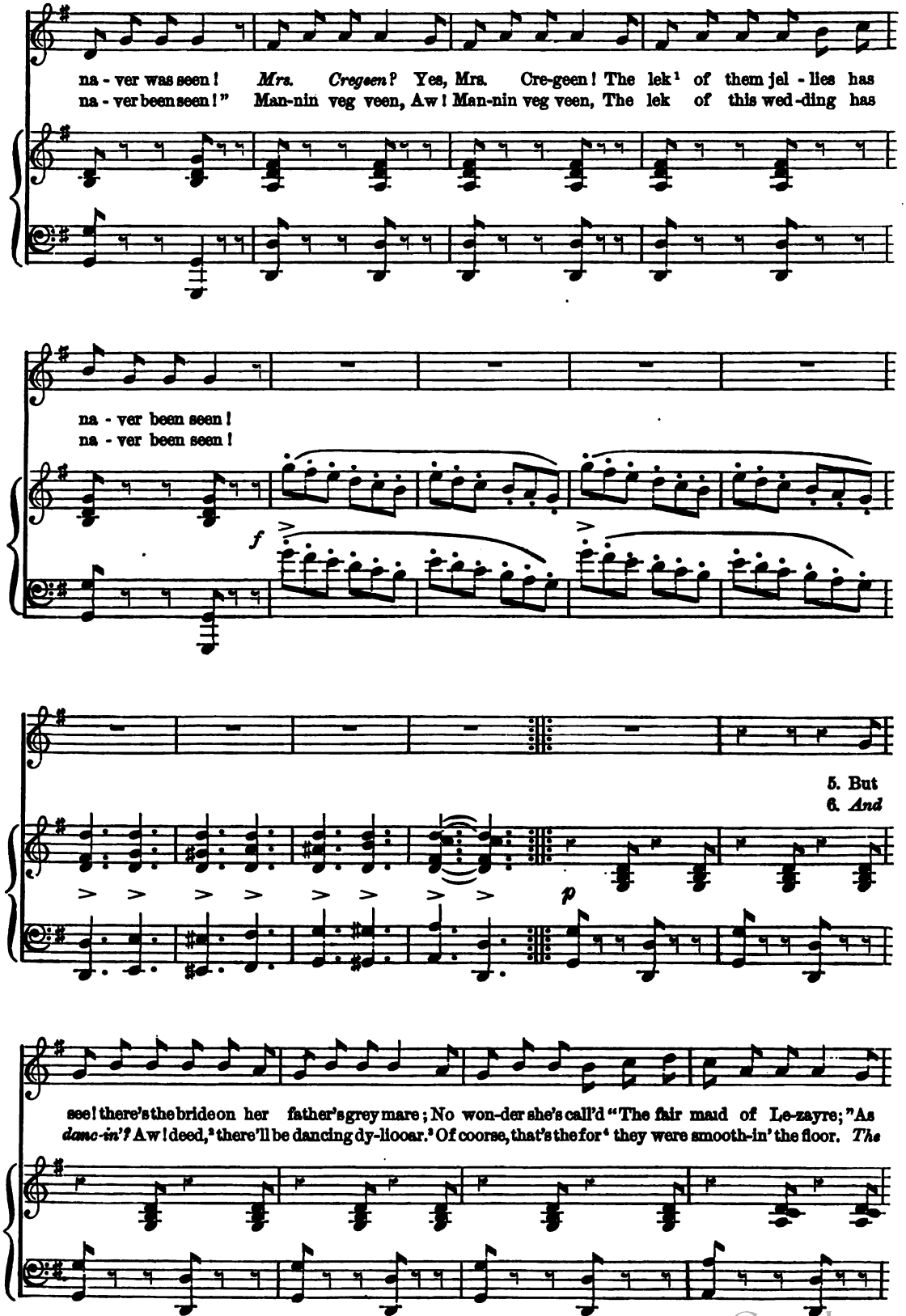
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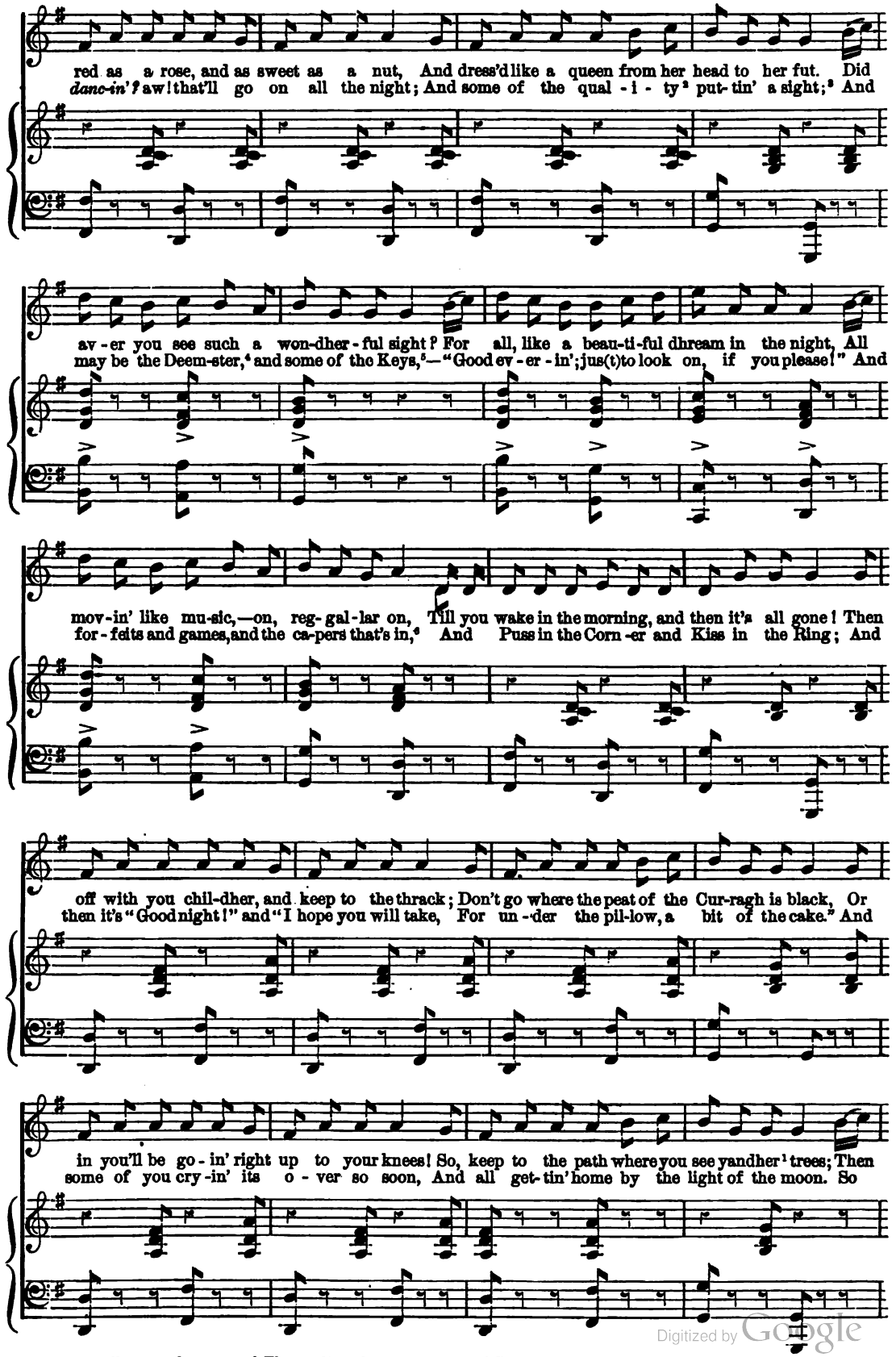
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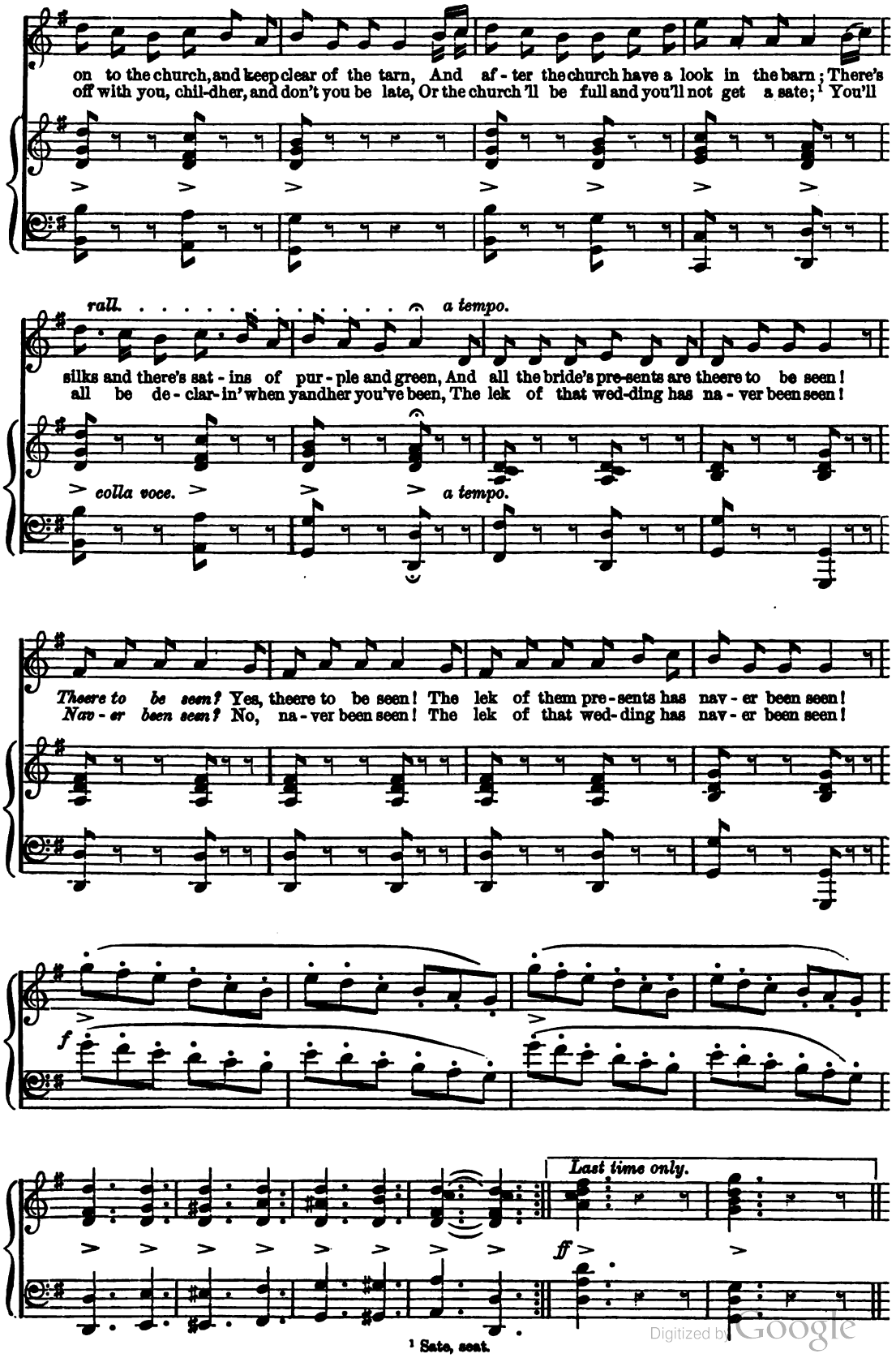
on to the church, and keep clear of the tarn, And af - ter the church have a look in the barn; There's
off with you, chil-dher, and don't you be late, Or the church 'll be full and you'll not get a sate;[1] You'll
rall.
a tempo.
silks and there's sat - ins of pur - ple and green, And all the bride's pre-sents are theere to be seen!
all be de - clar-in' when yandher you've been, The lek of that wed-ding has na - ver been seen!
colla voce.
a tempo.
Theere to be seen? Yes, theere to be seen! The lek of them pre-sents has nav - er been seen!
Nav - er been seen? No, na - ver been seen! The lek of that wed-ding has nav - er been seen!
f
Last time only.
ff

[1] Sate, seat.

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Illiam Dhoan.—No 2.

Words by A. P. Graves.

Carval, "Drogh Vraane."
(Carol, Of base women).

Lento maestoso.

Piano.
♩=82.

mf *sf* *p* *sf* *p*

1. The Scot to might - y Wal-lace And lord-ly Bruce is leal; The Ir - ish heart's the
2. For when op-pres - sion flourish'd, And we were slaves not men, What voice re - bel - lion

mf

Pal-ace Of Bry-an and O' Neil; The Welsh they laud Llew- el - lyn With harp and trum-pet
nourish'd And gave us heart a - gain? What proud in - sur - gent vas - sal Could shake the ty - rant's

tone; But oh *our* He - ro's Ill - iam, Our He - ro's Ill - iam Dhoan.
throne And pluck from him his cas - tle, Say who but Ill - iam Dhoan?

f L.H.

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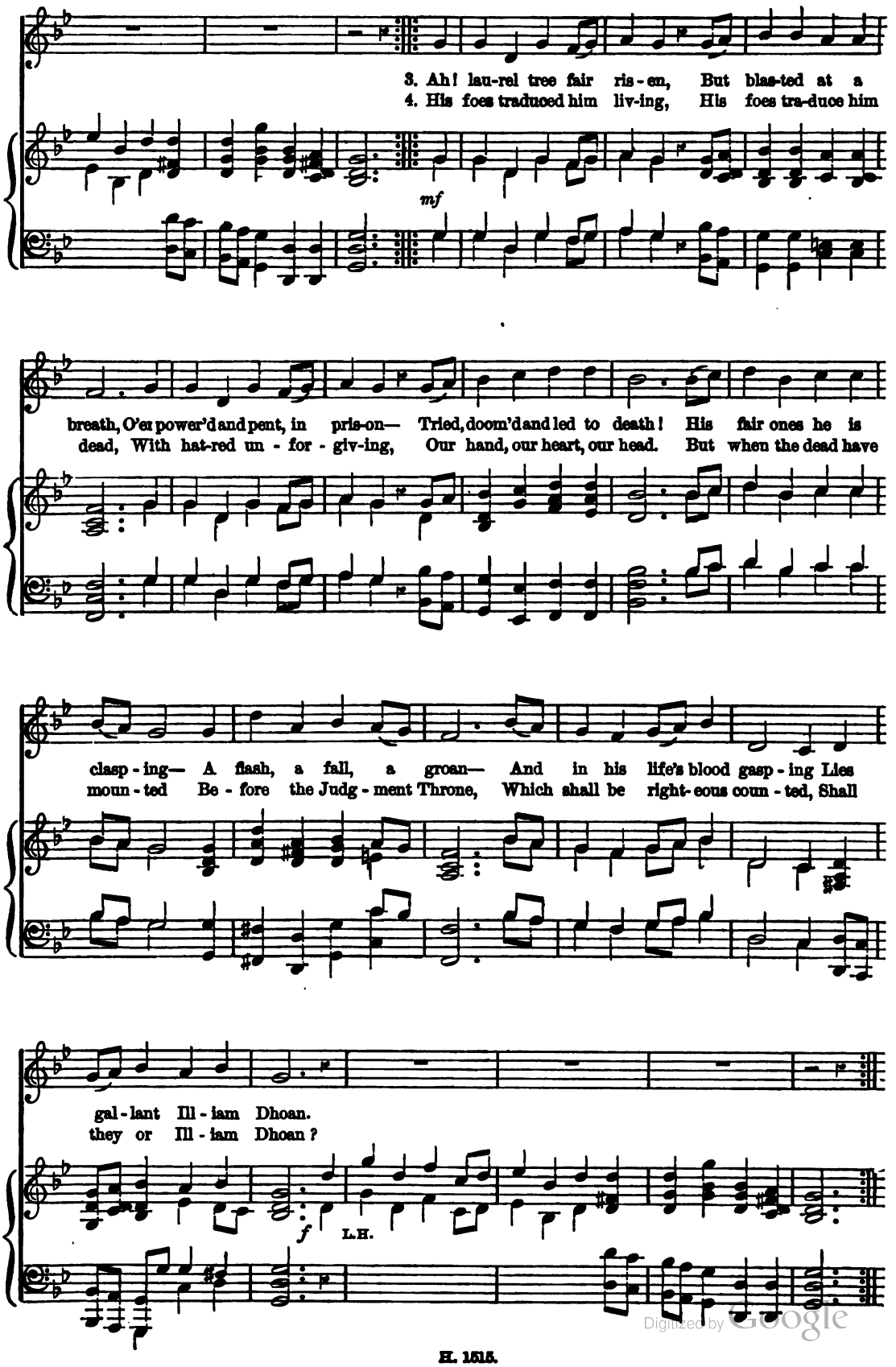
3. Ah! lau-rel tree fair ris-en, But blas-ted at a
4. His foes traduced him liv-ing, His foes tra-duce him
mf
breath, O'er power'd and pent, in pris-on— Tried, doom'd and led to death! His fair ones he is
dead, With hat-red un-for-giv-ing, Our hand, our heart, our head. But when the dead have
clasp-ing— A flash, a fall, a groan— And in his life's blood gasp-ing Lies
moun-ted Be-fore the Judg-ment Throne, Which shall be right-eous coun-ted, Shall
gal-lant Ill-iam Dhoan.
they or Ill-iam Dhoan?
f
L.H.

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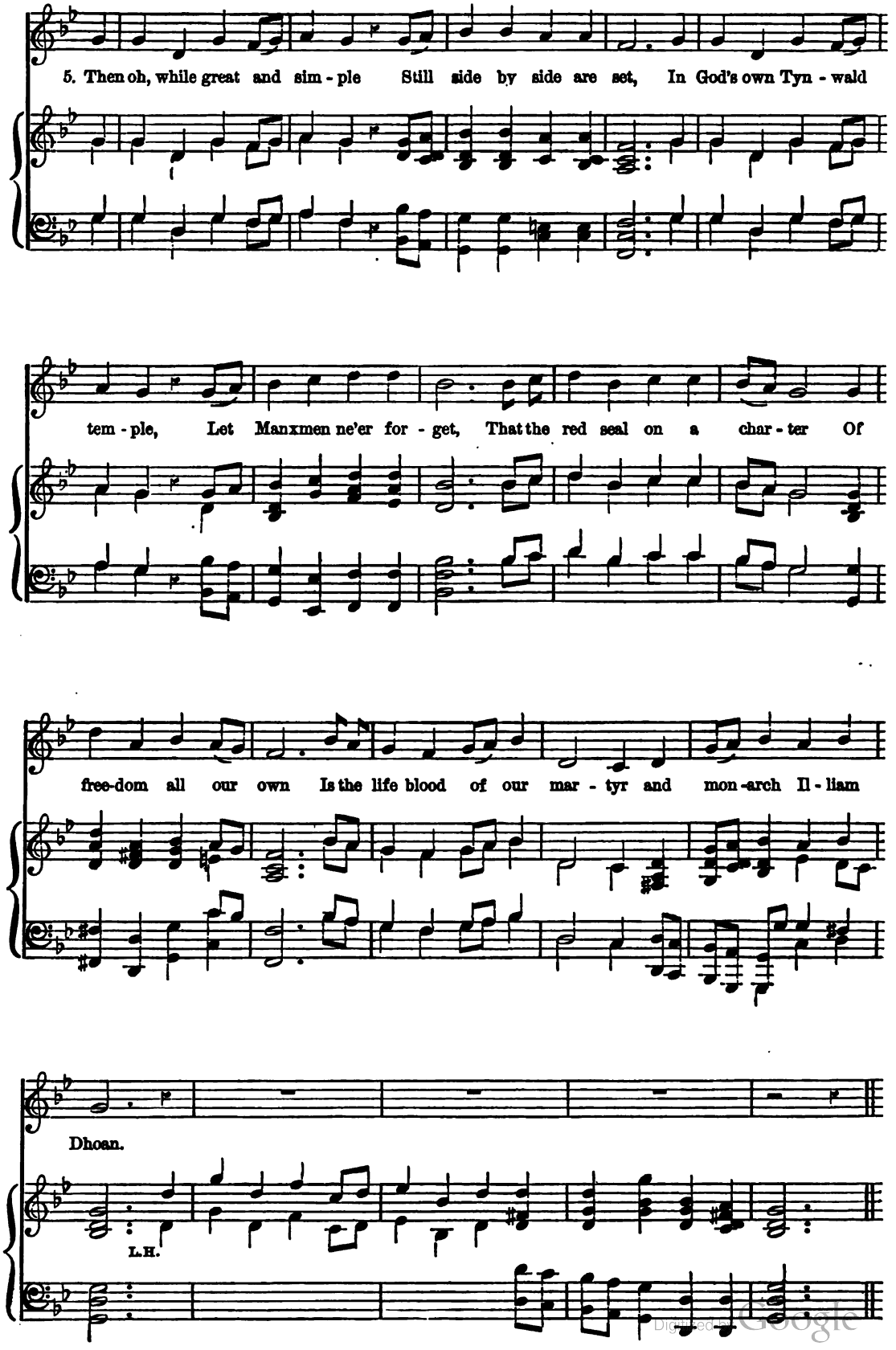
5. Then oh, while great and sim - ple Still side by side are set, In God's own Tyn - wald
tem - ple, Let Manxmen ne'er for - get, That the red seal on a char - ter Of
free-dom all our own Is the life blood of our mar - tyr and mon-arch Il - liam
Dhoan.
L.H.

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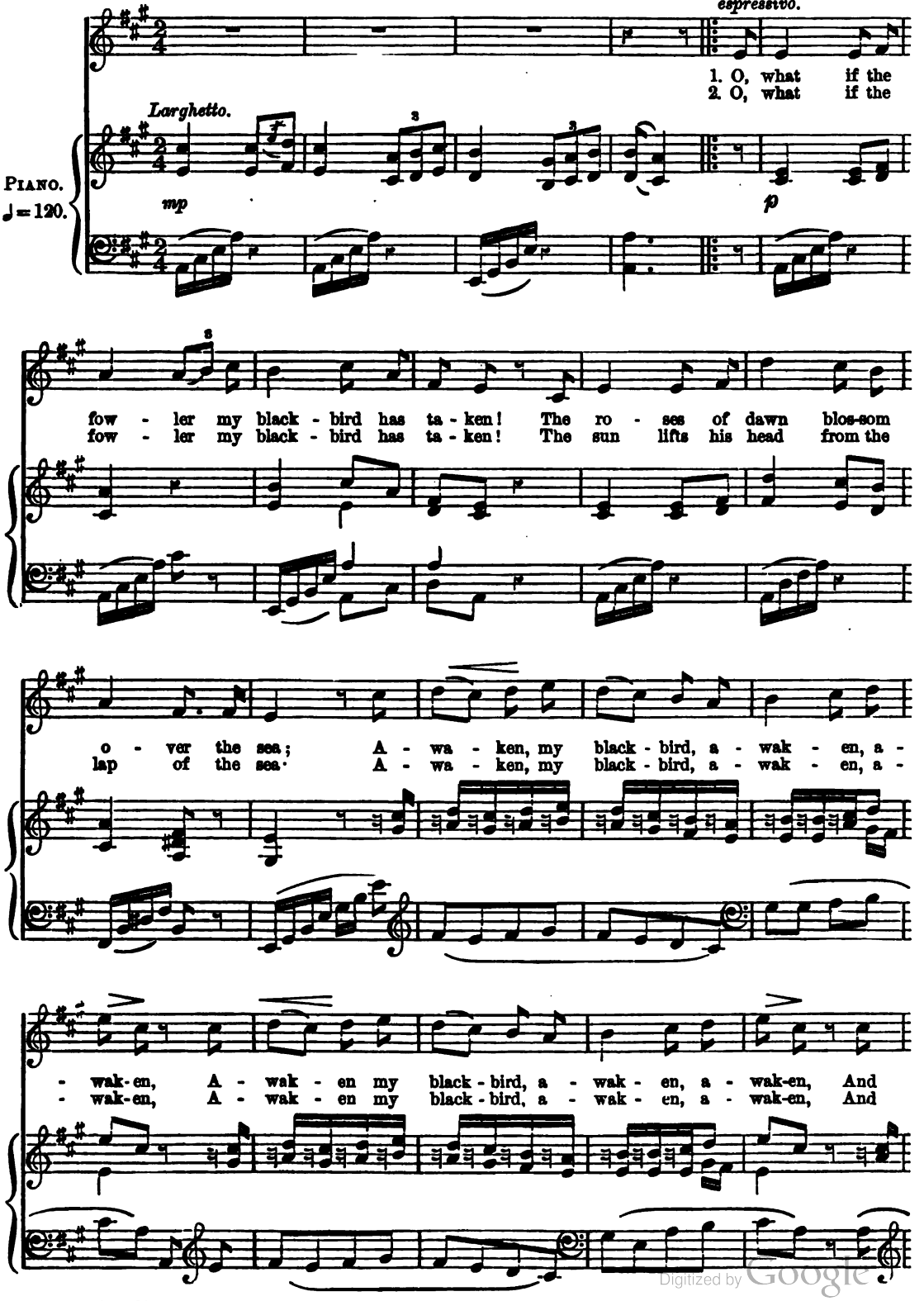
O, what if the Fowler my Blackbird has taken!

Words by CHARLES DALMON.

espressivo.
1. O, what if the
2. O, what if the
Larghetto.
PIANO.
♩= 120.
mp
p
fow - ler my black - bird has ta - ken! The ro - ses of dawn blos-som
fow - ler my black - bird has ta - ken! The sun lifts his head from the
o - ver the sea; A - wa - ken, my black - bird, a - wak - en, a -
lap of the sea· A - wa - ken, my black - bird, a - wak - en, a -
- wak-en, A - wak - en my black - bird, a - wak - en, a - wak-en, And
- wak-en, A - wak - en my black - bird, a - wak - en, a - wak-en, And

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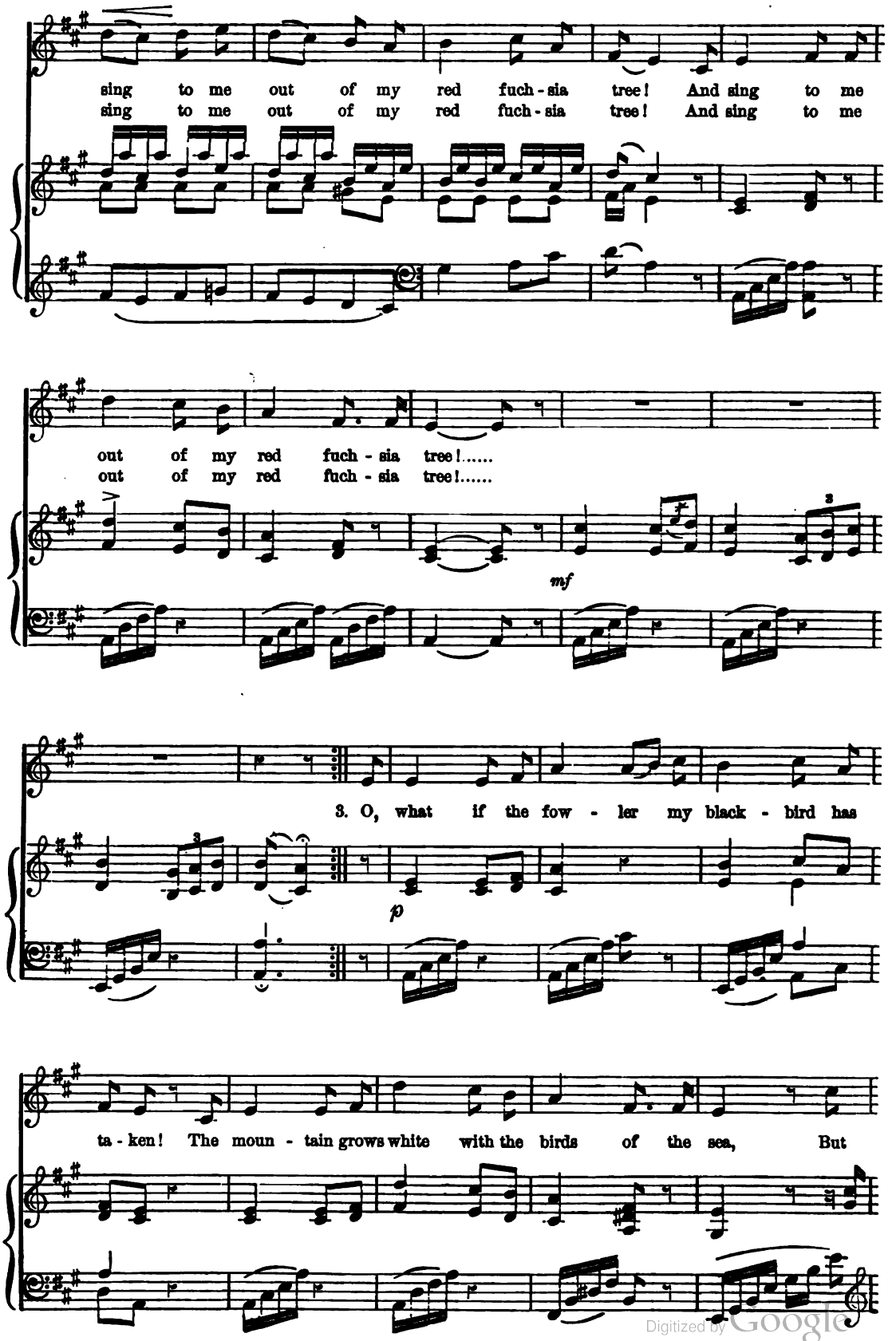
sing to me out of my red fuch-sia tree! And sing to me
sing to me out of my red fuch-sia tree! And sing to me
out of my red fuch-sia tree!.....
out of my red fuch-sia tree!.....
mf
3. O, what if the fow-ler my black-bird has
p
ta-ken! The moun-tain grows white with the birds of the sea, But

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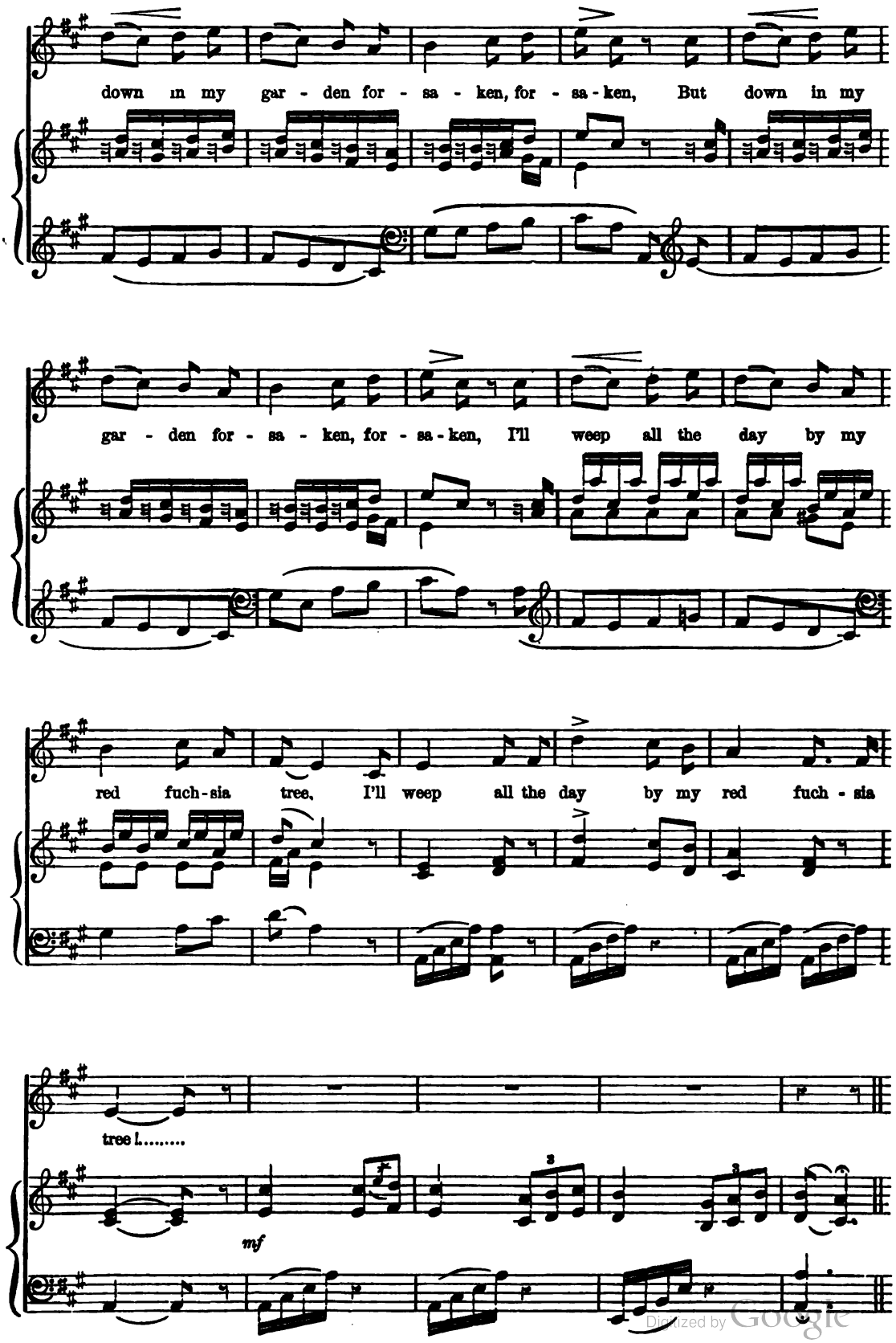
down in my gar - den for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, But down in my
gar - den for - sa - ken, for - sa - ken, I'll weep all the day by my
red fuch - sia tree, I'll weep all the day by my red fuch - sia
tree!.....
mf

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Gwendolen.

Words by CHARLES DALMON.

Air, "Sooree."
(*Courting.*)

Andantino

PIANO.
♩. =70.

1. Ros - es, tap her win - dow pane— Gwen - do - len, my dear!..... Ros - es, tap it
2. Ros - es round her win - dow pane, Soft - ly, sweet - ly peep..... Sail - or John, you

once a - gain— Gwen-do - len, Gwen - do - len! Your true love is wait - ing here
wait in vain, She's a - sleep, She's a - sleep: Some-one tells her ev' - ry day

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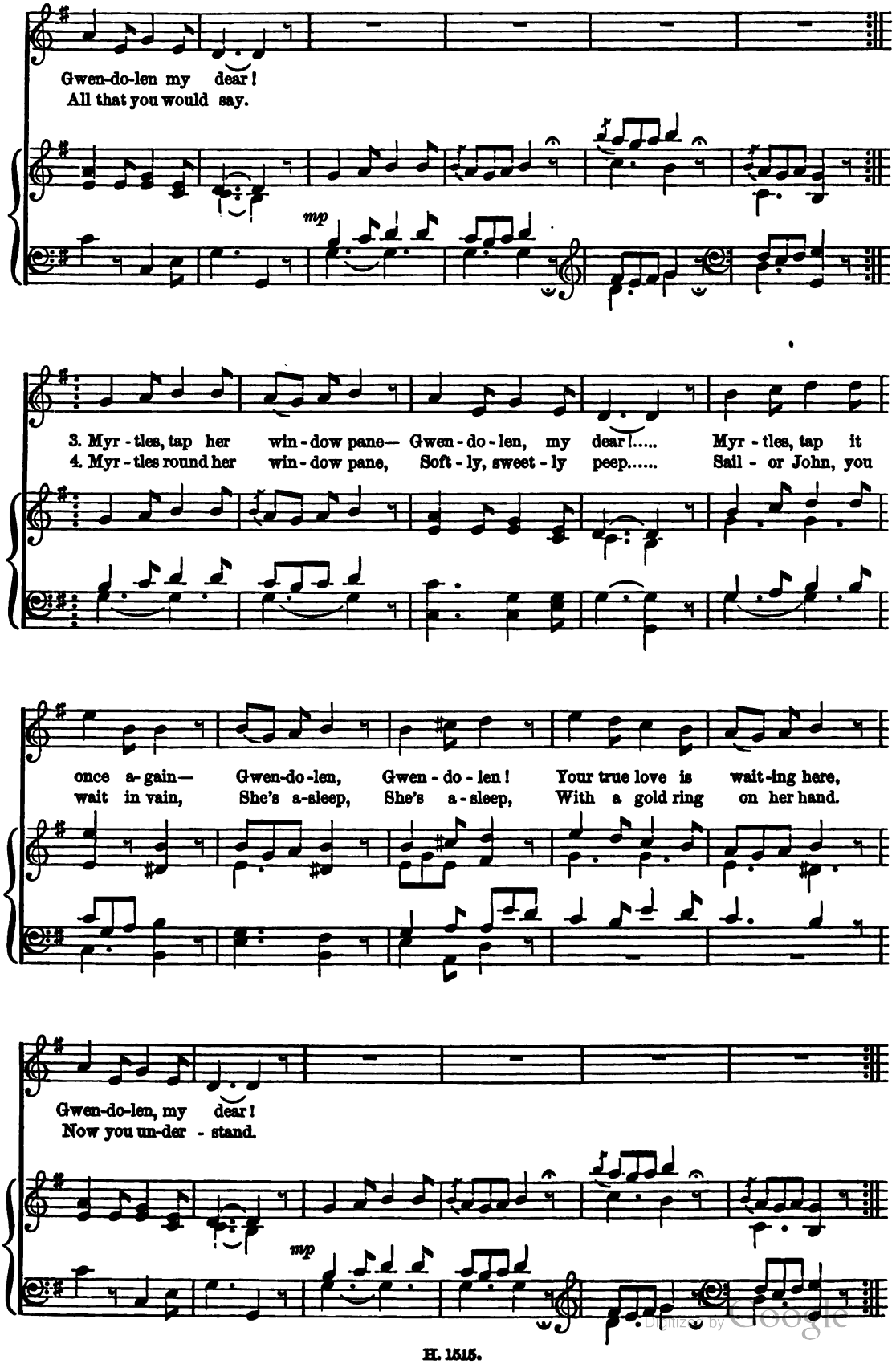
Gwen-do-len my dear!
All that you would say.
mp
3. Myr - tles, tap her win - dow pane— Gwen - do - len, my dear!..... Myr - tles, tap it
4. Myr - tles round her win - dow pane, Soft - ly, sweet - ly peep..... Sail - or John, you
once a - gain— Gwen-do-len, Gwen - do - len! Your true love is wait - ing here,
wait in vain, She's a-sleep, She's a - sleep, With a gold ring on her hand.
Gwen-do-len, my dear!
Now you un-der - stand.
mp

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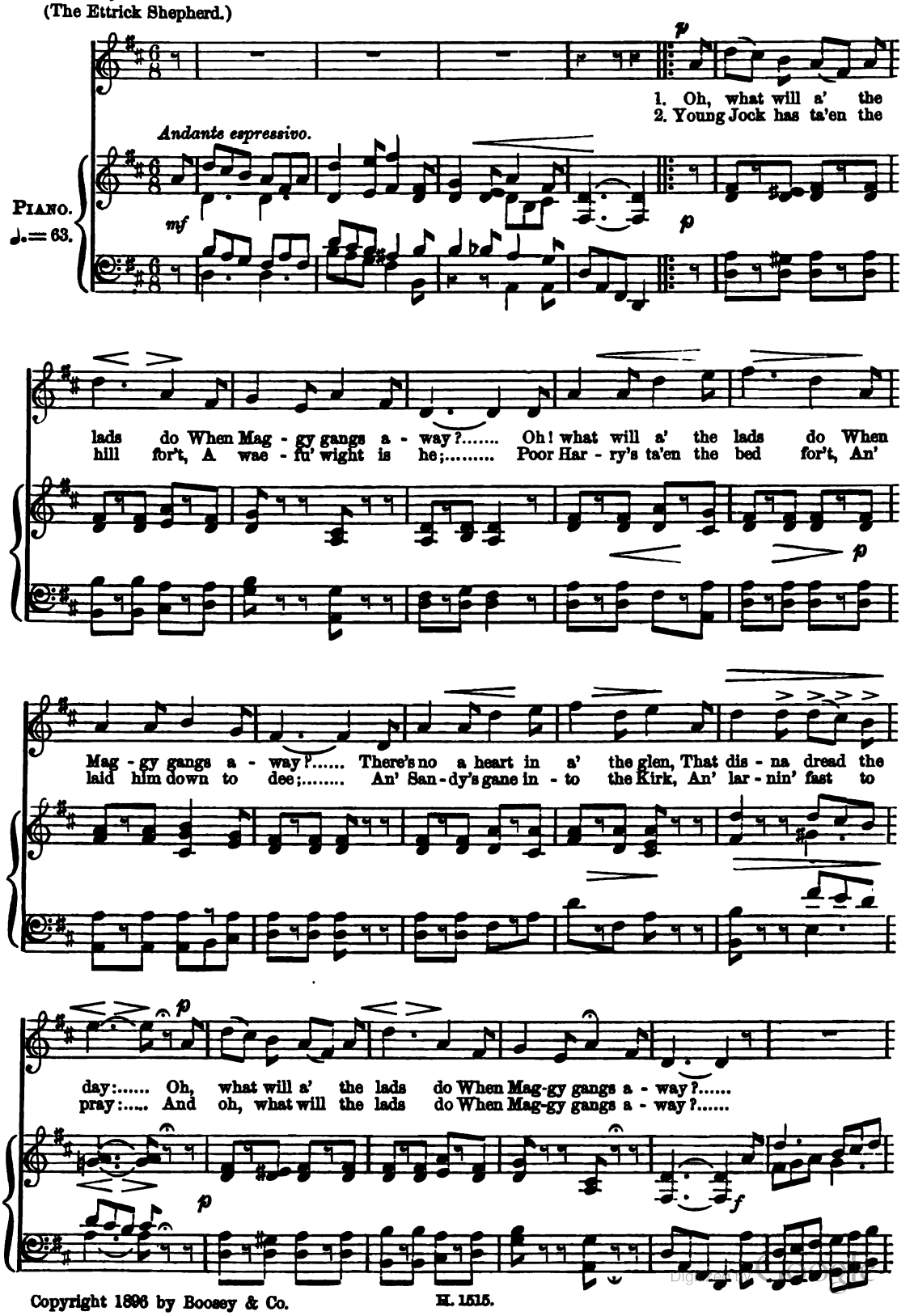
When Maggy gangs away.

Words by James Hogg.
(The Ettrick Shepherd.)

p
1. Oh, what will a' the
2. Young Jock has ta'en the
Andante espressivo.
Piano.
♩.= 63.
mf
p
lads do When Mag - gy gangs a - way?..... Oh! what will a' the lads do When
hill for't, A wae - fu' wight is he;..... Poor Har - ry's ta'en the bed for't, An'
p
Mag - gy gangs a - way?..... There's no a heart in a' the glen, That dis - na dread the
laid him down to dee;..... An' San - dy's gane in - to the Kirk, An' lar - nin' fast to
p
day:..... Oh, what will a' the lads do When Mag-gy gangs a - way?.....
pray:..... And oh, what will the lads do When Mag-gy gangs a - way?.....
p
f

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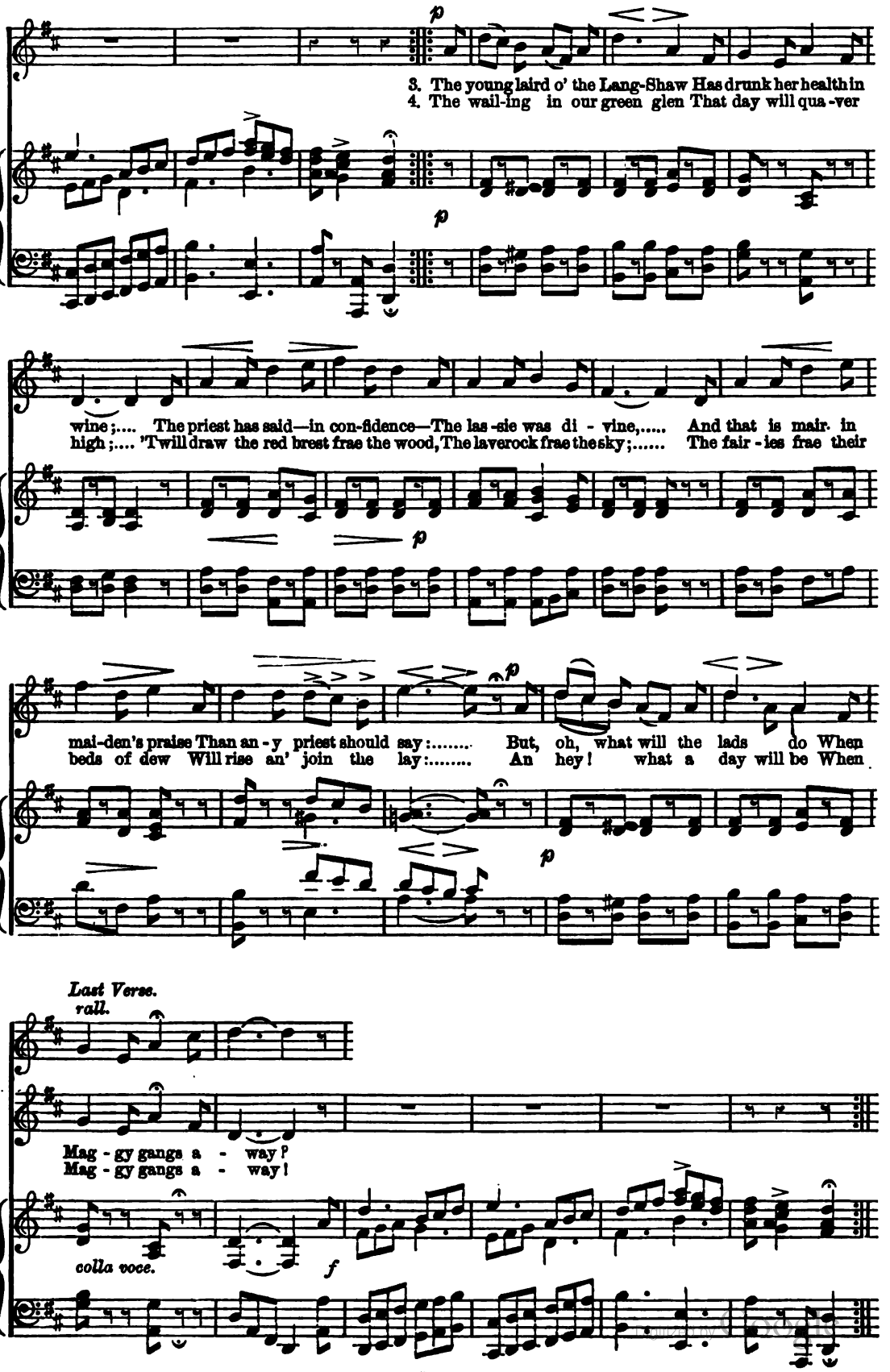
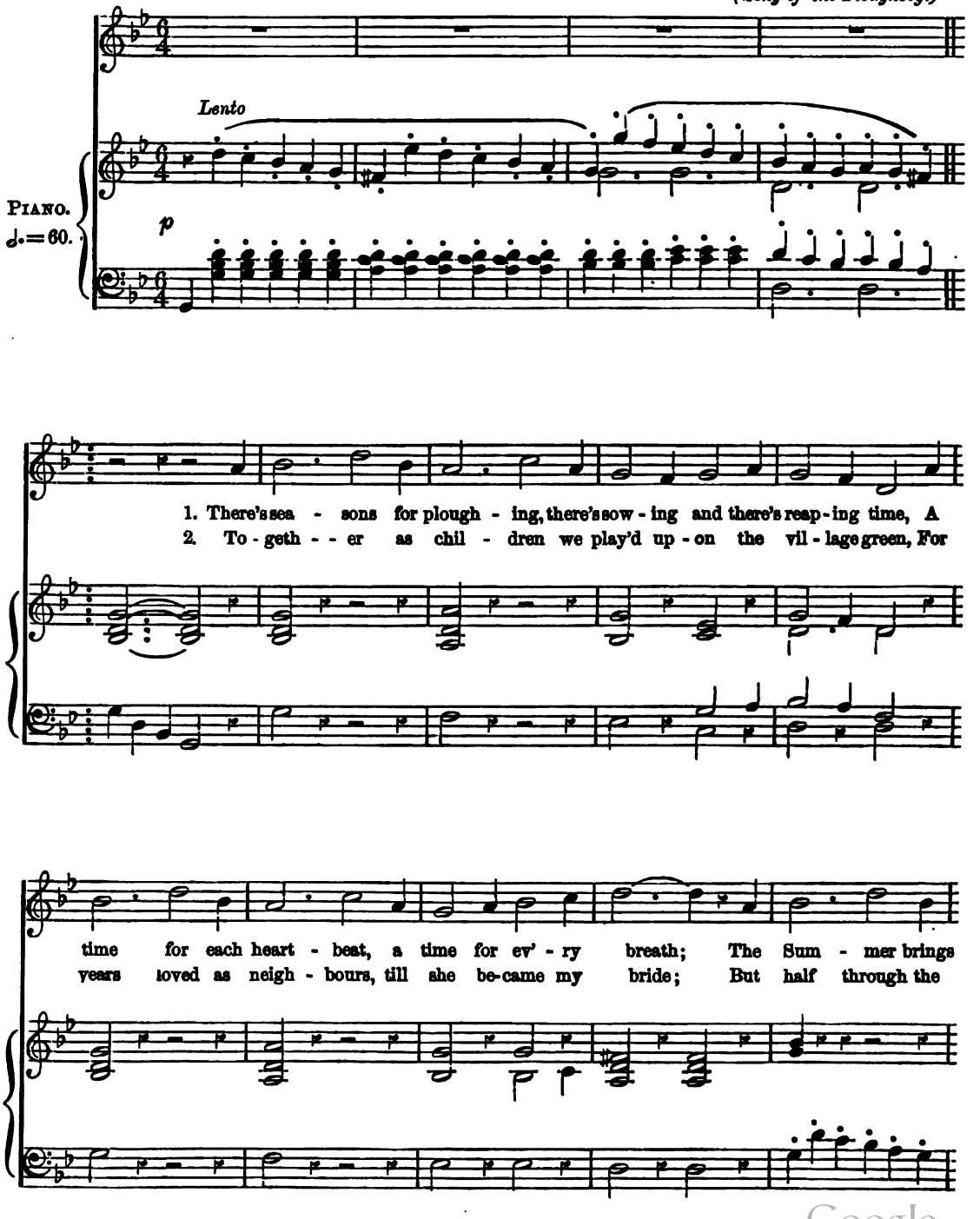

3. The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw Has drunk her health in
4. The wail-ing in our green glen That day will qua-ver
wine;.... The priest has said—in con-fidence—The las-sie was di - vine,..... And that is mair in
high;.... 'Twill draw the red brest frae the wood, The laverock frae the sky;..... The fair - les frae their
mai-den's praise Than an - y priest should say:..... But, oh, what will the lads do When
beds of dew Will rise an' join the lay:..... An hey! what a day will be When
Last Verse.
rall.
Mag - gy gangs a - way?
Mag - gy gangs a - way!
colla voce.

The Ploughman's Song.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." (Ps. civ. 23.)

Words by W. H. Gill

Air, "Arrane ny guilley-heaheree."
(Song of the Ploughboy.)


Lento
Piano.
♩.=60.
p
1. There's sea - sons for plough - ing, there's sow - ing and there's reap - ing time, A
2. To - geth - - er as chil - dren we play'd up - on the vil - lage green, For
time for each heart - beat, a time for ev' - ry breath; The Sum - mer brings
years loved as neigh - bours, till she be-came my bride; But half through the

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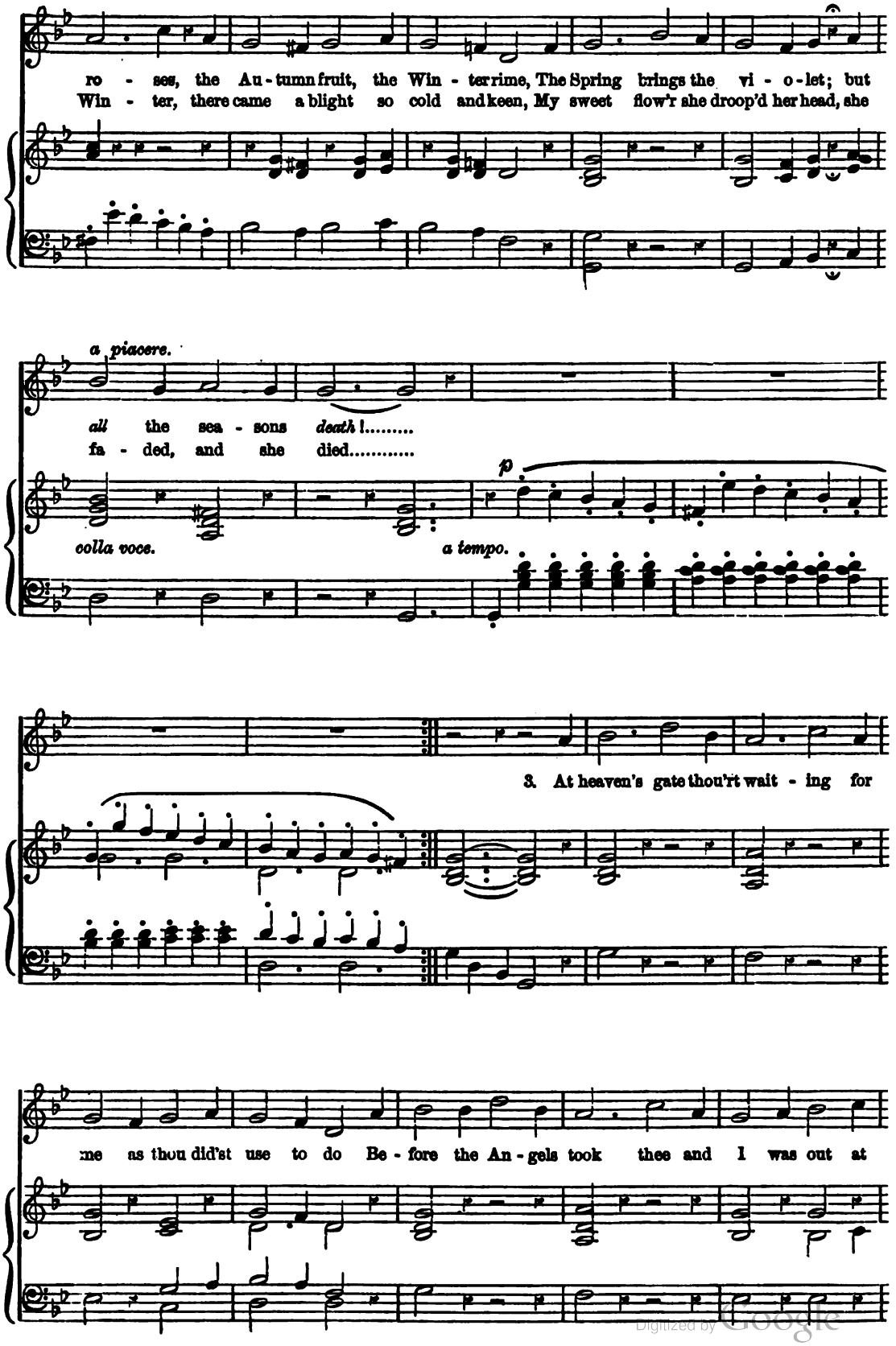
ro - ses, the Au - tumn fruit, the Win - ter rime, The Spring brings the vi - o - let; but
Win - ter, there came a blight so cold and keen, My sweet flow'r she droop'd her head, she
a piacere.
all the sea - sons death!.....
fa - ded, and she died.....
colla voce.
a tempo.
p
3. At heaven's gate thou'rt wait - ing for
me as thou did'st use to do Be - fore the An - gels took thee and I was out at

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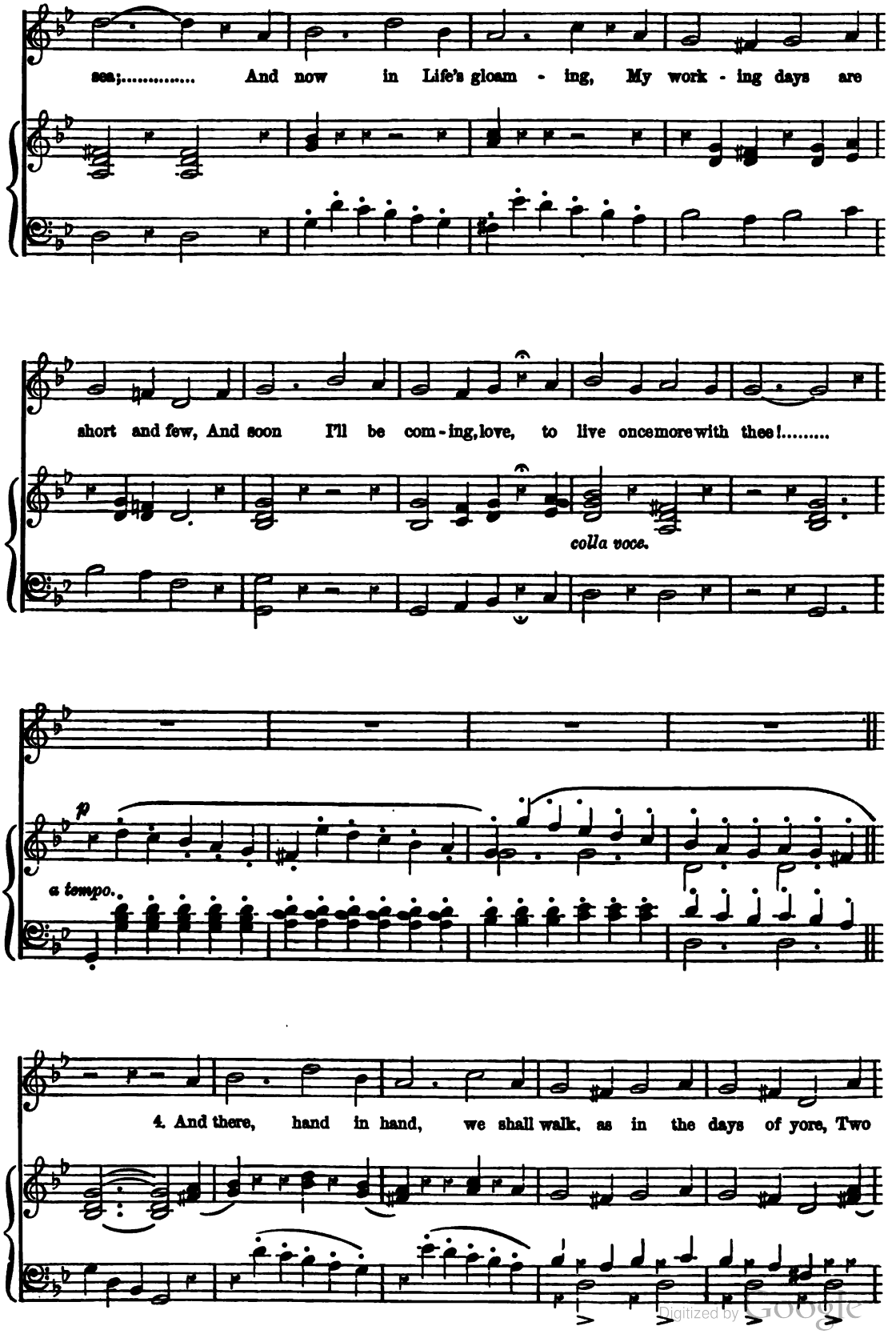
sea;..... And now in Life's gloam - ing, My work - ing days are
short and few, And soon I'll be com - ing, love, to live once more with thee!.....
colla voce.
p
a tempo.
4. And there, hand in hand, we shall walk, as in the days of yore, Two

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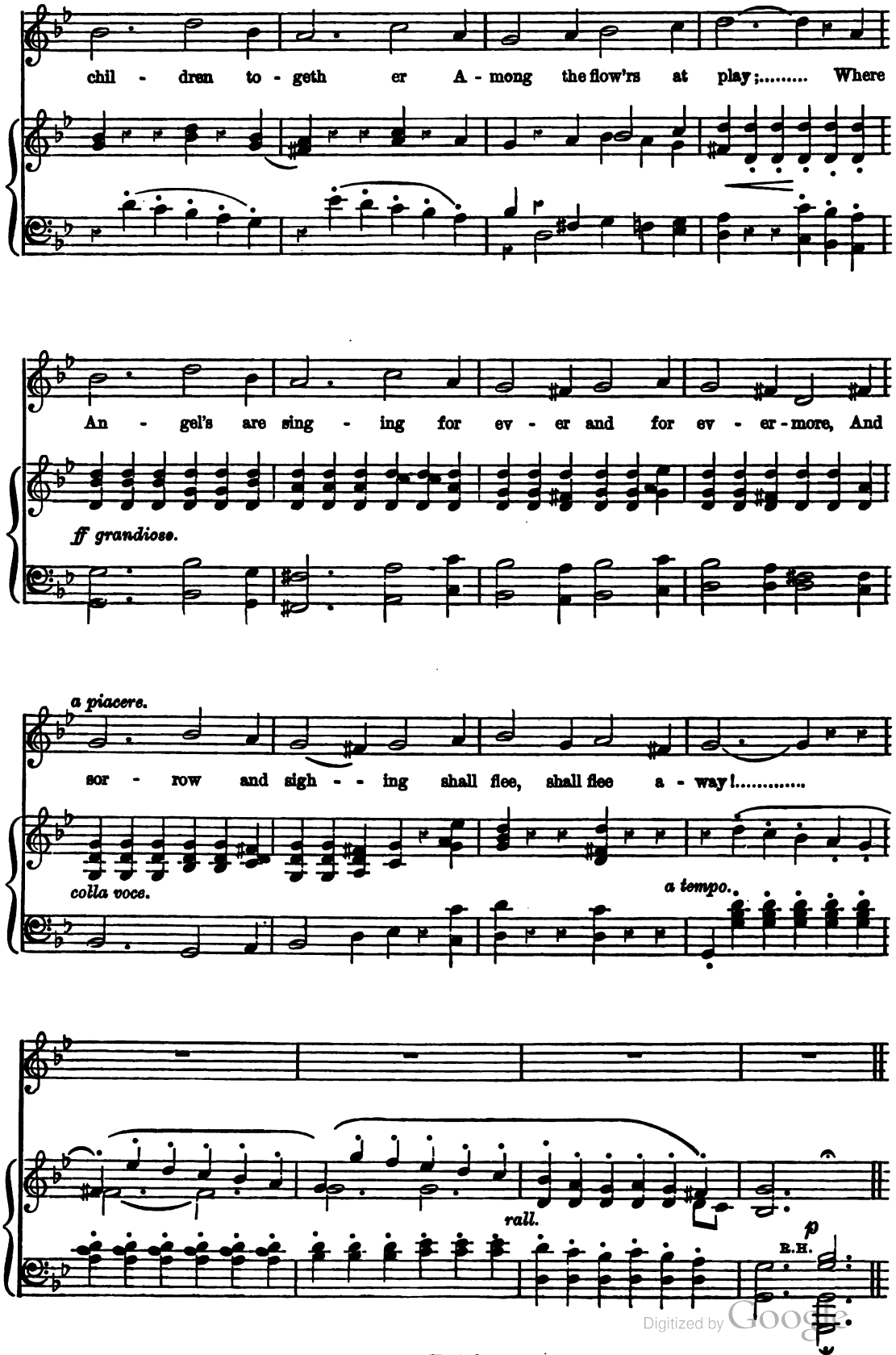
chil - dren to - geth er A - mong the flow'rs at play;..... Where
An - gel's are sing - ing for ev - er and for ev - er - more, And
ff grandioso.
a piacere.
sor - row and sigh - - ing shall flee, shall flee a - way!.....
colla voce.
a tempo.
rall.
p
R.H.

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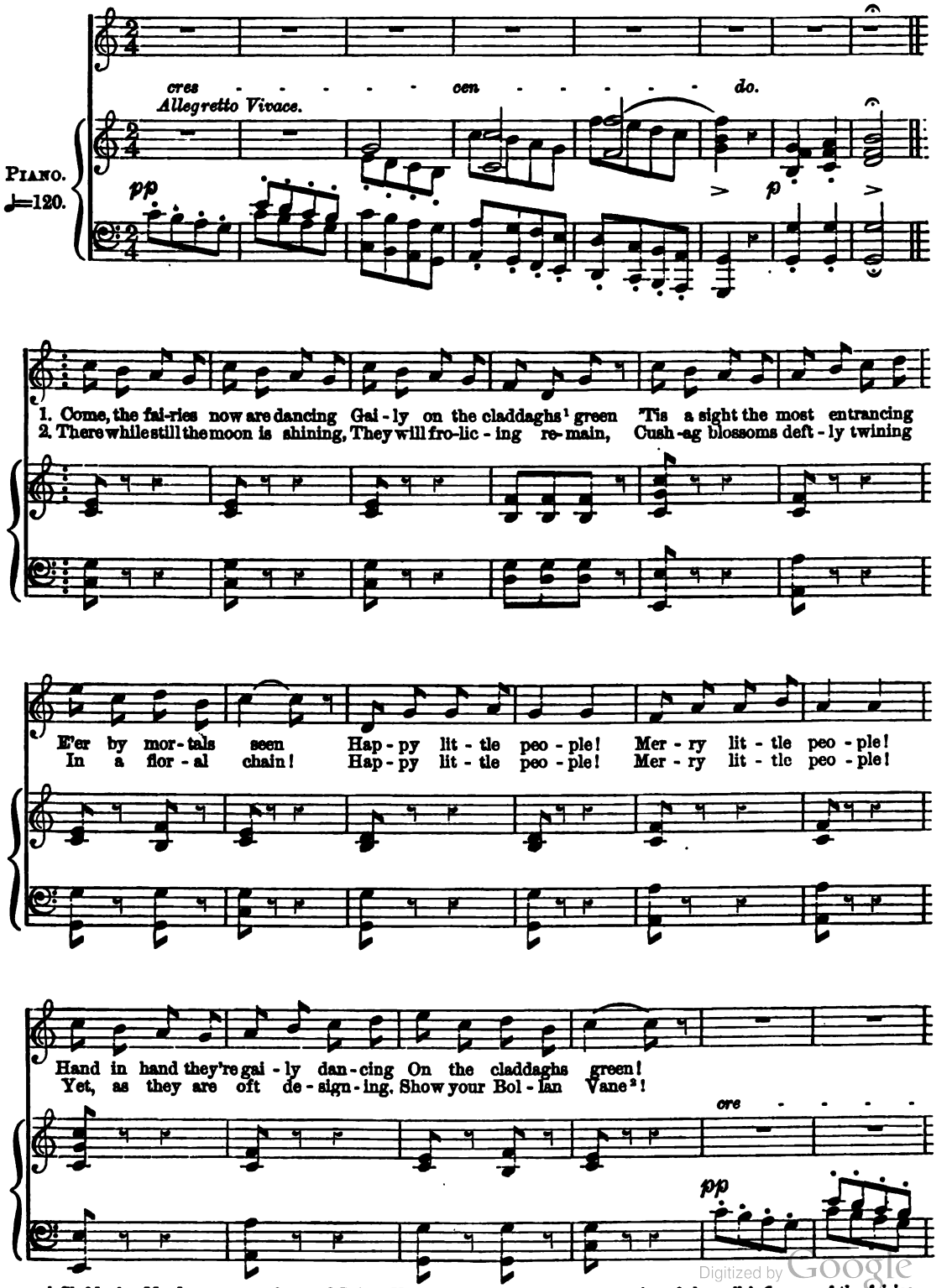
The Fairies' Dance.

Words by Edw. Oxenford.

Air, "Juan y jaggad Kecar."
(John with the grey jacket.)

cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
Allegretto Vivace.
Piano.
♩=120.
pp
p
1. Come, the fai-ries now are dancing Gai-ly on the claddaghs[1] green 'Tis a sight the most entrancing
2. There while still the moon is shining, They will fro-lic-ing re-main, Cush-ag blossoms deft-ly twining
E'er by mor-tals seen Hap-py lit-tle peo-ple! Mer-ry lit-tle peo-ple!
In a flor-al chain! Hap-py lit-tle peo-ple! Mer-ry lit-tle peo-ple!
Hand in hand they're gai-ly dan-cing On the claddaghs green!
Yet, as they are oft de-sign-ing. Show your Bol-lan Vane[2]!
cre - - - -
pp

[1] Claddaghs, Meadows near a river. [2] Bollan Vane, Mugwort, a specific preventive of the evil influence of the fairies.

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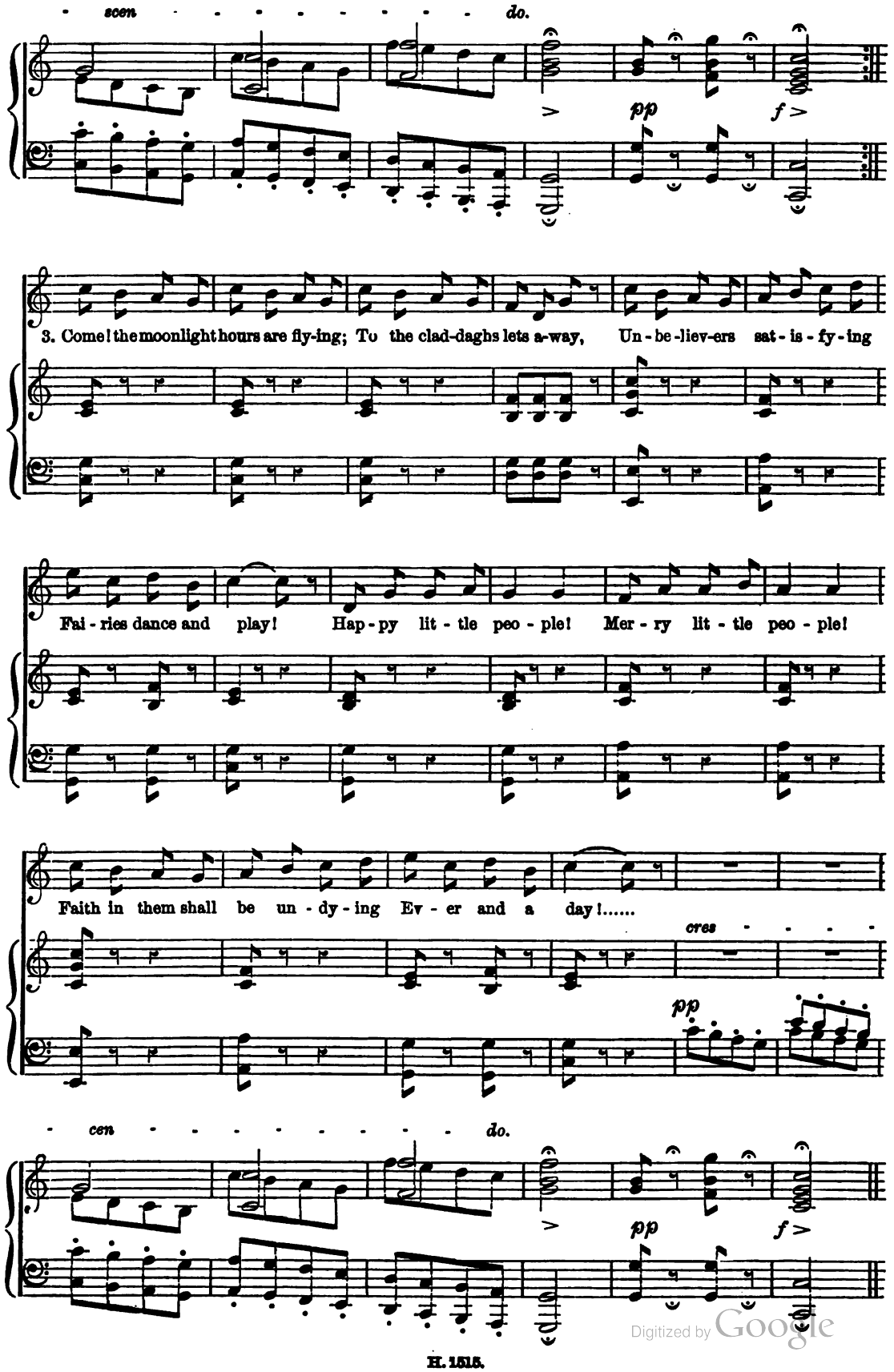
scen - - - - - - - - - do.
pp
f
3. Come! the moonlight hours are fly-ing; To the clad-daghs lets a-way, Un-be-liev-ers sat-is-fy-ing
Fai-ries dance and play! Hap-py lit-tle peo-ple! Mer-ry lit-tle peo-ple!
Faith in them shall be un-dy-ing Ev-er and a day!.....
cres - - - -
pp
con - - - - - - - - - do.
pp
f

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The Battle of Santwat.

"In the same year (1098) there was a battle between the Manxmen at Santwat, and those of the North obtained a victory. In this contest were slain the Earl Ottar and Macmarus, leaders of the respective parties." CHRONICON REGUM MANNIÆ ET INSULARUM. (Manx Society's Publications, Vol. XXII.)

Tradition says that the women of the North, having come to the aid of the men, turned the issue of the battle in their favour, and that in consequence they became by law entitled to a larger "widow-right" than those of the South.

Words by A. P. GRAVES

Music by W. H. GILL.
(By request.)

Allegro marziale e con fuoco.

PIANO.

♩ = 68.

mf

1. "Mac - ma - rus! Mac - ma - rus!" Swells forth our foemen's con-qu'ring cry, "For Ot - tar! For
2. Ah! broth - ers! Ah! broth - ers, With crashing shield and flash - ing blade, What al - lies, What

Ot - tar!" Our falt-'ring ranks re - ply. O sis - ters! O sis - ters! For lord and lov - er
al - lies Troop hith - er to our aid! O won - der! Our wo - men, Be - side you, death dis -

sire and son, Now arm, arm we for the field, Now arm we ev'-ry one! Now arm.....
- dain - ing stand! Now hew, hew, the spoil-ers down, Let none es-cape your hand! Let none.....

ff

ff

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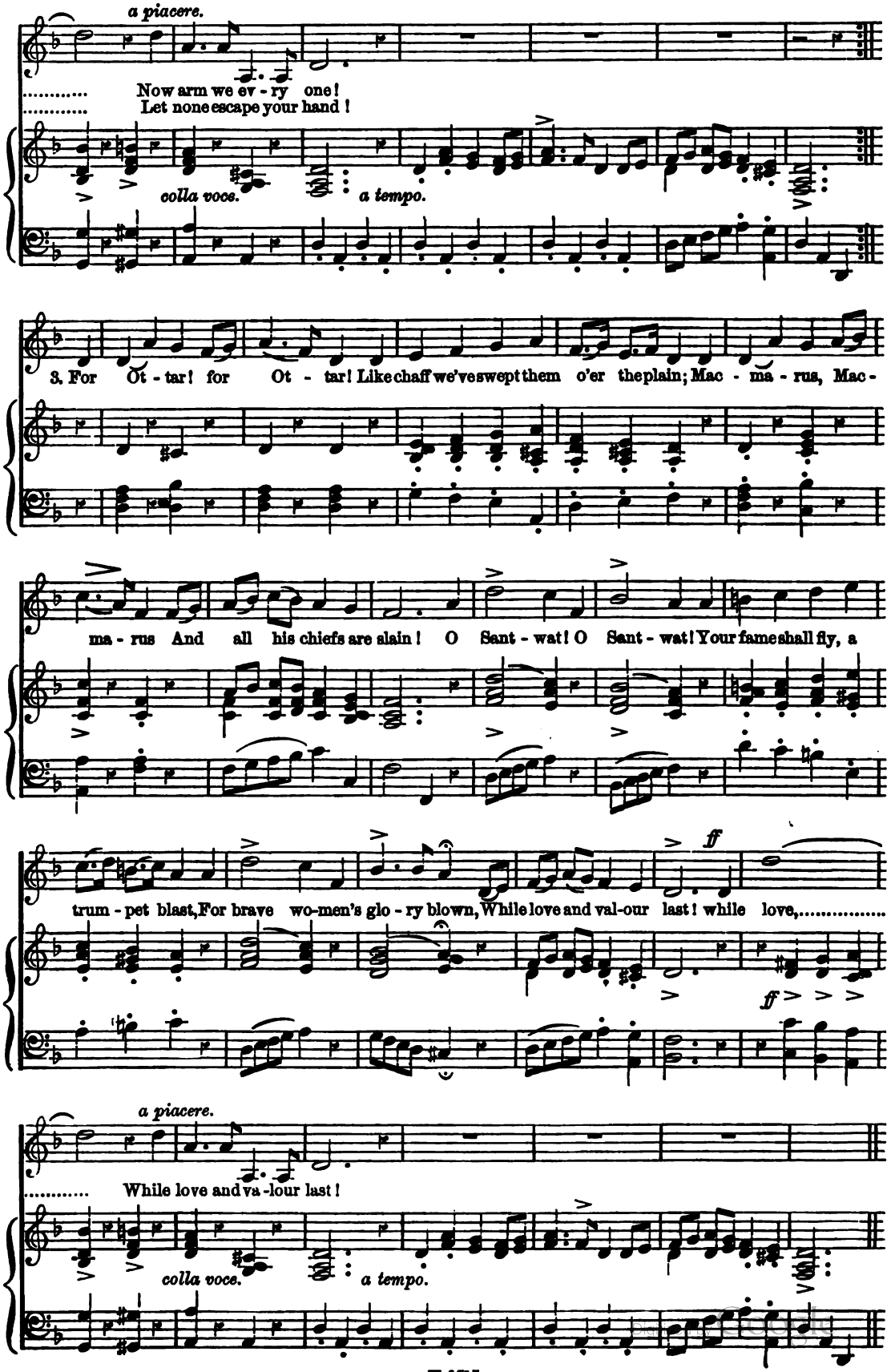
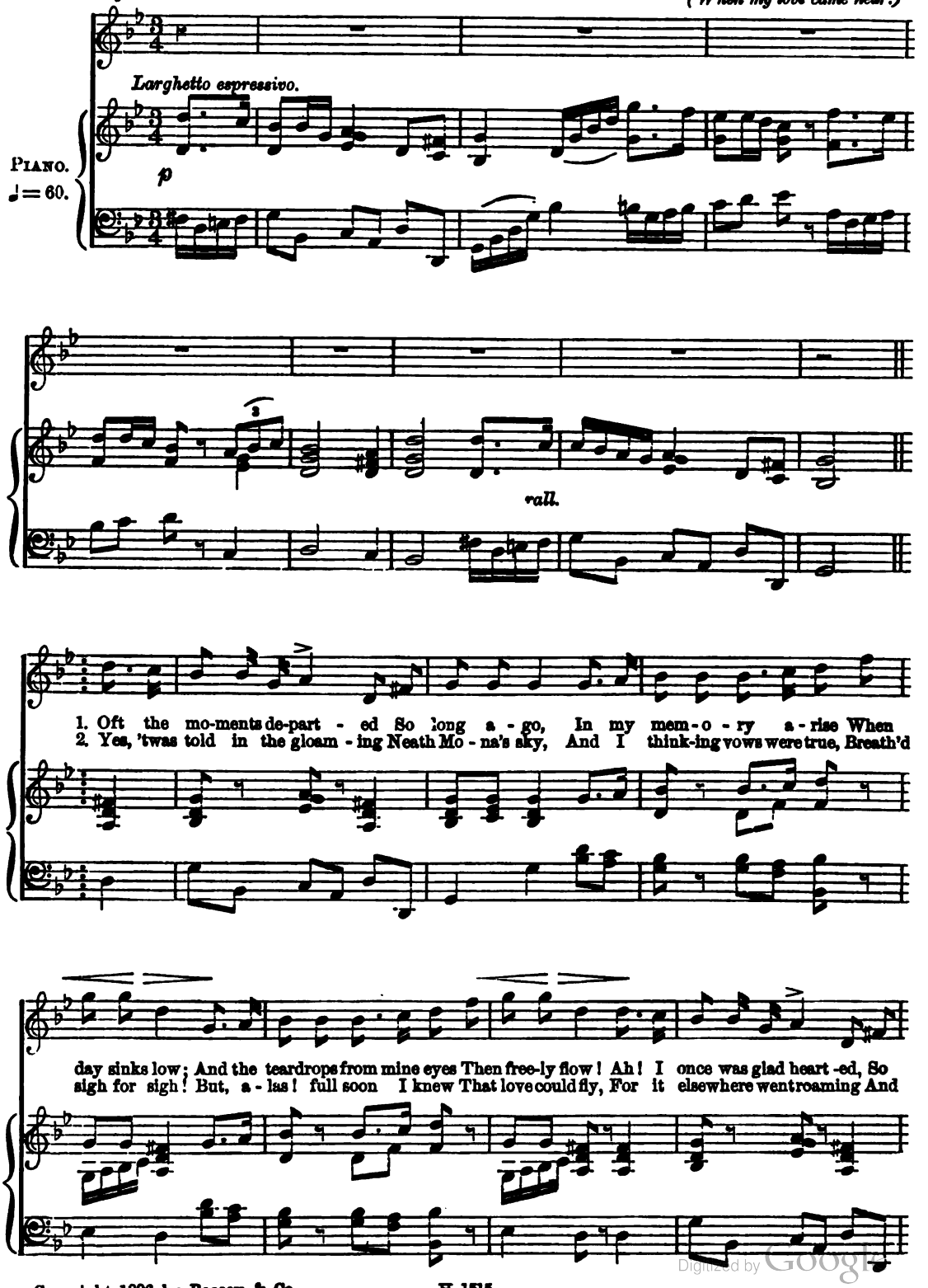

a piacere.
Now arm we ev - ry one!
Let none escape your hand!
colla voce.
a tempo.
3. For Ot - tar! for Ot - tar! Like chaff we've swept them o'er the plain; Mac - ma - rus, Mac -
ma - rus And all his chiefs are slain! O Sant - wat! O Sant - wat! Your fame shall fly, a
trum - pet blast, For brave wo-men's glo - ry blown, While love and val-our last! while love,
ff
ff
a piacere.
While love and va - lour last!
colla voce.
a tempo.

Love's Flight.

Words by EDW. OXENFORD.

Air, "Hie my graih shaghey.
(When my love came near.)

Larghetto espressivo.
PIANO.
♩ = 60.
p
rall.
1. Oft the mo-ments de-part - ed So long a - go, In my mem-o - ry a - rise When
2. Yes, 'twas told in the gloam - ing Neath Mo - na's sky, And I think-ing vows were true, Breath'd
day sinks low; And the teardrops from mine eyes Then free-ly flow! Ah! I once was glad heart-ed, So
sigh for sigh! But, a - las! full soon I knew That love could fly, For it elsewhere went roaming And

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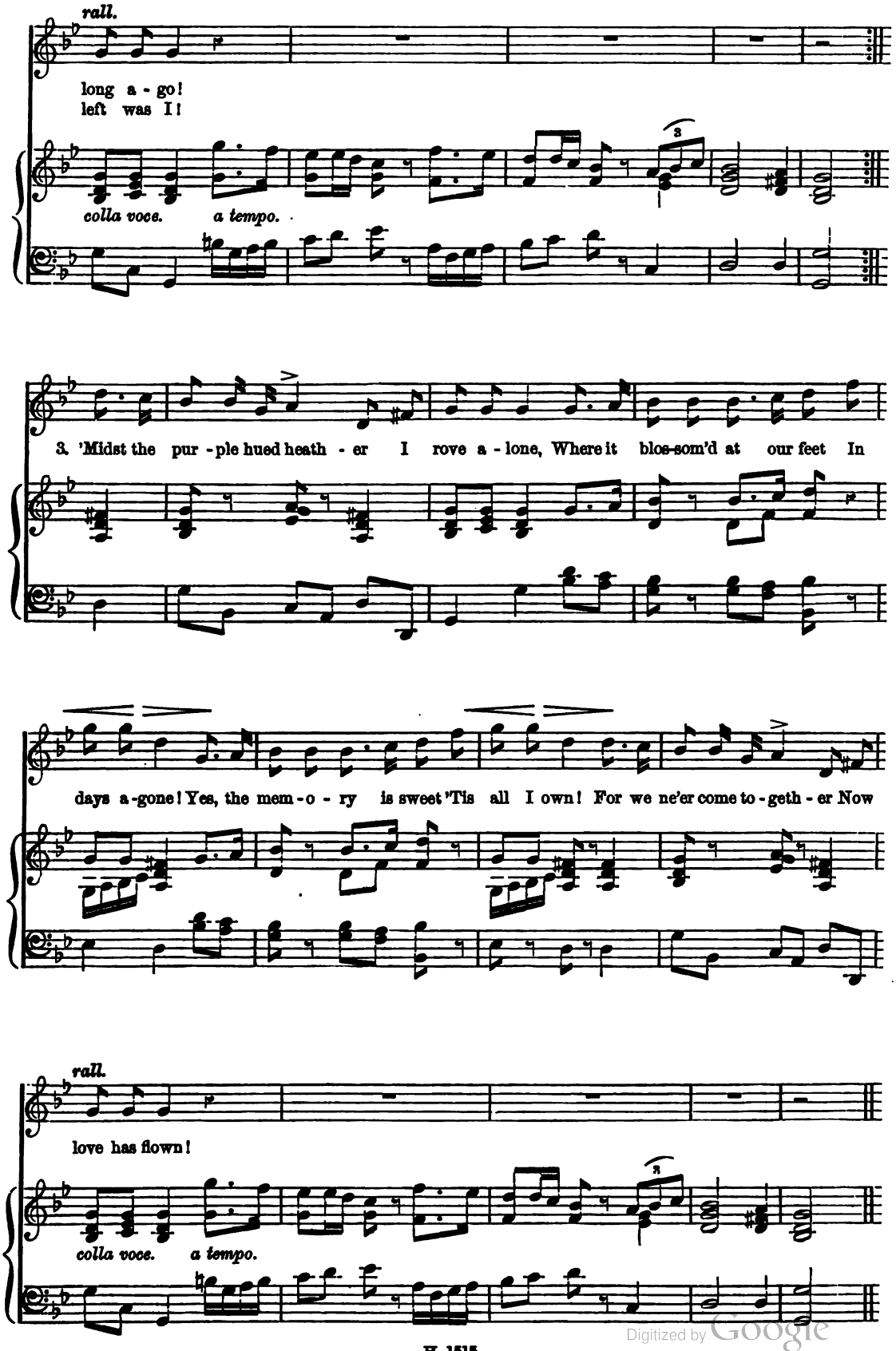
rall.
long a - go!
left was I!
colla voce.
a tempo.
3. 'Midst the pur - ple hued heath - er I rove a - lone, Where it blos-som'd at our feet In
days a-gone! Yes, the mem - o - ry is sweet 'Tis all I own! For we ne'er come to - geth - er Now
rall.
love has flown!
colla voce.
a tempo.

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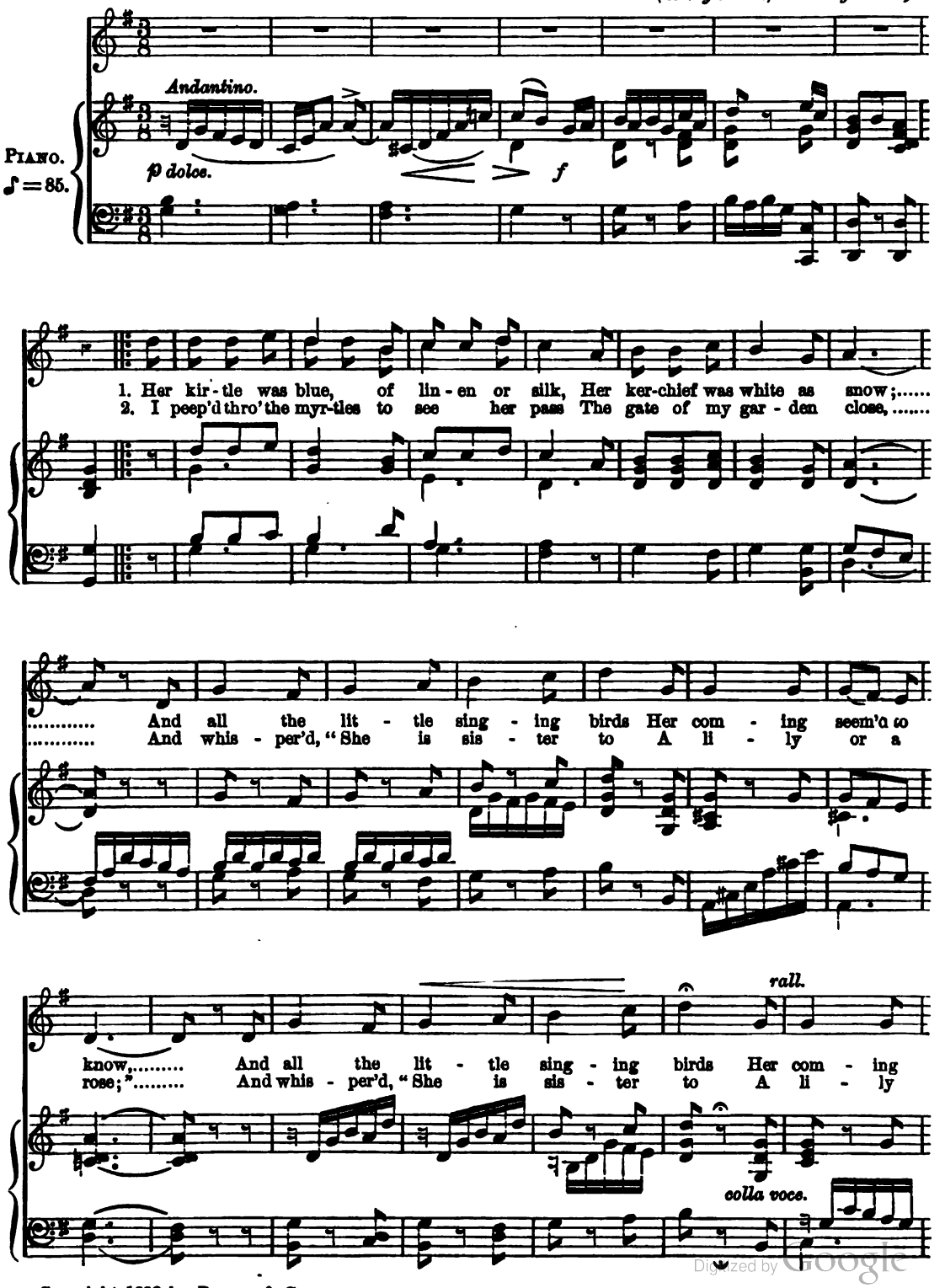
The Deemster's Daughter.

Words by CHARLES DALMON.

Air, "Yn guilley dy roie."
(A boy to run, and a boy to hoe.)

Andantino.
PIANO.
♪ = 85.
p dolce.
f
1. Her kir-tle was blue, of lin-en or silk, Her ker-chief was white as snow;.....
2. I peep'd thro' the myr-tles to see her pass The gate of my gar-den close,.....
And all the lit-tle sing-ing birds Her com-ing seem'd to
And whis-per'd, "She is sis-ter to A li-ly or a
rall.
know,..... And all the lit-tle sing-ing birds Her com-ing
rose;"..... And whis-per'd, "She is sis-ter to A li-ly
colla voce.

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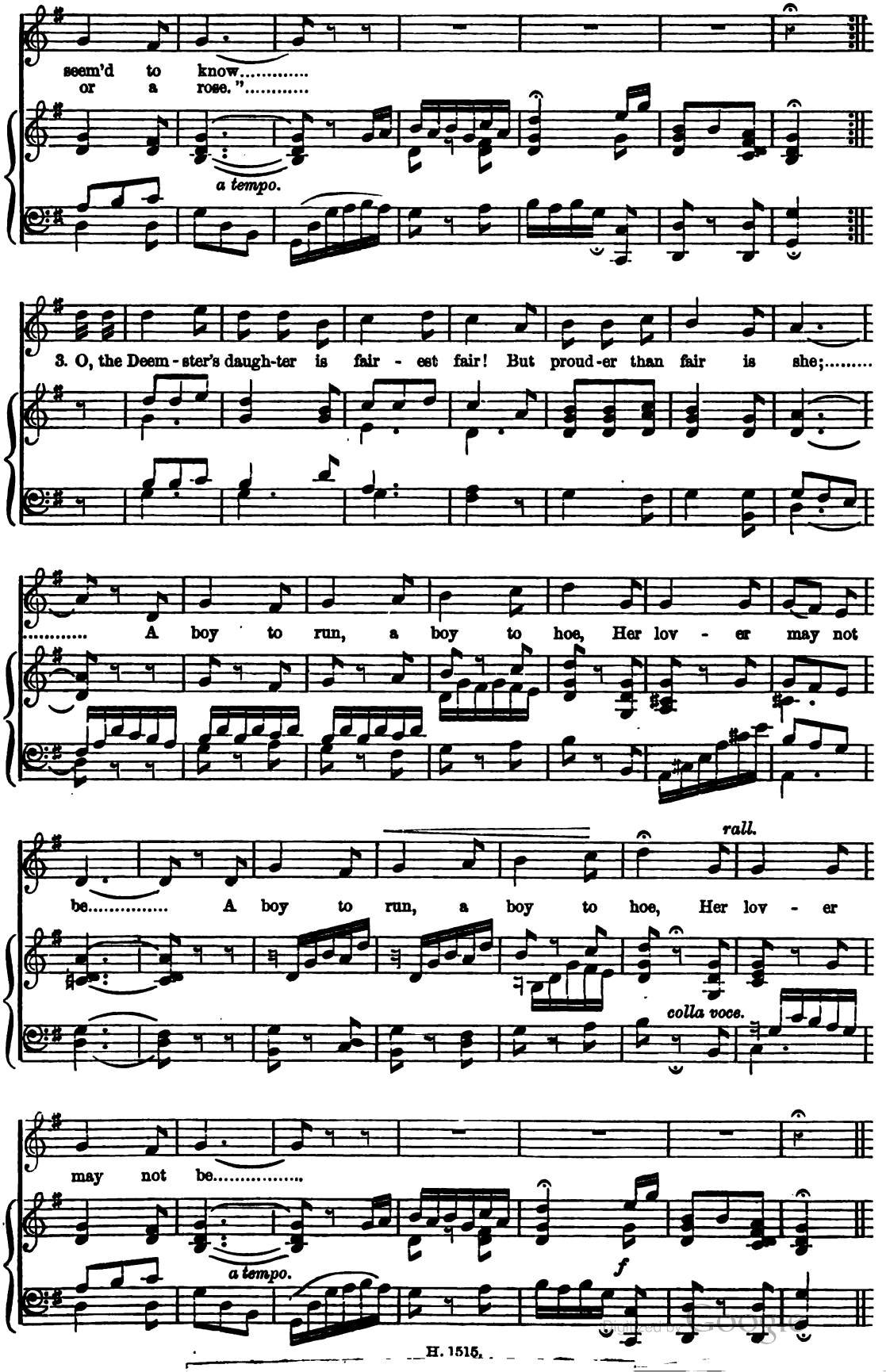
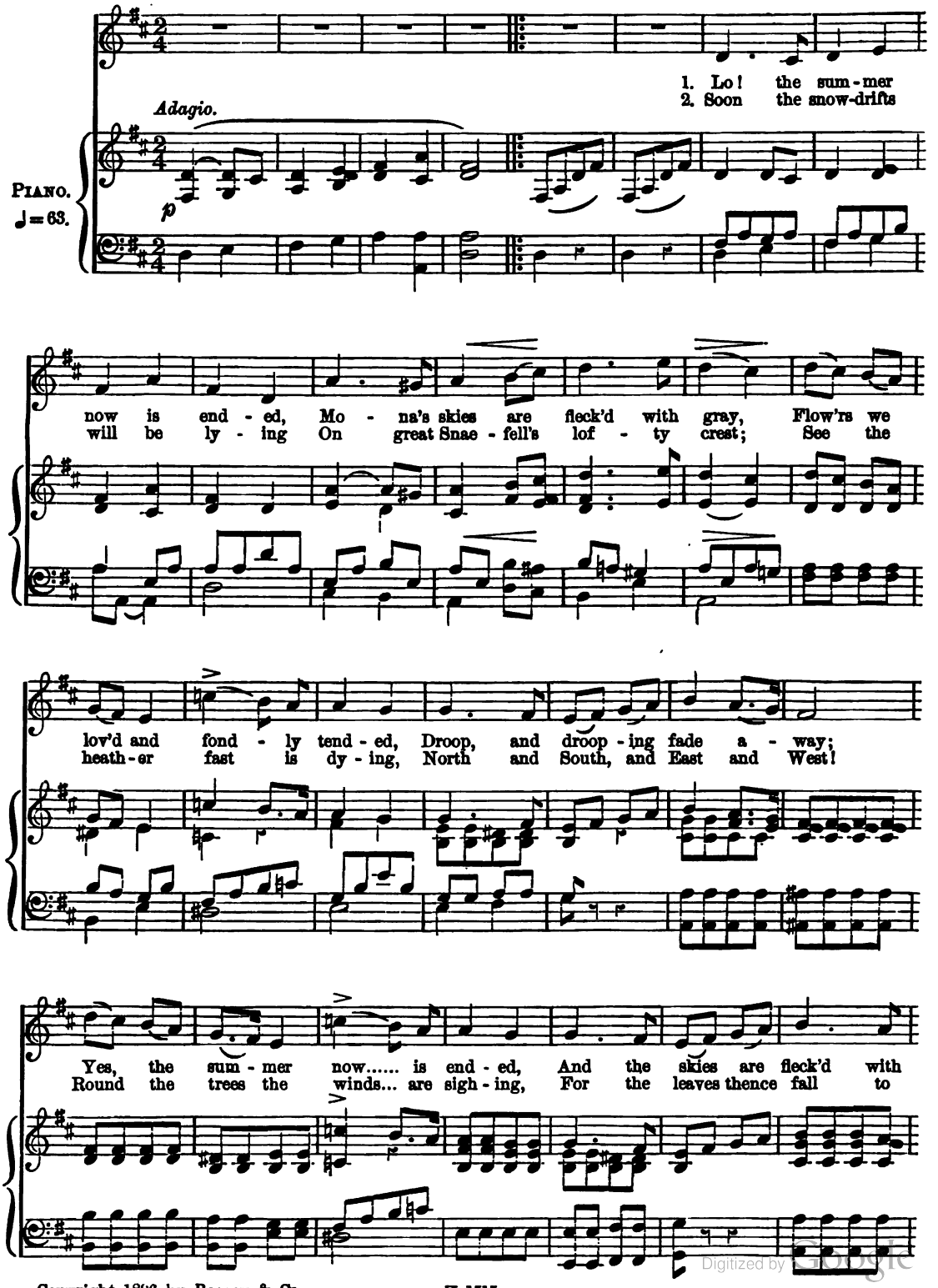

seem'd to know.....
or a rose."....
a tempo.
3. O, the Deem-ster's daugh-ter is fair - est fair! But proud-er than fair is she;.....
..... A boy to run, a boy to hoe, Her lov - er may not
rall.
be..... A boy to run, a boy to hoe, Her lov - er
colla voce.
may not be.....
a tempo.
f

An Autumn Song.

Words by Edw. Oxenford.

1. Lo! the sum-mer
2. Soon the snow-drifts
Adagio.
Piano.
♩= 63.
p
now is end-ed, Mo-na's skies are fleck'd with gray, Flow'rs we
will be ly-ing On great Snae-fell's lof-ty crest; See the
lov'd and fond-ly tend-ed, Droop, and droop-ing fade a-way;
heath-er fast is dy-ing, North and South, and East and West!
Yes, the sum-mer now..... is end-ed, And the skies are fleck'd with
Round the trees the winds... are sigh-ing, For the leaves thence fall to

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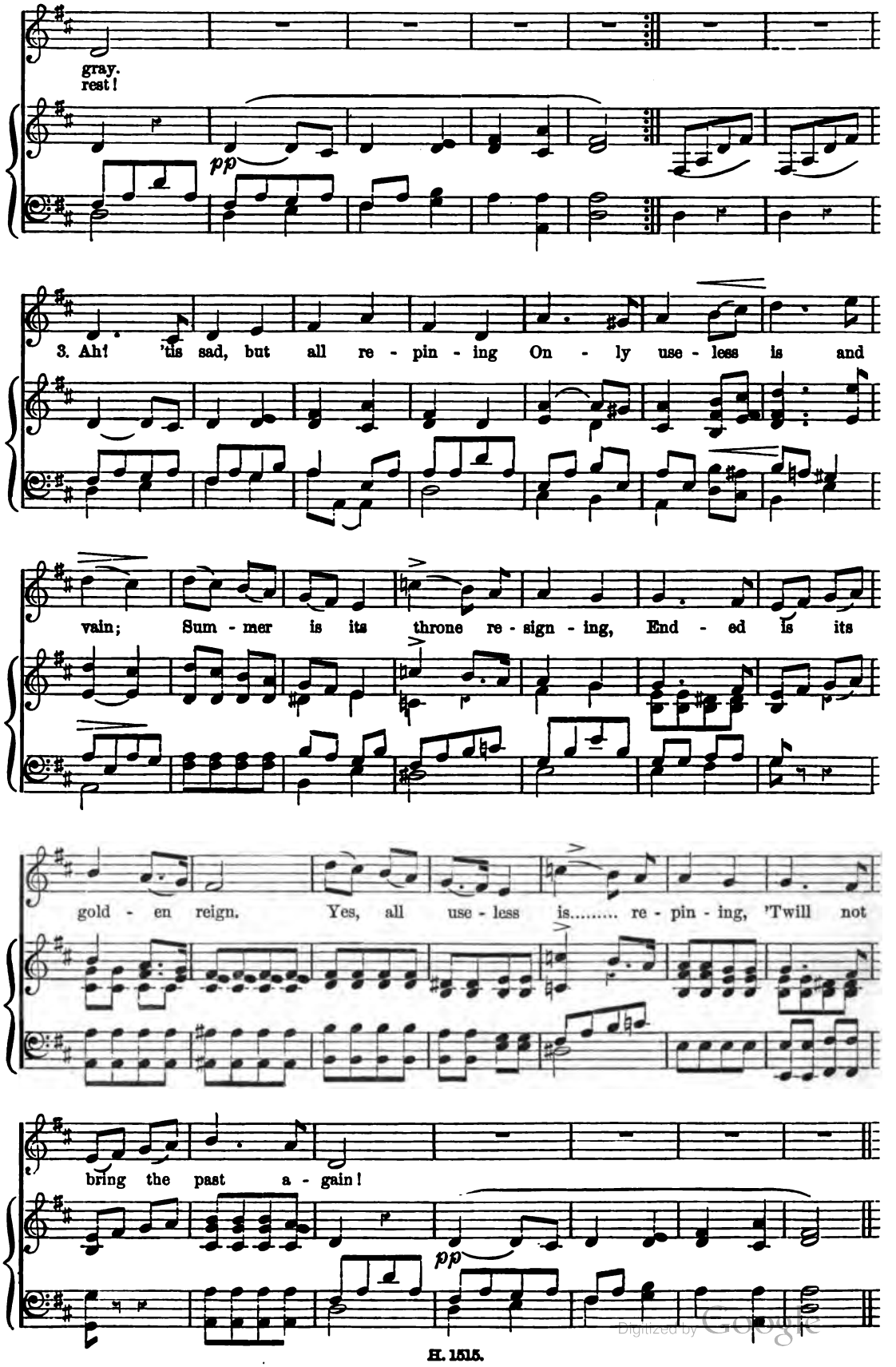
gray.
rest!
pp
3. Ah! 'tis sad, but all re - pin - ing On - ly use - less is and
vain; Sum - mer is its throne re - sign - ing, End - ed is its
gold - en reign. Yes, all use - less is..... re - pin - ing, 'Twill not
bring the past a - gain!
pp

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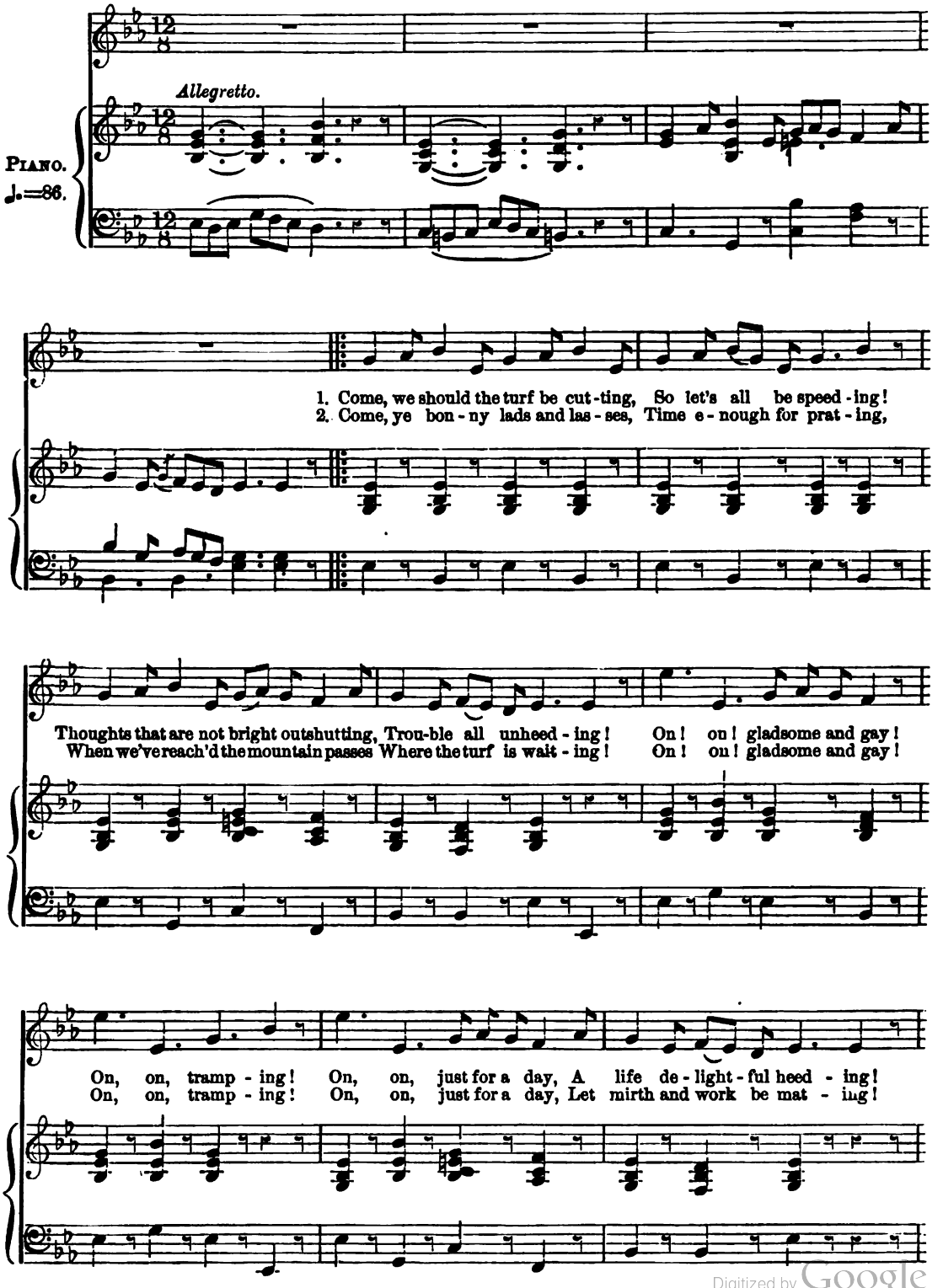
The Cutting of the Turf

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

Air, "Hie mee stiagh dhys thie ben-treoghe."
(I went into the widow's house.)

Allegretto.
PIANO.
♩.=86.
1. Come, we should the turf be cut-ting, So let's all be speed-ing!
2. Come, ye bon-ny lads and las-ses, Time e-nough for prat-ing,
Thoughts that are not bright outshutting, Trou-ble all unheed-ing! On! on! gladsome and gay!
When we've reach'd the mountain passes Where the turf is wait-ing! On! on! gladsome and gay!
On, on, tramp-ing! On, on, just for a day, A life de-light-ful heed-ing!
On, on, tramp-ing! On, on, just for a day, Let mirth and work be mat-ing!

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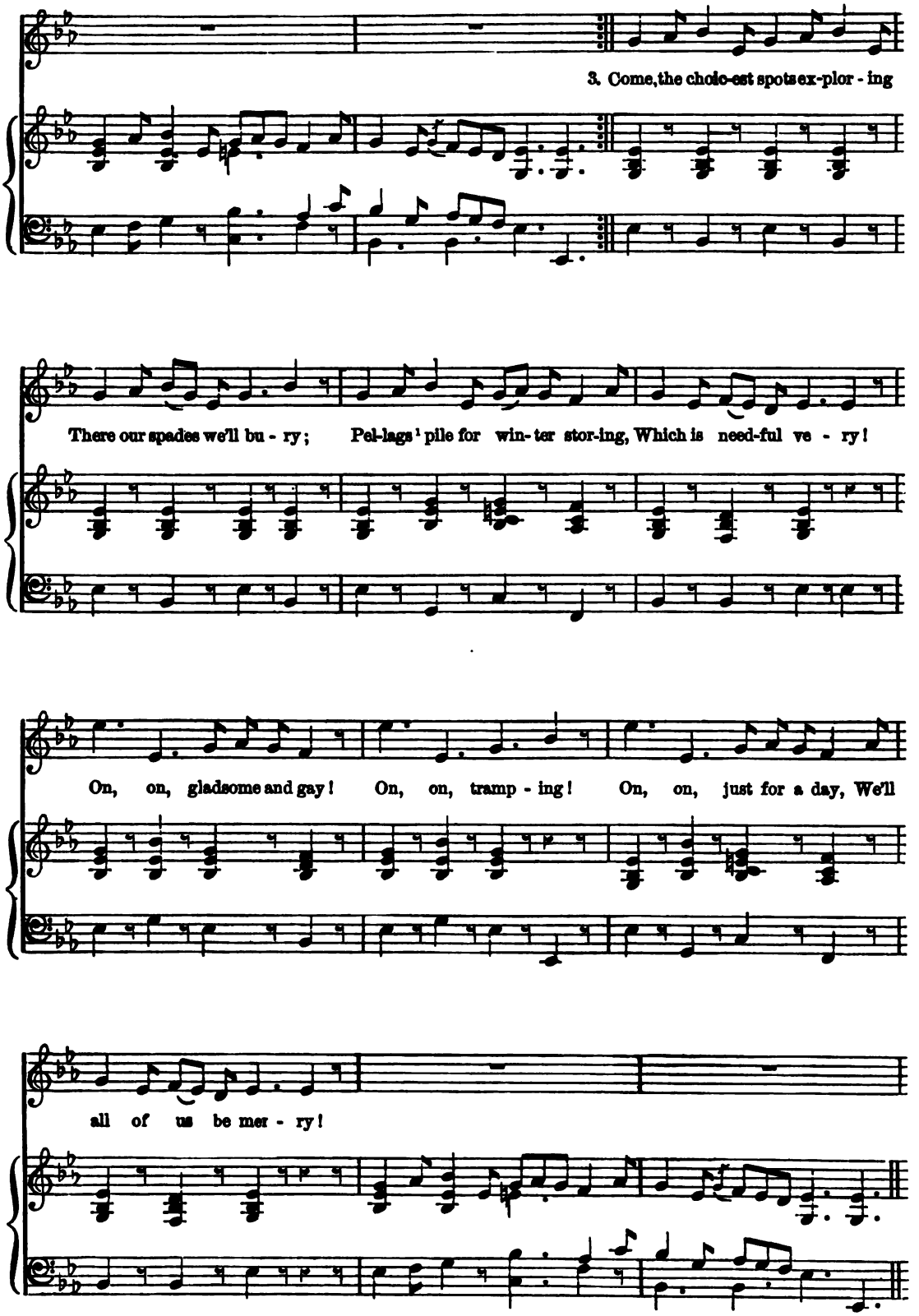
3. Come, the choic-est spots ex-plor - ing
There our spades we'll bu - ry; Pel-lags[1] pile for win - ter stor-ing, Which is need-ful ve - ry!
On, on, gladsome and gay! On, on, tramp - ing! On, on, just for a day, We'll
all of us be mer - ry!

[1] Pellags, Heaps of turf

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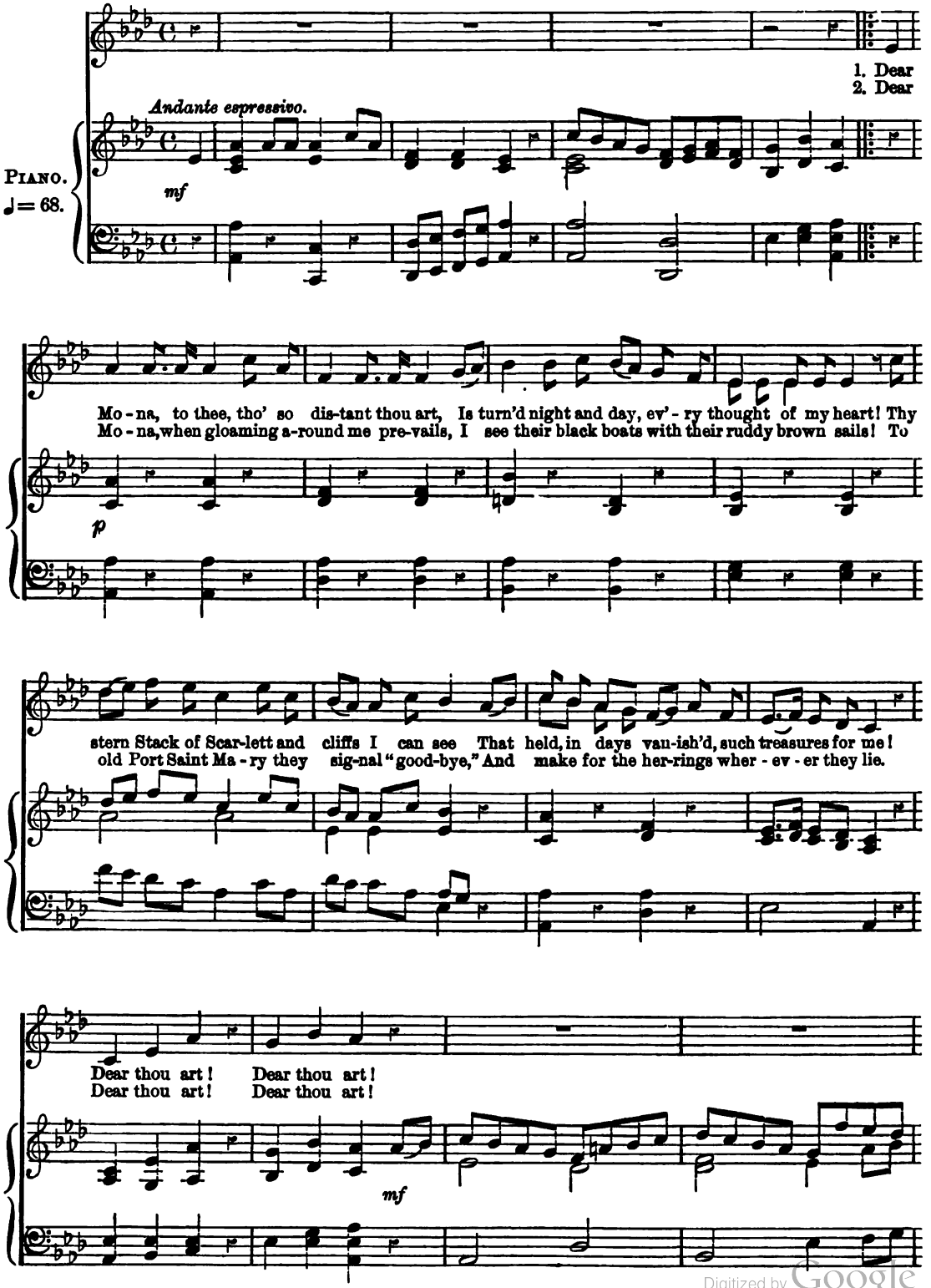
The Manx Exile.

Words by Edw. Oxenford.

1. Dear
2. Dear
Andante espressivo.
Piano.
♩= 68.
mf
Mo - na, to thee, tho' so dis-tant thou art, Is turn'd night and day, ev' - ry thought of my heart! Thy
Mo - na, when gloaming a-round me pre-vails, I see their black boats with their ruddy brown sails! To
p
stern Stack of Scar-lett and cliffs I can see That held, in days vau-ish'd, such treasures for me!
old Port Saint Ma - ry they sig-nal "good-bye," And make for the her-rings wher - ev - er they lie.
Dear thou art! Dear thou art!
Dear thou art! Dear thou art!
mf

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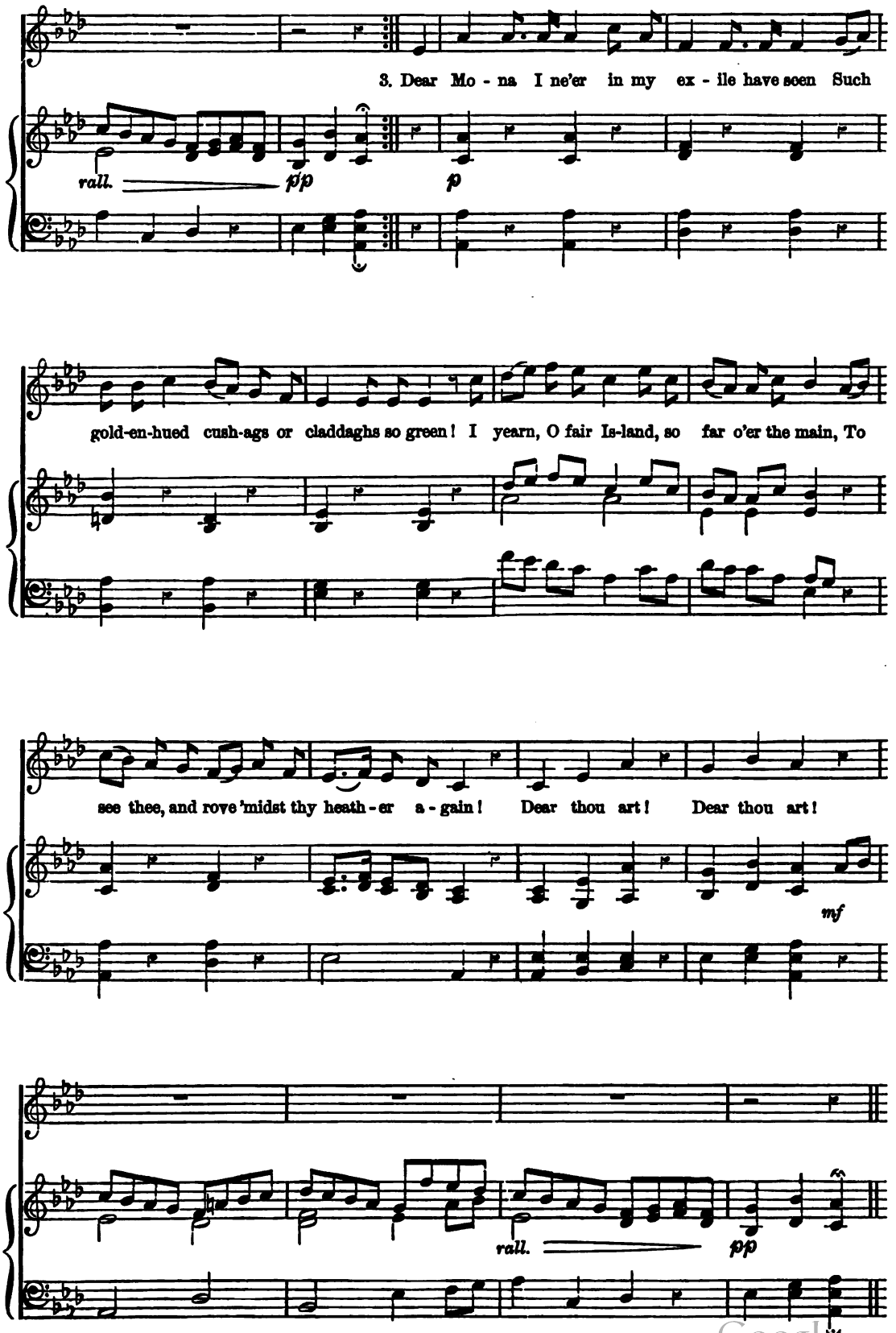
3. Dear Mo - na I ne'er in my ex - ile have seen Such
rall.
pp
p
gold-en-hued cush-ags or claddaghs so green! I yearn, O fair Is-land, so far o'er the main, To
see thee, and rove 'midst thy heath - er a - gain! Dear thou art! Dear thou art!
mf
rall.
pp

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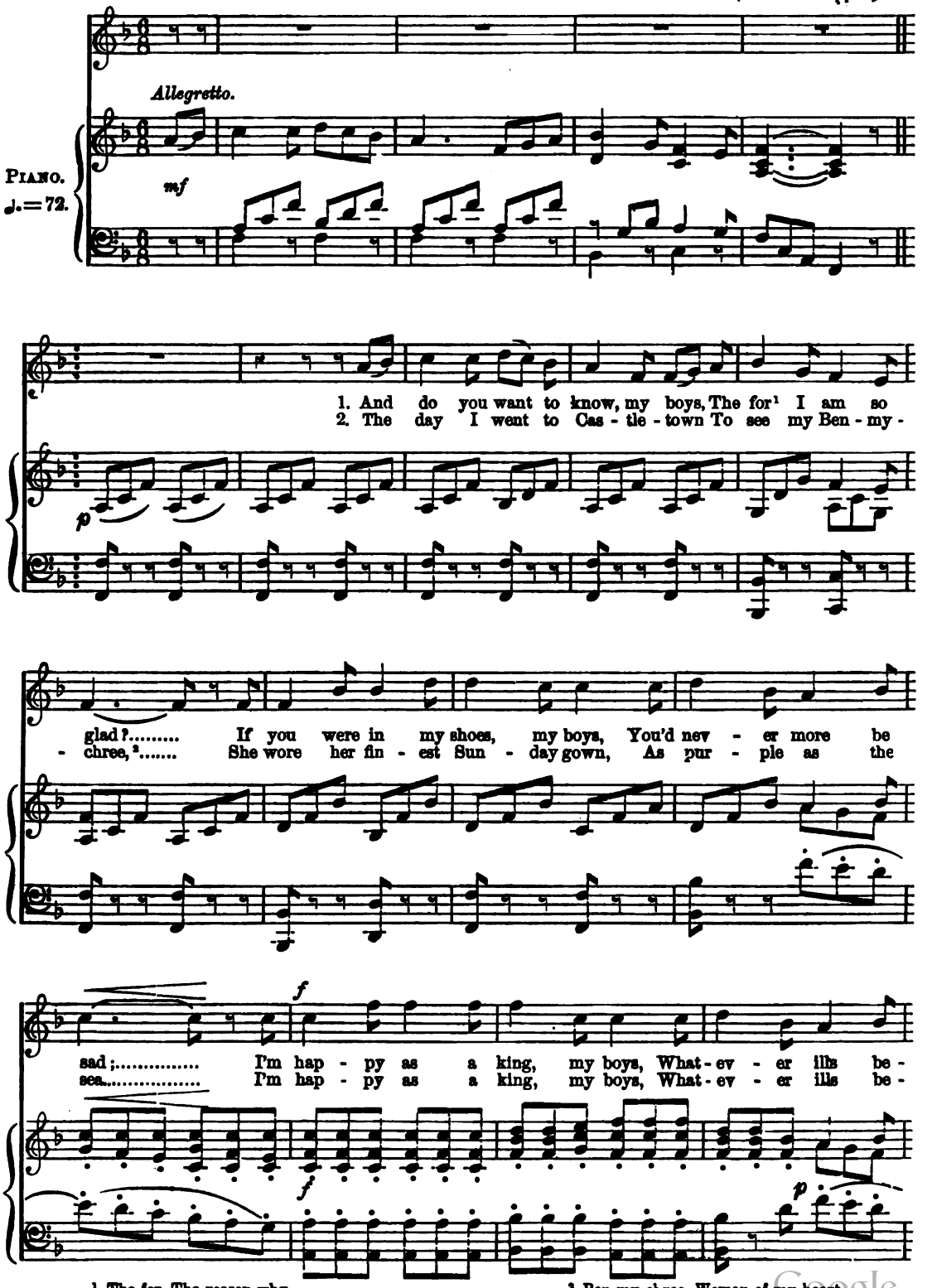
Happy as a King.

Words by W. H. Gill.

Air, "Yn Oabbyr-vwyllin.
(The Mill-hopper.)

Allegretto.
Piano.
♩.=72.
mf
1. And do you want to know, my boys, The for[1] I am so
2. The day I went to Cas - tle - town To see my Ben - my -
p
glad?..... If you were in my shoes, my boys, You'd nev - er more be
- chree,[2]..... She wore her fin - est Sun - day gown, As pur - ple as the
f
sad;..... I'm hap - py as a king, my boys, What - ev - er ills be -
sea..... I'm hap - py as a king, my boys, What - ev - er ills be -
f
p

[1] The for, The reason why.

[2] Ben-my-chree, Woman of my heart

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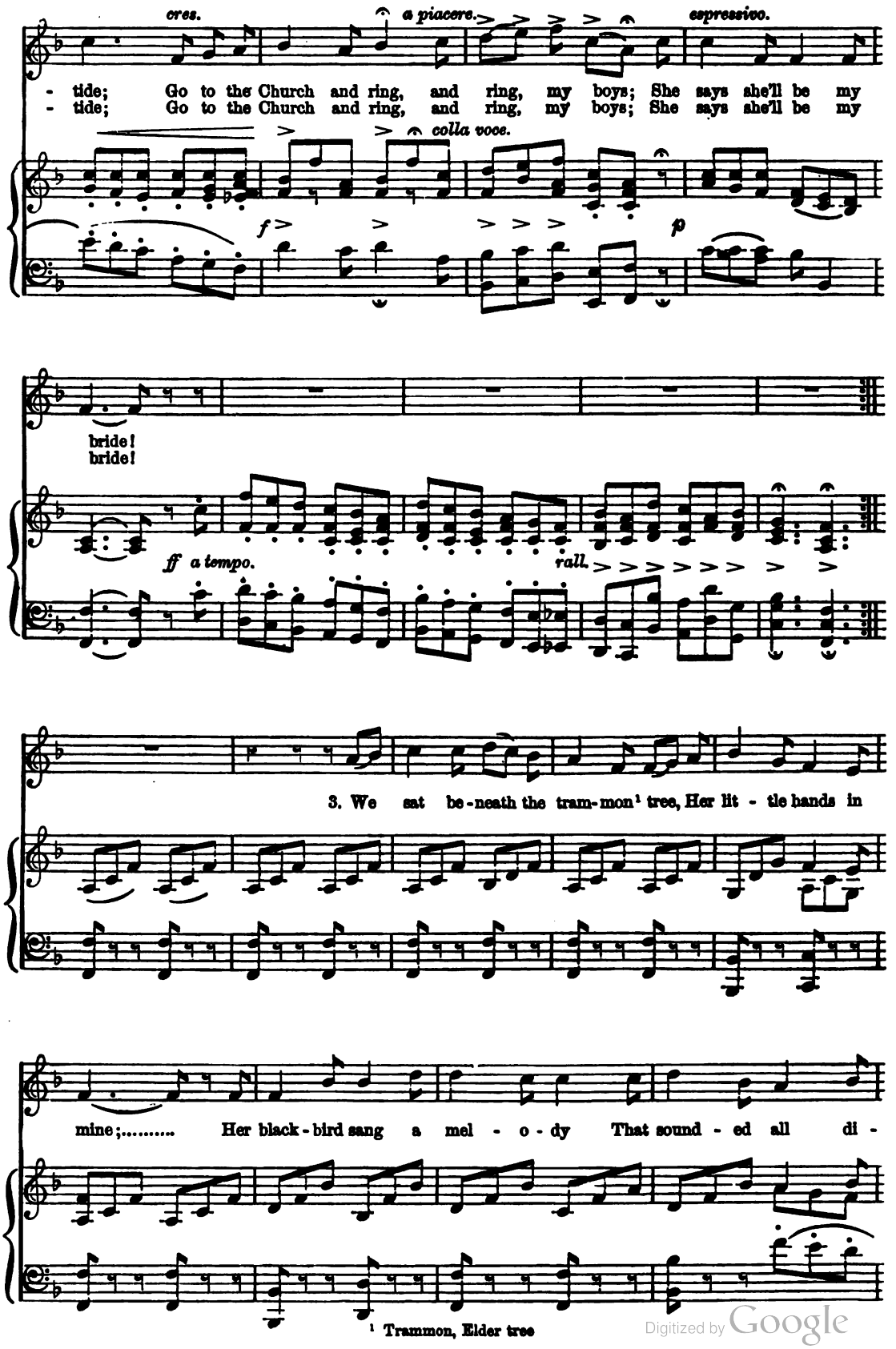
cres.
a piacere.
espressivo.
- tide; Go to the Church and ring, and ring, my boys; She says she'll be my
- tide; Go to the Church and ring, and ring, my boys; She says she'll be my
colla voce.
f
p
bride!
bride!
ff a tempo.
rall.
3. We sat be-neath the tram-mon[1] tree, Her lit - tle hands in
mine;..... Her black-bird sang a mel - o - dy That sound - ed all di -

[1] Trammon, Elder tree

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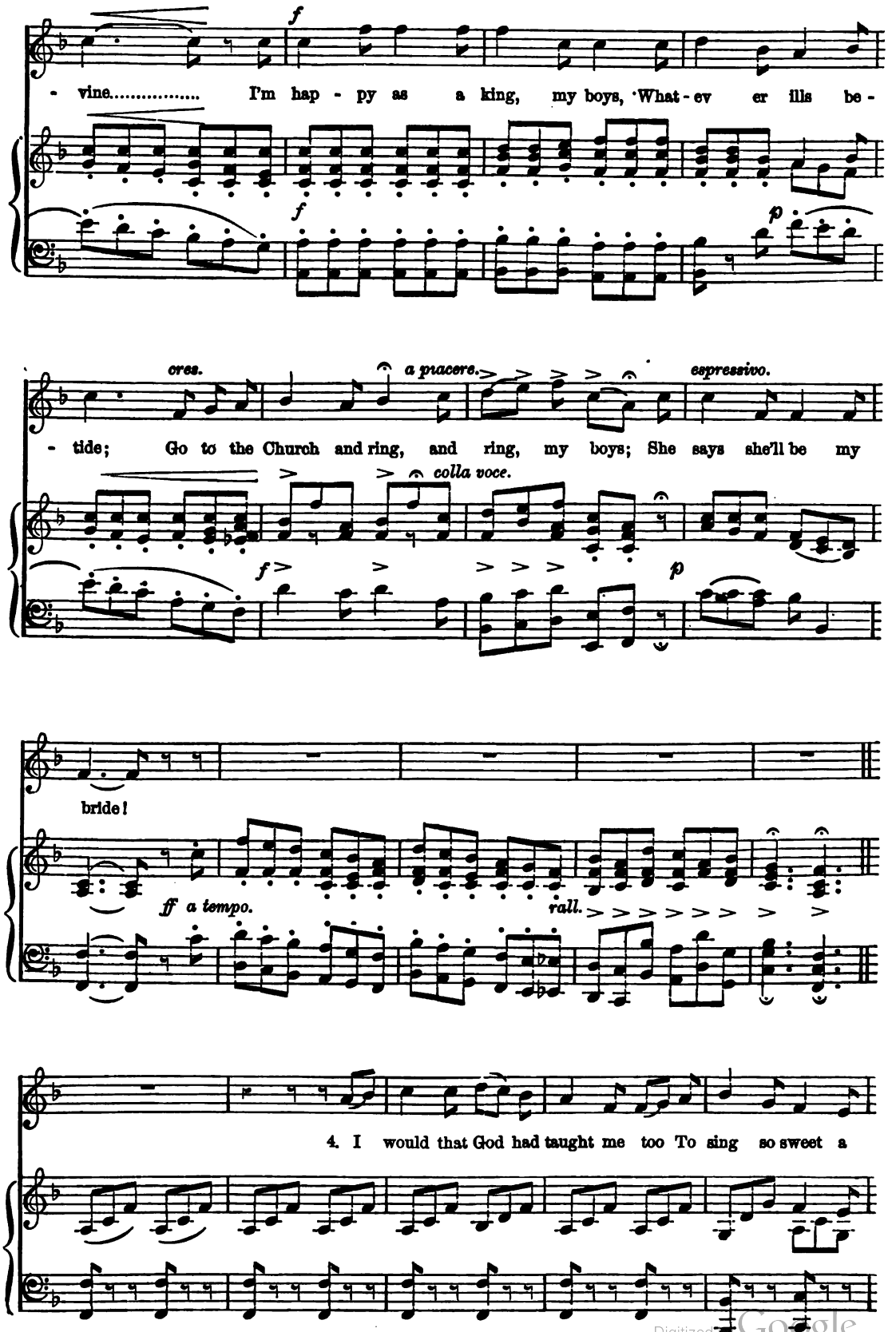
- vine..... I'm hap - py as a king, my boys, What - ev er ills be -
cres.
a piacere.
espressivo.
- tide; Go to the Church and ring, and ring, my boys; She says she'll be my
colla voce.
bride!
ff a tempo.
rall.
4. I would that God had taught me too To sing so sweet a

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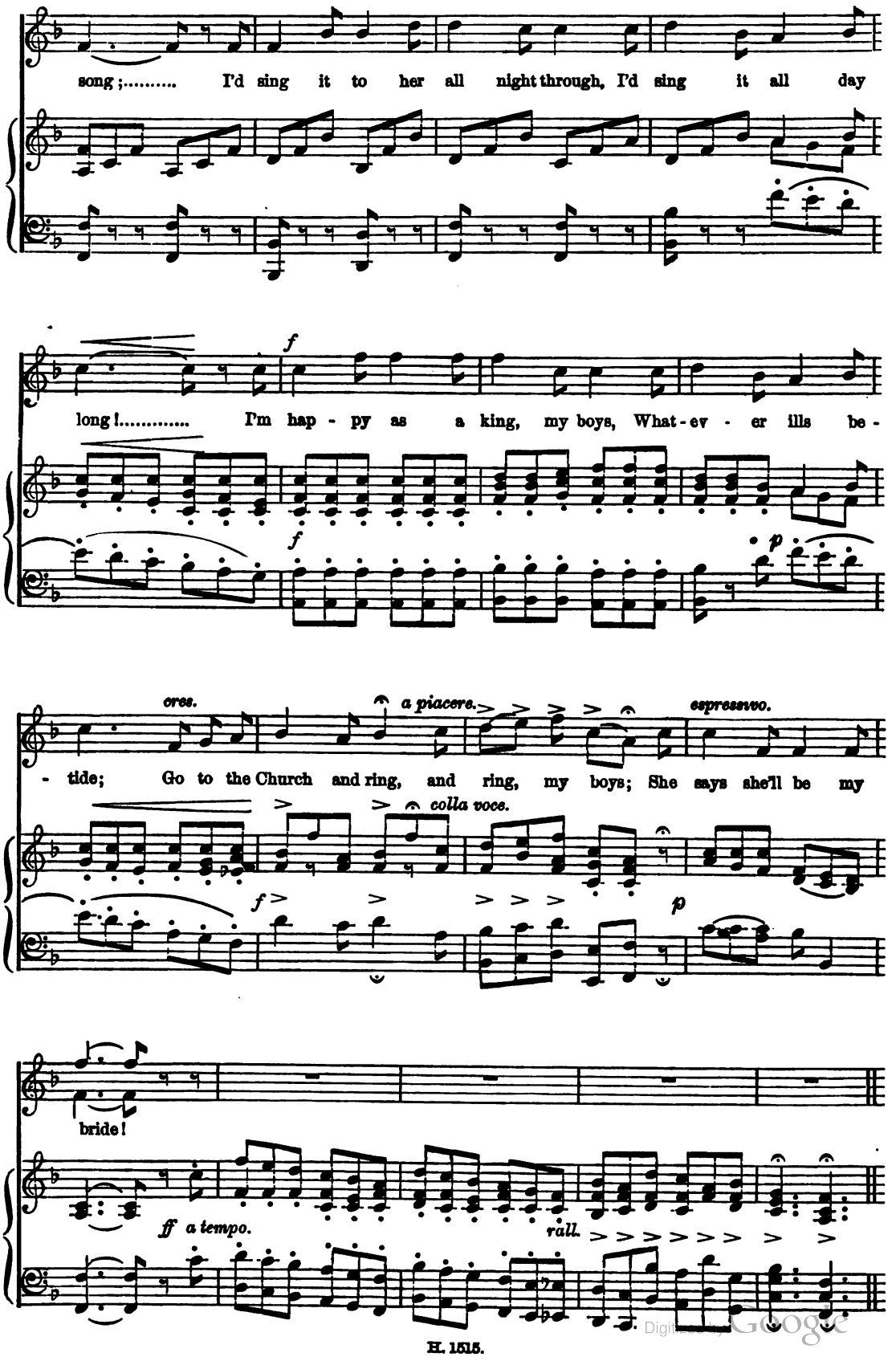
song;..... I'd sing it to her all night through, I'd sing it all day
long!..... I'm hap - py as a king, my boys, What - ev - er ills be -
cres.
a piacere.
espressivo.
- tide; Go to the Church and ring, and ring, my boys; She says she'll be my
colla voce.
bride!
ff a tempo.
rall.

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The Harvest of the Sea.

Manx Fishermen's Evening Hymn.

"That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, and to restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea, so as in due time we may enjoy them." (Manx Book of Common Prayer.)

Before shooting the nets, at a sign from the master of the boat, every man, upon his knees and with uncovered head, implores for a minute the blessing and protection of the Almighty. (Manx Society's Publications, Vol. XVI.).

Words by W. H. Gill.

Air, "Eaisht oo as Clashtyn."
(Listen and hear.)

Andante tranquillo.

♩=86.

1. Hear us, O Lord, from Heav'n Thy dwel - ling place.
2. Thou, Lord, dost rule the rag - ing of the sea.

Like them of old, in vain we toil all night.....
When loud the storm and fu - rious is the gale;.....

Un - less with us Thou go, Who art the Light;.....
Strong is Thine arm, our lit - tle barques are frail;.....

rall . . . dim.

Come, then, O Lord, that we may see Thy face.
Send us Thy help; re - - mem - ber Gal - i - lee.

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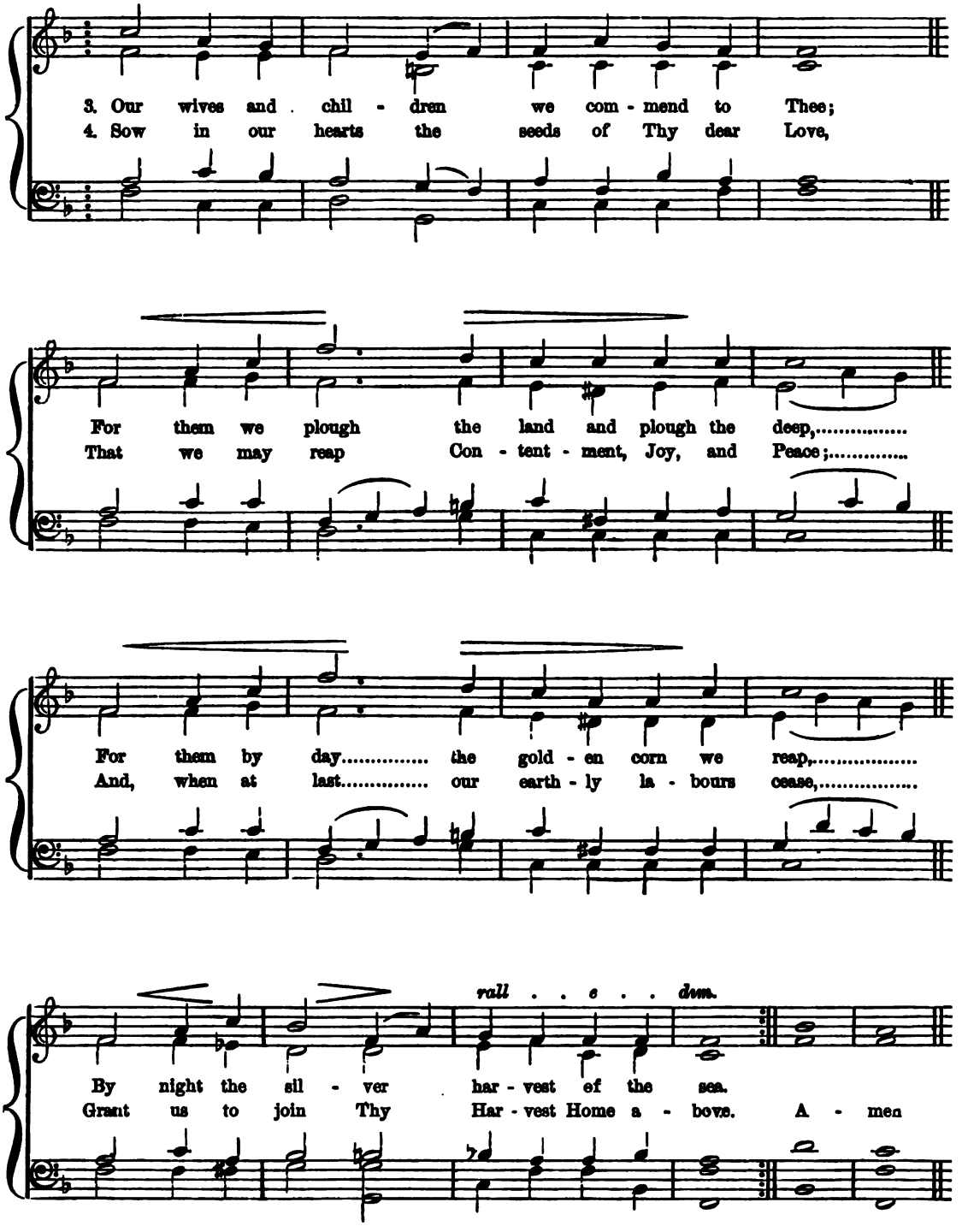
3. Our wives and chil - dren we com - mend to Thee;
4. Sow in our hearts the seeds of Thy dear Love,
For them we plough the land and plough the deep,.....
That we may reap Con - tent - ment, Joy, and Peace;.....
For them by day..... the gold - en corn we reap,.....
And, when at last..... our earth - ly la - bours cease,.....
rall . . e . . dim.
By night the sil - ver har - vest of the sea.
Grant us to join Thy Har - vest Home a - bove. A - men

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THE SONGS OF ENGLAND.—Vol. I.

EDITED BY J. L. HATTON.

A hunting we will go
Alice Gray
All in the Downs (Black-eyed Susan)
Anchorsmith (the)
Anchor's weigh'd (the)
Arethusa (the)
Arrow and the song (the)
A thousand a year
Away to the mountain's brow
Bailiff's daughter of Islington (the)
Banks of Allan Water (the)
Barbara Allen
Bay of Biscay (the)
Begone! Dull Care
Bid me discourse
Blow high, blow low
Blow, blow, thou winter wind
British Grenadiers (the)
Cease your funning
Cherry ripe
Come, lasses and lads
Dashing White Sergeant (the)
Death of Nelson (the)
Deep, deep sea (the)
Down among the dead men
Drink to me only
Early one morning
Flow, thou regal purple stream
Gally the Troubadour
Girl I left behind me (the)
Good bye, sweetheart
Hearts of oak
Heaving of the lead (the)
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen
Home, sweet home
Hope told a flattering tale
I am a friar of orders grey
I attempt from Love's sickness to fly
I lock'd up all my treasure
It was a lover and his lass
I've been roaming
Jockey to the fair
Jolly young waterman (the)
Lass of Richmond Hill (the)
Leather bottel (the)
Lo! here the gentle lark
Love has eyes
Lovely Nan
Meet me by moonlight
My lodging is on the cold ground
Near Woodstock Town
Now Phœbus sinketh in the west
O, bid your faithful Ariel fly
Oh! firm as oak
Oh! rest thee, babe
Oh! say not woman's heart is bought
Oh! the oak and the ash
Oh, no, we never mention her
O, willow, willow
Pilgrim of love (the)
Plough-boy (the)
Pray, Goody
Pretty mocking bird
Primroses deck the bank's green side
Roast beef of old England (the)
Rocked in the cradle of the deep
Rule Britannia
Safely follow him
Sailor's journal (the)
Sally in our alley
Sigh no more, ladies
Simon the cellarer
Should he upbraid
Soldier tired of war's alarms (the)
Soldier's tear (the)
Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee
Tell me, my heart
Then farewell! my trim-built wherry
There was a jolly miller
Thorn (the)
Those evening bells
Three fishers
To Anthea
Token (the)
Tom Bowling
Three Ravens (the)
Under the green wood tree
Vicar of Bray (the)
Village Blacksmith (the)
Wapping old stairs
We all love a pretty girl under the rose
We met—'twas in a crowd
What shall I do to show how much I love her?
While the lads of the village
When forced from dear Hebe
When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove
Where the bee sucks
With lowly suit and plaintive ditty
Woodpecker (the)
Wolf (the)
Wreck of the Hesperus (the)
Ye twice ten hundred deities

THE SONGS OF ENGLAND.—Vol. II.

EDITED BY J. L. HATTON.

All's one to Jack
All things love thee, so do I
Amo, amas, I love a lass
And has she then fail'd in her truth?
Banks of the blue Moselle (the)
Beautiful maid (the)
Bee proffers honey but bears a sting (the)
Bird of the wilderness
Bloom is on the rye
Breaking of the day (the)
Bring me, boy, a bowl of wine
By dimpled brook
By the gally circling glass
By the sad sea waves
Come live with me, and be my love (*Bishop*)
Do. Do. (*Hatton*)
Come where the aspens quiver
Come you not from Newcastle?
County Guy
Crabbed age and youth
Cupid's garden
Dulce domum
Ere around the huge oak
Faint and wearily
Follow, follow over mountain
Flowing bowl (the)
Fly away, pretty moth
Fresh and strong the breeze is blowing
From Oberon in fairyland
Garden gate (the)
Haste to the wedding
Heart should be happy and merry
He loves, and rides away
He was famed for deeds at arms
High-mettled racer (the)
How stands the glass around?
Hunt is up (the)
Huntsman, rest
I remember, I remember
Isle of beauty
Is there a heart that never loved?
Jack Rattlin
Julia to the wood-robin
Just like love is yonder rose
Kiss, dear maid (the)
Lass that loves a sailor (the)
Let fame sound the trumpet
Little love is a mischievous boy
Love me little, love me long
Love's Ritornella
Love will find out the way
Martin, the man-at-arms
May we ne'er want a friend
Milking pail (the)
Minstrel's request (the)
Mountain maid (the)
My boat is on the soore
My dog and my gun
My friend and pitcher
My heart with love is beating
My pretty Jane
No more by sorrow
Nymphs and shepherds
O, give me but my Arab steed
Old commodore (the)
Old Towler
Oh! 'tis the melody
On, by the spur of valour goaded
Our country is our ship
Phillida flouts me
Poacher (the)
Poor Jack
Poor Joe, the marine
Queen of May (the)
Rest, warrior, rest
Rose had been washed (the)
Rose of the valley
Said a smile to a tear
Sapling oak (the)
Shells of Ocean
Since first I saw your face
Soldier's adieu (the)
Soldier's dream (the
Southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Stand to your guns
Storm (the)
Sun is o'er the mountain (the)
Sweet day, so cool
Thine am I, my faithful fair
Thou soft-flowing Avon
'Tis but fancy's sketch
Titania's song
Tobacco is an Indian weed
To-morrow
Tom Starboard
To the maypole away
To the maypole haste away
True courage
We be three poor mariners
Well of St. Keyne
When pensive I thought of my love
When that I was a little tiny boy
Who deeply drinks of wine
Will Watch
Woodman (the)
Yarico to her lover
You gentlemen of England

THE SONGS OF ENGLAND.—Vol. III.

EDITED BY EATON FANING.

Adieu to delight
Arise, ye subterranean winds
Bells (the)
Better Land (the) (*Sterndale Bennett*)
Brave old oak (the)
By the simplicity of Venus' doves
Cold wave my love lies under (the)
Come into the Garden, Maud (*Balfe*)
Deck not with gems
Diver (the)
Flying Dutchman (the)
Friend of the brave
Gaily I take my way
Golden days (*Sullivan*)
Good night, good night, beloved
Green trees whispered low and mild (the)
Hearts and Homes
Heart bowed down (the)
He swore he'd drink old England dry (*Sussex Song*)
I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
I love the merry sunshine
If my mistress hide her face
I'll be no submissive wife
In this old chair my father sat
It was fifty years ago
Jeannette and Jeannot
John Peel (*Old Hunting Song*)
Last man (the)
Let the dreadful engines
Light of other days (the)
Long, long ago
Love was once a little boy
Lovers' controversy
Madoline
Mistletoe bough (the)
Monks of old (the)
Near the lake where drooped the willow
Oh! where do fairies hide their heads?
Once again
Outlaw (the)
Over hill, over dale
Parting (the)
Peace of the valley (the)
Philip the falconer
Phillis is my only joy
Pilot (the)
Rest, my child
Scenes that are brightest
Sea (the)
Self-banished (the)
She wandered down the mountain side
Take, oh! take those lips away
There is a flower that bloometh
Thou art gone from my gaze
Three ages of love (the)
Through the wood
Thus when the mariner inclined to sleep
Tight little island (the)
'Tis when to sleep
'Tis the harp in the air
Tom Tough
True English sailor (the)
Truth in absence
Wake, my love
We may be happy yet
When daisies pied (*As you like it*)
When Lubin sings of youth's delight
When other lips
White squall (the)
Why are you wandering here, I pray?
Woman
Yes! let me like a soldier fall

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WITH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS.

FLORENTINE SONGS.

The Swallow	*La Rondinella*
A Lover's Lament	*Lamenti d'un Amante*
Dying, yet ere I leave thee	*Odi d'un uom' che muore*
The Swallow of Aspromonte	*La Rondinella d' Aspromonte*
The Farewell	*L'addio*
I dreamt thou wert an Angel	*Io ti sognai bell' Angelo*
The Volunteer's Farewell	*L'addio del Volontario*
The Little Boat	*La Barchetta*
Ideal Love	*Vien Diletta*
Thou wert my first love	*Tu fosti il primo palpito*
Dost thou remember?	*Non ti rammenti?*
The Angel of Love	*L'angiolo d'amore*
Fair Julia	*Giulia gentil*

NEAPOLITAN SONGS.

Maccheroni	*Il Maccheroni*
The Window	*Finestra che lucivi*
The Fishermaiden	*La Marenarella*
The Serenade	*Serenata*
Caroline	*La Carolina*
Santa Lucia	*Santa Lucia*
The True Sorrentina	*La vera Sorrentina*
Quickly row me!	*Voca! Voca!*
That which thou'rt now demanding.	*Chello che tu me dice*
The Goldfinch	*La Cardillo*
The Maid of Capua	*La Capuana*
First Love	*La Primm' Amore*
Tiritomba	*Tiritomba*
Little Louisa	*La Luisella*
The Fairy of Amalfi	*La fata di Amalfi*
From morn till night for thee I sigh.	*Io te voglio bene assaje*
Graziella	*Raziella*
Cannetella	*Cannetella*
Oh, lowly window	*Fenesta vascia*
The Tricoloured Banner	*La nocca de tre colure*

MILANESE SONGS.

Little Josephine	*La Peppinetta*
The lily maiden	*La Smortina*
I'm the son of Baciocia	*Son figlio di Baciocia*
Piero	*O ginglo*
The Brunette	*La Moraschina*
The fair maid of Voghera	*La bionda di Voghera*
The Shepherdess	*La Pastorella*

VENETIAN SONGS.

To my Sweetheart	*A Nina*
To Betsy	*A Betina*
Man	*L'omo*
Marietta and Checo	*Marieta e Checo*

MODERN ITALIAN SONGS.

Rilla	*Rilla*	Gordigiani
The Mariner	*Il Marinaro*	Campana
Reproof	*Rimprovero*	"
Night	*La Notte e bella*	Guglielmo
Once hope of this fond heart	*Speranza del mio cor*	Gordigiani
An Impression	*Impressions*	Gordigiani
Impossible	*Impossibile*	"
Rosettina	*Rosettina*	"
Every Saturday shall a lamp be lighted	*Ogni Sabato accesa il lume*	"
Tra la la	*Tra la la*	"

THE SONGS OF FRANCE.

WITH ENGLISH AND FRENCH WORDS.

Maiden, tell me I pray	Où voulez-vous aller	*Gounod*
The guardian angel	L'ange gardien	"
Serenade	Quand tu chantes	"
The first leaf	La première feuille	*Lefort*
The stranger	L'étranger	*Alary*
A song for Christmas	Cantique de Noël	*Adam*
Bird, star, and blossom	Serenade	*Wekerlin*
The song of Fortunio	Chanson de Fortanio	*Offenbach*
O, Richard, O, my king!	O, Richard! O, mon roi!	*Grétry*
The farewell waltz	La valse des adieux	*Nadaud*
To Catherine	Le pont des soupirs	*Offenbach*
Mem'ries dear	Rendez-moi ma patrie	*Herold*
The Madonna	La Madonne	*Flotow*
The lake	Le lac	*Niedermeyer*
Adieu, fair France	Adieu, belle France	"
The swallows	Les hirondelles	*David*
The response of the flower	Une fleur pour réponse	*Masini*
The Toréador	Le Toréador	*D'Adhemar*
The sun of Brittany	Le soleil de ma Bretagne	*Puget*
Thy voice	Ta voix	"
The linnet	La fauvette du canton	*Clapisson*
No, my lord	Non, monseigneur	*De Latour*
Yes, my lord	Oui, monseigneur	"
If you regret me	Si vous me regrettez	*Arnaud*
Golden Hair	Les cheveux blonds	"
Afar!	Si loin!	*Henrion*
The sailor's departure	Le depart du marinier	*Masini*
My soul is Heaven's—my heart is thine	Mon âme à Dieu—mon cœur à toi	*Clapisson*
Hope ever	Espère	"
David singing before Saul	David chantant devant Saül	*Bordese*
Hidden happiness	Bonheur caché	*Boieldieu*
Our Father's reply	La réponse du bon Dieu	*Masini*
Ave Maria	Ave Maria	*Puget*
The flagon's chime	Le carillon du verre	"
Spring is here	L'Avril est là	*Wekerlin*
One only	Brunette	"
The black cabin-boy	Le petit mousse noir	*Charet*
A father's blessing	La bénédiction d'un père	*Puget*
The flower-girl	La bouquetière des fiancés	*Wekerlin*
A child's prayer	Huit ans	*Masini*
The language of flowers	Les fleurs animées	*Arnaud*
When sorrow's night	Quand de la nuit	*Halevy*
Didst thou but know?	Veux-tu mon nom	*Masini*
The gardener's daughter	La jardinière du roi	*Haas*
Let me still love him	Laissez moi l'aimer	"
I'm but a Lazzarone	Je suis Lazzarone	*Henrion*
Medjé	Medjé	*Gounod*
To die for home and country	Mourir pour la patrie!	*Varney*
The Parisian	La Parisienne	*Auber*
The departure of the patriots	Le chant du départ	
Ever alone! or "The Iron Mask"	Toujours seul! ou "Le masque de fer"	*Boieldieu*
Heaven's festival	La Fête du Ciel	"
Poor flower! poor maid!	Pauvre fleur! pauvre femme!	"
The swallow's departure	Le départ des hirondelles	*Adam*
Siska, the Albanian	Sisca l'Albanaise	*Halevy*
Under the elm-tree	Sous l'ormeau	*Adam*
The Marseillaise	La Marseillaise	*De l'Isle*
The Zingara	La Zingara	*Magnus*
The brave Dunois	Partant pour la Syrie	*Queen Hortense*
Peter the hermit	Pierre l'hermite	*Gounod*

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THE SONGS OF SCANDINAVIA AND NORTHERN EUROPE.

EDITED BY J. A. KAPPEY.

RUSSIAN SONGS.

Russian National Anthem ... ... *von Lvoff*
At the window ... ... *Wariamoff*
Stay! oh stay! ... ... ,,
Ah! tell me why ... ... ,,
Tears ... ... ,,
Wanderer's Night Song ... ... ,,
Peace ... ... ,,
Parting's Sorrow ... ... ,,
Nightingale (the) ... ... *Alibieff*
Oh pray! ... ... *Markeottsch*
Friendship ... ... *Derfeldt*
Gipsy's Song (the) ... ... *von Lvoff*
Oh! tell it her ... ... *Kotschoubey*
Forsaken ... ... *Dörpomifsky*
Jamschick's Complaint ... ... *Bachmetieff*
Talisman (the) ... ... *Titoff*
Cossack's Lullaby (the) ... ... *Bachmetieff*
Cossack's Song (the) ... ... *Grünbaum*
Cossack (the) ... ... *Ukrainian Song*
Three-in-hand ... ... *Petersburg Air*
Three-in-hand ... ... *Moscow Air*
Turtle Dove (the) ... ... *Old Song*
Parting Sorrow ... ... ,,
Soldier's Farewell (the) ... ... ,,

POLISH SONGS.

Polish National Song ... ...
Masurek: "See the sun yonder" ... ... *Old Song*
Tell me now, my little darling ... ... ,,
Laura to Filon ... ... ,,
Make a bargain ... ... ,,

LITHUANIAN SONGS.

Daina: "To the Lark" ... ... *Ancient Song*
Daina: "The Bride's Farewell" ... ... ,,

FINNISH SONGS.

Rune: "Tho' from poets" ... ... *Ancient Song*
Wilt thou soon return? ... ... *Rocks*

SWEDISH SONGS.

National Song: "Charles John" ... ... *Du Puy*
Midst roses sweet ... ... *Prince Gustav of Sweden and Norway*
Courting ... ... *Lindblad*
Summer evening (a) ... ... ,,
Sparrow (the) ... ... ,,
On the mountain ... ... ,,
Young Postilion (the) ... ... ,,
Old Age ... ... ,,

SWEDISH SONGS—*Continued.*

Ah! my sad song dies away ... ... *Lindblad.*
Disappointed expectation ... ... ,,
Silvio to Laura ... ... ,,
Ever near ... ... ,,
Joy ... ... ,,
Suspicion ... ... ,,
Afar ... ... ,,
Missive unto her (a) ... ... *Rocks*
No more with yearning ... ... ,,
Beggar-boy (the) ... ... *Old Song*
Orphan (the) ... ... ,,
Sorrow's Night ... ... *Ancient Ballad*
Little Katie ... ... ,,
Dancing Song from Dalecarlia: "Come, oh fairest maiden" ... ... *Old Melody*
Dalecarlian March: "Brave of heart and warriors bold" ... ... ,,

NORWEGIAN SONGS.

To rest I call ye lambkins all ... ... *Old Song*
Abandoned ... ...
Guldterning ... ...
Reindeer Song ... ...

DANISH SONGS.

National Song: "King Christian" ... *Hartmann*
Dannebrog (the) ... ... *National Song*
Denmark ... ... *Bay*
Denmark ... ... *Weyse*
Soldier brave (a) ... ... *Hornemann*
Fly, birdie, fly! ... ... *Hartmann*
Little Karen ... ... *Heise*
Knight's courtship (the) ... ... *Old Song*
Journeyman's Song ... ... *Hillebrand*
By the sea-shore ... ... *Niels W. Gade*
Farewell, darling Maggie ... ... ,,

DUTCH SONGS.

National Song ... ...
Flanders ... ... *Richard Hol*
William of Nassau ... ... *A.D. 1568*
Tithe (the) ... ... *A.D. 1570*
Dutch Ballad ... ... *15th Century*
Gay Fisherboy (the) ... ... *16th Century*
Greek Huntsman (the) ... ... *Old Legend*
Patriots (the) ... ... *Old Song*
Merry Maidens (the) ... ... ,,
Flemish maiden and the Frenchman ... *Flemish Song*
Little flower (a) ... ... *Nicolai*
Little witch (the) ... ... ,,
My heart's belov'd is mine ... ... ,,

THE SONGS OF EASTERN EUROPE.

EDITED BY J. A. KAPPEY.

AUSTRIAN SONGS.

Austrian National Hymn
Oh! thou my Austria
Christmas Carol
The Danube's whirlpool
Wooing
Haste over sea
Ways of the world
Love's sorrow
Alpine peace
The Angel's greeting
The Miller's man
Schnödahöpfi
The Violet
My heart is thine
A little of love
The lofty mountains rich in ore
How love I the mountains
At home in our Tyrolese land
The Tyrolese maiden
The Tyrolese maiden's farewell
The jolly poacher
The huntsman
Ah! lassie, never angry be
Farewell!
Our valley
Good advice
Deserted and lonely
Tell me pray
Once we lived in peace
Love's sorrow
The messenger
The little ring
A melody
Love song

HUNGARIAN SONGS.

Hungarian National Song
Golden is my steed
The bold Hussar
Magyar song
The Fisherman
Lover's choice
Is the swineherd now at home?
Tisza and Duna
Roses blossom
Gaily boys
Autumn
Is it true, then?
Thou'rt like a gentle flow'ret
Oh life must wondrous be, and fair
I'll love thee if thou'lt love me
None of all the many stars
Stole he beneath the window
Daylight now dawns
My home to the East by Croatia is bounded
Love song
Shepherd's song
Let no one be proud of his luck or his gold
Is on earth another love like mine?

BOHEMIAN SONGS.

War-song of the Hussites
Woe is me!
My Fatherland
I'll tell on thee
The peasant
Who would not love thee, oh Mary?
I, beneath her window height
Dreamings
A bride's sorrow
If thou'rt not sincere
Weeping for thee!

BOHEMIAN SONGS—*Continued.*

He loves me well
The man without tears
Weariness
The message
Ever thine!
Barcarolle
Straightway I come from the tavern

SERVIAN SONGS.

Servian Hymn
O'er Kamenx the storm still hovers
Far yonder, near Whyst
The dove has two white feet
Annie wept
Beneath the oak
Round the churchyard

SWISS SONGS.

Herdsman's song
The Alpine rose
Departure for the Alps in spring
Come, oh Setti, from thy cabin
Song of the shepherds
The Wedding Dance
My Rosy
Beside the lake of Thun

TURKISH SONGS.

Modern patriotic war march
Turkish War Song
A song of sorrow
Come to me

GREEK SONGS

Sons of Greece, come arise
The fair maiden
Love song
The complaint
The Orphans

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THE SONGS OF GERMANY.

WITH ENGLISH AND GERMAN WORDS.

EDITED BY J. A. KAPPEY.

Andreas Hofer	*Andreas Hofer*
Austrian National Hymn	*Oestereichisches National*
Bashfulness	*Blödigkeit* [*lied*
Battle Prayer	*Gebet während der Schlacht*
Bells of Würzburg (the)	*Die Würzburger Glöckli*
Boy at the Stream (the)	*Der Jüngling am Bache*
Brave Grenadier (the)	*Der brave Grenadier*
Broken Ring (the)	*Das zerbrochene Ringlein*
Can affection be forbidden	*Ist denn Lieben ein Verbrechen*
Captive Songster (the)	*Die gefangenen Sänger*
Carpenter's Plane (the)	*Hobellied*
Confederate Song	*Bundeslied*
Cradle Song	*Wiegenlied*
Daphne at the Stream	*Daphne am Bache*
Departure	*Abschied*
Evening Song	*Abendlied*
Encouragement to rejoice	*Aufmunterung zur Freude*
Emperor Rothbart	*Lied des Alten im Bart*
Faithful Comrade (the)	*Der gute Kamerad*
Faithful to Death	*Treuer Tod*
Family Picture (a)	*Ein Familiengemälde*
Farewell	*Lebewohl*
Fiducit	*Fiducit*
Fir-tree (the)	*Der Tannenbaum*
Fisherman (the)	*Der Fischer*
Forget me not	*Vergiss mein nicht*
Forsaken (the)	*Die Verlassene*
German Battle-cry of Freedom	*Deutscher Freiheit Schlachtruf*
Good Night	*Gute Nacht*
Grenadier's Song	*Grenadierlied*
Hans and Liesel	*Hans und Liesel*
Heartache	*Herzensbeklemmung*
Hebe, see! in peace reposing	*Hebe, sieh! in sanfter Feier*
Herd-boy's Spring Song (the)	*Hirtenknabens Frühlingslied*
Home-longing	*Heimweh*
Hope	*Die Hoffnung*
Hostess' Daughter (the)	*Der Wirthin Töchterlein*
Huntsman (the)	*Der Jäger*
I am a Prussian	*Preussens Vaterland*
In the distance	*In der Ferne*
Iris	*Iris*
I saw a Rosebud	*Ich sah ein Röschen am*
I think of thee	*Ich denke dein* [*Wege stehn*
Journeyman's Farewell (the)	*Handwerksburschen Abschied*
King of Thule	*Der König in Thule*
Lament for lost Love (a)	*Der Eichwald Brauset*
Last Hour of the Year	*Des Jahres letzte Stunde*
Laura praying	*Die Betende*
Little May-flower (the)	*Maienblümlein*
Little Spinner (the)	*Die kleine Spinnerin*
Loreley	*Loreley*
Love in Springtime	*Frühlingsliebe*
Lovely Night	*Holde Nacht, dein dunkler*
Love's Torments	*Liebesqual* [*Schleier*
Maiden's Lament (the)	*Des Mädchens Klage*
Man in the Cellar (the)	*Der Mann im Keller*
May Breezes	*Das Mailüfterl*
Men and the Months (the)	*Im Januar*
Message of the Rose (the)	*Der Rose Sendung*
Mignon	*An Mignon*
Mother's Song (the)	*Mutterseelen allein*
Mourner (the)	*Der Trauernde*
My Sweetheart	*Mei Schatzerl*
My Wishes	*Meine Wünsche*
'Neath foreign skies	*In die Ferne*
Nibelung's Treasure (the)	*Der Nibelungen hort*
Night Song	*Lied der Nacht*
Night Watch (the)	*Die Nacht-Schildwacht*
No matter where	*So oder so*
Opposite Neighbour (the)	*Die schöne Nachbarin*
Parting	*Abschied* [*der Fremde*
Peasant's Song	*Lied eines Landmanns in*
Phillis	*Phyllis und die Mutter*
Picture (the)	*Das Gemälde*
Pure Happiness	*Achtes Glück*
Rejected One (the)	*Der Verschmähete*
Resolution	*Entschluss*
Rhine Song	*Rheinlied*
Sailor's Song (the)	*Aufruf zur See*
Say, where are the Violets gone	*Sagt, wo sind die Veilchen hin*
Secret Sorrow	*Heimlicher Liebe Pein*
Serenade	*Ständchen*
Shepherdess and the Cuckoo (the)	*Die Schäferin und der Kuckuk*
Shepherd's Lament	*Schäfers Klage*
Silent Love	*Stille Liebe*
Skiff's Voyage (the)	*Schifffahrt*
Soldier's Valour (the)	*Soldatenmuth* [*was sagen*
Some Spell of Power	*Mir ist, als müsst' ich dir*
Summer Evening	*Am Sommerabend*
Summer—Evening Song.	*Sommer-Abendlied*
Swiss Maid (the)	*Die Maidli im Schwizerland*
'Tis all one to me	*'Sist mir alles Eins*
True Love	*Treue Liebe*
Tyrolese and his Child	*Der Tyroler und sein Kind*
University Song	*Gaudeamus igitur*
Wanderer's Song	*Wanderlied*
Warrior's Farewell (the)	*Kriegers Abschied*
Watch o'er the Rhine	*Die Wacht am Rhein*
Were I a Brooklet clear	*Wär' ich ein Brünnlein klar*
What is the German Fatherland	*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland*
Where Myriad Stars	*Viel tausend Sterne prangen*
Wild Rose (the)	*Haidenröslein*

RUBINSTEIN'S DUETS.

(EIGHTEEN TWO-PART SONGS, Ops. 48 & 67.)

WITH ENGLISH AND GERMAN WORDS.

EDITED BY HERMANN EISOLDT.

Angel (the)	*Der Engel*
At Eve	*Am Abend*
Bird (the)	*Das Vögelein*
Cloud (the)	*Die Wolke*
Evening by the Sea	*Meeresabend*
Fleeting	*Vorüber*
Forest Song	*Waldlied*
In my Native Land	*Im Heimischen Land*
Lotus Flower (the)	*Die Lotos Blume*
Maidens through the Meadows roaming	*Volkslied*
Night	*Die Nacht*
Russian Song	*Volkslied*
Song of the Birds (the)	*Lied der Vögelein*
Spring and Hope	*Frühlingsglaube*
Sweet once sang the Bird	*Sang das Vögelein*
Turtle-dove and the Wanderer (the)	*Die Turteltaube und der Wanderer*
Wanderer's Night Song	*Wanderers Nachtlied*
We two when we parted	*Beim Scheiden*

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